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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,
AND STATE PROGRESS

22

VOLUME XXII

JAN-JUNE, 1897

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXII.

January—June, 1897.

PAGE

AFTER MANY YEARS, Lou D. Stearns 100
A GARDEN SONG, F. H. Swift 389
A LETTER, Frank West Rollins 27
A LILY, Augusta C. Seavey 316
A NAVAL OFFICER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM, Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N., 201, 263
Andrews, Mabel C., A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH 186
A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH, Mabel C. Andrews 186
A NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTIST, Maurice Baldwin 31
A NEW YEAR'S RHYME, Clarence Henry Pearson 54
A REVERIE, Minadel 40
A SKETCH OF HILLSBOROUGH, Prof. Isaac Copp 154
"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT," Fanny H. Runnells Poole 184
AT MIDNIGHT, Laura Garland Carr 340

Baldwin, Maurice, A NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTIST 31
BARNSTEAD, AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS, John Wheeler 11
Bennett, Adelaide George, THE NEW ENGLAND MAYFLOWER 311

CANAAN, Le Roy Smart 65
Carr, Laura Garland, AT MIDNIGHT 340
Caverly, L. Arolyn, ON THE STAIR 114
THE DREAMS OF JUNE 351
THE SPRING 257
Chandler, Ensign Lloyd H., A NAVAL OFFICER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM, . 201, 263
Cheney, John Vance, SINGER, SING 384
CLISBÉ, Virginia C. Hollis, ... 251
Conwell, Annie J., POLLY TUCKER 46, 115, 189, 251, 316, 352
Copp, Prof. Isaac, A SKETCH OF HILLSBOROUGH 154

Dawn, Day, and Darkness, Caroline M. Roberts 186
Durham, The Town of, Clarence Moores Weed 361

Educational Department, Fred Gowing . . . 55, 126, 193, 260, 322, 390
Forty-third Annual Meeting New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, Clara E. Upton 126
Helping a Teacher, J. M. Greenwood 260
One Year's Experience in the Medical Inspection of Schools, and the Supervision Over the Isolation and Release of Infected Persons, S. H. Durgin 55
Rules and Regulations for the Government of the Public Schools . 390
The Summer's Opportunities 322
To One Who Wishes to Become a Teacher, Hon. Frank A. Hill . . 193

Fletcher, Lisa A., To a Chickadee 99

Gilsum, Dr. I. A. Loveland 277
Gowing, Fred, Educational Department . . 55, 126, 193, 260, 322, 390
Greenwood, Alice, 'Mongst the Hills of Merrimack 153

Hanson, H. H., The Winter Tenants of an Old Well 113
Hillsborough, A Sketch of, Prof. Isaac Copp 154
History of the Sixteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, Adj. Luther Tracy Townsend 1, 83, 135, 242, 298, 341
Hollis, Virginia C., Clisbé 251
Hurd, Willis Edwin, Two Quatrains: Laughter, The Snowflake . . . 108

Keeler, I. Eugene, Springtime 241

Lamb, Louis Albert, The Old Mill 31
Laurance, Ray, The Brown Thrush 321
Loveland, Dr. I. A., Gilsum 277

Metcalf, H. H., Representative Agriculturists . . . 41, 109, 311, 385
Minadel, A Reverie 40
'Mongst the Hills of Merrimack, Alice Greenwood 153

New Boston: An Historical and Business Sketch, John Erastus Wildey . 211
New Hampshire Necrology 62, 132, 199, 261, 323, 393
Allen, J. H. 64
Badger, Col. William 393
Barker, Col. Thomas E. 62
Barrett, Charles F. 63
Bassett, Hon. William 62
Blanchard, George A. 262
Blanchard, Jonathan 132
Buell, Henry A. 133
Bullard, Edwin M. 62
Burley, Charles 199
Burpee, Edwin P. 200
Butterfield, Alvin B. 63
Carter, Henry W. 200

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY (*Continued*):
CHASE, MARTIN 199
CLARK, LEMUEL C. 261
CROSS, NELSON 262
CULVER, BENJAMIN L. 63, 133
DAVIS, GEORGE W. 262
DEARBORN, GEORGE E. 394
DEARBORN, PROF. H. A. 393
DODGE, GEORGE W. 199
DODGE, JOHN W. 199
FARNHAM, REV. LUTHER 262
FIFIELD, CHARLES S. 132
FOWLER, GEORGE R. 324
FRENCH, HON. REUBEN L. 63
HALE, HORATIO 132
HENDERSON, DANIEL R. 134
HOLMAN, REV. J. B. 262
HUBBARD, CAPT. G. H. 262
KENDRICK, JAMES R. 64
MARSHALL, WYZEMAN 133
MERRILL, DR. WILLIAM T. 134
MESERVE, A. L. 64
MORRISON, JOHN C. 62
MORSE, ISAAC S. 133
OLZENDAM, A. P. 64
PAIGE, JOHN C. 394
PERRY, GEN. JOHN J. 394
SKINNER, ALONZO B. 324
SLEEPER, G. H. 62
SMART, JOSEPH B. 261
SPOFFORD, JOHN T. 134
STEVENS, WILLIAM S. 323
SWAINE, GEORGE 394
TENNEY, FRANKLIN 63
TUBBS, ALFRED L. 133
TWITCHELL, DR. GEORGE B. 324
WHIDDEN, THOMAS J. 199
WING, REV. OTIS 393
WOODBURY, NATHAN G. 134
YOUNG, SAMUEL M. 134

ON THE STAIR, L. Arolyn Caverly 114
OVER THE OCEAN AND FAR AWAY, J. B. M. Wright, ... 274

Pearson, Clarence Henry, A NEW YEAR'S RHYME 54
WHEN GRAMPER SUGARS OFF 187
PERFECTED, Augusta C. Seavey 389
PETER THE MARINER, Mary H. Wheeler 274
POINT OF VIEW, William Shannon 125
POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 46, 115, 189, 251, 316, 352
Poole, Fanny H. Runnells, "AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT" . . 184

Representative Agriculturists, H. H. Metcalf . . . 41, 109, 311, 385
Bailey, John . . . 42
Clough, Philip C. . . . 111
Farr, Noah . . . 311
Gibson, Alonzo W. . . . 313
Gould, Alfred J. . . . 109
Keyes, Henry W. . . . 385
Taylor, Thomas O. . . . 41
Tilton, Zerah E. . . . 387
Roberts, Caroline M., Dawn, Day, and Darkness . . . 186
Robinson, Col. J. W., The Model of the Pierce Statue, . . . 185
Rollins, Frank West, A Letter . . . 27
"The Old North End" . . . 325
Rowe, Henry Kalloch, The New Year . . . 44

Seavey, Augusta C., A Lily . . . 316
Perfected . . . 389
Singer, Sing, John Vance Cheney . . . 384
Sixteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers, History of the, Adj. Luther Tracy Townsend . . . 1, 83, 135, 242, 298, 341
Smart, Le Roy, Canaan . . . 65
Sonnet to Emerson, F. Harper Swift . . . 9
Springtime, I. Eugene Keeler . . . 241
Stearns, Lou D., After Many Years . . . 100
Swaine, C. Jennie, Water Lilies . . . 45
Swift, F. Harper, A Garden Song . . . 389
Sonnet to Emerson . . . 9

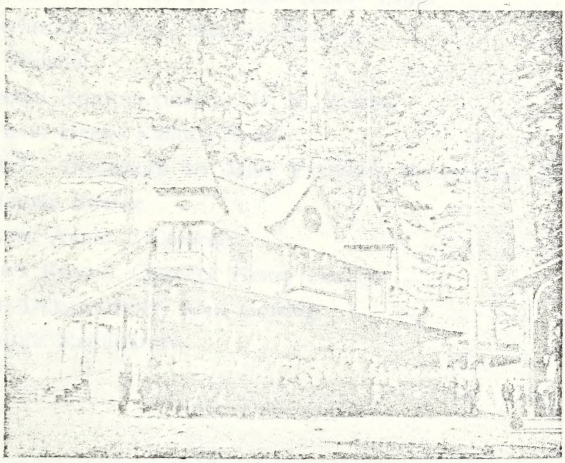
The Brown Thrush, Ray Laurance . . . 321
The Dreams of June, L. Arolyn Caverly . . . 351
The Model of the Pierce Statue, Col. J. W. Robinson . . . 185
The New England Mayflower, Adelaide George Bennett . . . 316
The New Year, Henry Kalloch Rowe . . . 44
The Old Church on the Hills, Mildred C. Warren . . . 210
The Old Mill, Louis Albert Lamb . . . 31
"The Old North End," Frank West Rollins . . . 325
The Spring, L. Arolyn Caverly . . . 257
The Town of Durham, Clarence Moores Weed . . . 361
The Winter Tenants of an Old Well, H. H. Hanson . . . 113
Thyng, J. Warren, Maurice Baldwin . . . 31
To a Chickadee, Lisa A. Fletcher . . . 99
Townsend, Luther Tracy, History of the Sixteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers . . . 1, 83, 135, 242, 298, 341
Two Quatrains: Laughter, The Snowflake, Willis Edwin Hurd . . . 108

Warren, Mildred C., The Old Church on the Hill . . . 210
Water Lilies, C. Jennie Swaine . . . 45
Weed, Clarence Moores, The Town of Durham . . . 361
Wheeler, John, Barnstead, An Historical Address . . . 11
When Gramper Sugars Off, Clarence Henry Pearson . . . 187
Wildey, John Erastus, New Boston: An Historical and Business Sketch . . . 211
Wright, J. B. M., Over the Ocean and Far Away . . . 274

Volume XXII JANUARY Number 1

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



HEADQUARTERS SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, AT THE WEIRS.

CONCORD · N.H.

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1897



JANUARY, 1897.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend 1
SONNET TO EMERSON, F. Harper Swift 9
BARNSTEAD—AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS, John Wheeler, M. D. . . . 11
A LETTER, Frank West Rollins 27
THE OLD MILL. To J. W. T. Louis Albert Lamb 31
A NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTIST, Maurice Baldwin 31
A REVERIE, Minadel 40
REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS, H. H. Metcalf 41
THE NEW YEAR, Henry Kalloch Rowe 44
WATER LILIES. INSCRIBED TO MISS PALMER'S BEAUTIFUL PAINTING. C. Jennie Swaine 45
POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 46
A NEW YEAR'S RHYME, Clarence Henry Pearson 54
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, Fred Gowing 55
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 62

The Town of Canaan, by Le Roy Smart, will appear in the February GRANITE MONTHLY.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII. JANUARY, 1897. No. 1.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

PREFACE.

SEVERAL years have passed since the adjutant of the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiment was appointed by his comrades to write their regimental history. Other duties have prevented his entering upon the composition of the work until the present year. The nearly completed manuscript was submitted to the surviving members of the regiment who were present at the reunion held in August, 1896, at The Weirs, and its immediate publication was requested. The committee having the publication of the history in charge, after a careful consideration of the matter, reached the conclusion that it first should be brought out in some one of the New Hampshire publications, and the GRANITE MONTHLY was selected.

The author was led to undertake the writing of this history from his personal interest in the remarkable record of the regiment and from the frequently expressed desire of many of his army comrades. There is no question, we presume, that, other things being equal, the officers best qualified to prepare a regimental history are the colonel and his adjutant, the adjutant, perhaps, having some advantages over the colonel. Nothing relating to the regiment takes place at headquarters with which the adjutant is not made acquainted. All regimental orders pass through his hands and receive his signature. He is in touch with the officers on the one hand, and with the men on the other. It is almost a duty imposed upon him to keep a journal of all important orders and movements,—at least every efficient adjutant will do this. But in all this, there is one drawback: namely, the writer is forced to introduce himself in evidence as to some parts of the record, and must therefore be personal in his statements, or else employ a kind of cumbersome circumlocution which is always more or less a literary

offense. We therefore apologize in advance for any apparent breach of delicacy or modesty that may appear in this narrative.

The sincere thanks of the author are here tendered especially to Comrade Henry L. Johnson and also to several other members of our regimental association for many suggestions offered by them, for several incidents they have furnished which had escaped either the author's attention or memory, and especially for the patience with which both officers and men have borne the delay of the publication of the eventful story of what their regiment did and suffered.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November, 1896.

CHAPTER I.

NORTHERN TROOPS AT DISADVANTAGE.

THE civil and political condition of our country, just prior to the War of the Rebellion, and the causes that led to that conflict of arms, already have become such an important part of our national history and so often have been dwelt upon by different regimental historians, that with the exception of brief and incidental allusions, we shall pass in silence all such general and familiar matters, confining attention in this volume chiefly to the organization and actual service of our regiment.

As our object is not to make a cumbersome volume, but one that, without taking overmuch of the reader's time, easily can be read, we shall exclude certain other matters which are found in many histories of this kind. That is, instead of filling the body of our history with the full text of the orders that were received from division and brigade headquarters, or even with the full text of the orders issued from our own regimental headquarters, which of themselves almost would fill a good-sized volume, we simply shall note in brief that such and such orders were received and obeyed. Copies of all such orders are in the state and national archives, and can be consulted, if one so desires.

There is, however, one somewhat general topic that relates to the poorly prepared condition of the Northern troops to cope at the outset with those of the South, which is so involved in any historical treatment of our army life as to justify emphatic and even frequent repetition. We, therefore, make an exception to the special purpose we have in mind, while preparing these pages, and, by way of an introduction, shall call attention to the reasons why our troops, especially during the earlier months of their life in the service, not infrequently appeared to considerable disadvantage. We make this exception all the more readily because we do not remember to have seen this matter over-emphasized in any regimental history we have examined, and often it has not been touched upon at all.

It requires only the most hasty

glance at the half century preceding the conflict between the North and South, to enable any one at all familiar with our national history to recognize the correctness of the statement that the period from 1815 to 1861, excepting the war with Mexico, was in our republic a time of peace. The people of the Northern states, with few exceptions, felt the utmost security, not dreaming that a civil war was possible. He who at the North then talked war was regarded as an alarmist. During that time, therefore, the military spirit of the free states was allowed to slumber.

On the other hand, especially from 1830 to 1861, the people of the slave states were preparing for what seemed to them a possible, if not a probable, conflict with the North on the questions of slavery and state rights.

During the twelve years immediately preceding the rebellion, Jefferson Davis had completely in hand the military affairs of our entire country. He was chairman of the senate committee on military matters from 1849 to 1851. He was secretary of war from 1853 to 1857. He was again chairman of the senate committee on military matters from 1857 to 1861. During those twelve years, Jefferson Davis was busy but not in the interest of the entire republic. Through his scheming, the regular army had been ordered to distant and not easily accessible parts of our country. Indeed, the army was so far depleted that at the breaking out of the rebellion there were scarcely ten thousand names on the United States army rolls. The war-ships, too, of the republic had been dispatched to distant parts of the world. Northern fortifications had been neglected and dismantled, while those in the South had been thoroughly equipped, in some instances with supplies taken from Northern forts and arsenals. By order of the war department, of which Mr. Davis was chief, the muskets of the disbanded militia companies of the Northern states were shipped to Washington, and thence were distributed through the Southern states. The author will be pardoned for introducing an illustration of these proceedings which came to his personal knowledge.

In the year 1857, a military company, of which he was a member, was organized by the students of Dartmouth College chiefly for the purpose of exercise.

In the college at that time there were several Southern students. Whether or not they were informers, we do not know, but not long after the organization of our company, there came a United States government order to the town authorities of Hanover, who had loaned the muskets of its disbanded military company to the students, to ship all military equipments in town without delay to Washington. To us the order was a cause of much regret. A communication from the students was sent to Washington, giving the facts and requesting that the muskets might be retained. The reply came that those arms must be forwarded to Washington, but that the government immediately would send to the students an equal number of improved Springfield muskets. We were satisfied, not to say delighted. We looked. We waited. But we had been deceived. The improved Springfield muskets never reached us, and the old ones with which we

had drilled were not again seen by Northern men until captured from the hands of Confederate soldiers on Southern soil.

We need not proceed further in this review of what appeared to be Southern treason, Southern theft, Southern deceit, and Southern outrage, on both a large and small scale. The recollection of these things makes one knit the brow, though nearly forty years have intervened.

In too many ways for us on these pages to recount, those seceding states, during the score and a half of years designated, were playing their part with consummate skill, while we at the North were asleep. They zealously cultivated what is termed the military spirit; while we at the North were absorbed with business and the making of money. They were intending war, if their purposes could not otherwise be accomplished, while we, stripped of military defenses, were hugging the silly delusion that the era of war was at an end. The military organizations of the South were under thorough discipline; those of the North, with few exceptions, were in most deplorable condition. They of the South were well supplied with military leaders, and the majority of the West Point graduates were either in the South or were Confederate sympathizers, while we at the North did not know which way to turn for skilled commanders. President Lincoln was once asked why he appointed such civilians as Generals Butler and Banks to lead army corps. His reply was, that he was perfectly sure of the patriotism of these men, but was not sure of that of the men who had been schooled in military matters at the government expense and who were then holding army commissions. They of the South had money in their treasury; ours had been pillaged. Their people for the larger part were united; ours, divided. So pronounced was the division of sentiment at the North, as to slavery and the rights of states to secede, that Franklin Pierce, while in the presidential chair, said publicly that if blood flowed in the approaching conflict it would be in Northern streets, not on Southern soil. And Jefferson Davis, speaking of the impending troubles, assured the Southern people that he should be able to hold in the palm of his hand all the blood that would be shed. Those leaders in the secession movement thought they had the federal government and the people of the Northern states completely in their grasp; and seemingly they had. They were confident. When fire opened on Fort Sumter, the leaders in the Confederate states thought that the people of the North instantly would be paralyzed.

But quite unexpectedly that attack, like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, startled into vigorousness the torpor of the Republic. The slumbering heroism and patriotism of the North and West were aroused. There was a conflagration of patriotism, ending in a fusion of the different political parties and the coming together of men who had been holding and defending conflicting opinions. So that when the bugle-call sounded over the land, men stopped and listened; the prayer was closed when only half offered; the plow was unhitched and stood still in the furrow; the hammer

lay in quiet on the anvil; the manuscript of the author, though nearing its conclusion, was folded up and laid aside; Sabbath religious services were interrrupted and converted into war meetings; the spirit of 1776 was the spirit of 1861 and '62, and there was organized for the protection of the Union an army of as brave men as ever faced an enemy, but who, for the larger part, were utterly ignorant of military science.

Seventy-five thousand volunteer troops answered with a quick response the first call of President Lincoln. Other calls came and were answered, and yet the darkness continued to deepen. Month after month passed, and there was nothing but a dismal record for the Federal troops. Nor should this occasion surprise, for ill prepared were our raw recruits to fight a thoroughly disciplined foe. We had courage, be it repeated, but no skill in warfare. We are not extravagant in saying that any one of our Grand Army men who are left is better prepared to command companies, and even regiments, than were scores of those who, after the first call for volunteer troops, were given high commissions.

In some instances, as the reader may recollect, sergeants of police forces and captains of fire-engine and hook and ladder companies became regimental officers on the simple ground that they knew somewhat of marching men in companies. Others not qualified even to that extent were commissioned. Infantry regiments were formed and hurried to the front, in which were men who, up to the time of enlistment, never had taken sight along a gun barrel; artillery companies were formed in which were men who never had taken in their hands a cannon ramrod; cavalry companies were formed in which were men who never had handled a sword or sat astride a horse.

These inexperienced men, at great disadvantage, at terrible sacrifice, and on the field of battle in the face of a trained, determined, and desperate foe, had to learn the arts of war. Is it any surprise, therefore, that our troops sometimes appeared to disadvantage? And more than this; scores of regiments were hurried to the front well-nigh foodless and shelterless. Transportation was frequently inadequate. The army was often in one place while its ammunition was in another. Inexperienced commissaries and quartermasters much of the time were bewildered, knowing next to nothing of the duties devolved upon them. The brave troops, meanwhile, were left under blistering suns, midst drenching storms and piercing winter winds, unprotected and half starving. One marvels sometimes that a solitary soldier of our volunteer troops lived to be mustered out of service. And during all this time, they of the South were fighting skilfully and desperately. The day of our victory was, therefore, of necessity long delayed, and for months our people could not guess which way the scales would tip.

It was during these darkest hours of the war, the summer of 1862, that the call for three hundred thousand volunteer nine-months' men, sounded among the hills of New England. The romance of war had long since given place to its stern realities. The sick, wounded, and maimed sol-

diers were returning to their homes, and the stories of the hardships they had endured were beginning to be familiar as household words, and the meaning of the word *war* was coming to be realized in its fulness. It was no longer an excursion South at the government expense, but meant possible, if not probable, death from bullet or disease. The men that answered this almost despairing call for volunteer troops did so, therefore, with a far better understanding of what the meaning of it all was than had been the case with many of their predecessors at the time of their enlistment.

It is well to bear in mind also that the large majority of those who enlisted in obedience to this urgent call of President Lincoln were not among the surplus of our population, but were men who had homes, were engaged in the various industrial, mechanical, business, and professional occupations and, therefore, at great personal sacrifice in the majority of instances, placed their names on the rolls of our patriotic and volunteer army.

There can be no question, therefore, as to the courage and patriotism of these late volunteers. But the trouble was that they were utterly ignorant of everything relating to military life. This was true, as we have suggested, of every branch of the service. This, however, also must be said, they were apt scholars in the art and science of war, and it was not long before they learned to do anything that any soldier on earth ever did on the field of battle or in the presence of an enemy. Infantry boys who at first shut their eyes when they pulled the trigger, after a while came to love and pet the musket as if it were a trusted friend. Artillery boys who at first more than once put their fingers in their ears when the cannon went off, after a while became used to the thunders of an engagement, seized the ramrod, sent home the cartridge, and flashed the cannon sooner than the enemy was ready for it. And cavalry boys who in their earlier engagements with the enemy clung with both hands to keep astride their horses, after a while learned to ride at a breakneck speed, slashing through and flanking the most chivalric troops of which the Southern army could boast. Statesmen and soldiers in Europe who after the Battle of Bull Run lost all faith in the power and disposition of Northern volunteers to fight, at length confessed that the world never had seen better fighting. The confederate troops, who at the outset despised our mettle and laughed at our awkwardness on the field, at length trembled and fled when they saw us coming. When our men had learned the arts of war and had confidence in their leaders, when they realized the perils that threatened the national existence, and when the resolution to conquer or to die had become supreme, then we were a match for any troops that ever were drawn up in line of battle on this or on the other side of the Atlantic ocean. And these pages we hope may worthily commemorate the courage and patriotism of the men of New Hampshire, who, in the gloomiest hours of the rebellion, left their homes and their various occupations and professions to suffer and die for the preservation of the Union, whose overthrow had been threatened.

CHAPTER II.

CONSTITUTION AND ORGANIZATION OF THE REGIMENT.

ABOUT November 1, 1862, the following roster of the field, staff, and company officers was completed:

Colonel, James Pike, Sanbornton; lieutenant-colonel, Henry W. Fuller, Concord; major, Samuel Davis, Jr., Warner; adjutant, Luther T. Townsend, Salem; quartermaster, Albert H. Drown, Fisherville; surgeon, Thomas Sanborn, Newport; assistant surgeons, Cyrus M. Fisk, Bradford, Sylvester Campbell, Sanbornton, Herbert Sleeper, Grantham; chaplain, Ralza M. Manley, Northfield; sergeant-majors, Frank B. Modica and Charles J. Wright, Sanbornton; quartermaster-sergeant, George M. Wilkins, Henniker; commissary-sergeant, David D. Smith, Concord; hospital stewards, Paul S. Adams, Newport, Clarence L. Wilkins, Warner; sutler, E. A. Crawford, Dover; band director, Marciene H. Whitcomb, Newport.

We may say, in passing, that the efficiency of the band of the Sixteenth was recognized early in the campaign, and it was placed at the head of our brigade, and its competent and genial leader is kindly remembered by more than one soldier whom he personally helped and encouraged.

Company A: Captain, Elias F. Smith, Lebanon; first lieutenant, Bela Sawyer, Lyme; second lieutenant, Charles S. Cooper, Concord.

Company B: Captain, Albert J. Hersey, Wolfeborough; first lieutenant, Oramus W. Burnham, Hillsborough; second lieutenant, Albert W. Wiggin, Wolfeborough; second lieutenant, Alva S. Libby, Wolfeborough.

Company C: Captain, Aaron A. Clark, Wilton; first lieutenant, Henry M. Mills, Milford; second lieutenant, Joseph E. O'Donnell, Mason.

Company D: Captain, Daniel E. Howard, Hopkinton; first lieutenant, Charles H. Herbert, Concord; second lieutenant, Robert S. Davis, Concord.

Company E: Captain, Jonathan P. Sanborn, Franklin; first lieutenant, David E. Burbank, Webster; second lieutenant, Prescott Jones, Wilmot.

Company F: Captain, Charles H. Woods, Fitzwilliam; first lieutenant, Edgar E. Adams, Grantham; second lieutenant, John S. Baker, Henniker; second lieutenant, Frank B. Modica, Henniker.

Company G: Captain, George W. Bosworth, Lyndeborough; first lieutenant, Barton A. Ballou, Weare; second lieutenant, Martin L. Colburn, New Boston.

Company H: Captain, John L. Rice, Cornish; first lieutenant, Proctor D. Ward, Bradford; second lieutenant, Philip C. Bean, Warner.

Company I: Captain, David Buffum, 2d, Swanzey; first lieutenant, Judson Wilkins, Washington; second lieutenant, Brooks K. Webber, Antrim.

Company K: Captain, Joseph K.

NOTE.—There will be found in the completed history a list containing the names of all the men who, during the whole or any part of the time of enlistment, were enrolled in the ranks of our regiment. We shall give also the occupations represented in the regiment, and the nationalities and other like matters of interest.

Thatcher, Portsmouth; first lieutenant, George T. Wildes, Portsmouth; second lieutenant, William A. Haven, Portsmouth.

Our preliminary camp life while at Concord, which was on the pine plains north of the city on the east side of the Merrimack river, was for the larger part uneventful. The regular company and battalion drills, dress parade, guard mounting, and policing of the grounds, kept our men occupied, though not laboriously so, during the bright and exhilarating days of October and early November.

On the fifteenth of November, there was witnessed by quite a gathering of citizens and soldiers our initial dress parade. We certainly did not disgrace ourselves, though there were some hitches in the movements of the men, and not a little anxiety and uneasiness on the part of the officers. But the day came, and not long after, when we had no hesitancy in appearing on dress parade before any class or number of witnesses, and soon after our arrival in Louisiana no regiment at dress parade was more highly complimented by the staff officers of General Banks than ours.

While at Concord, the regiment held regular prayer and religious conference meetings, organized a temperance association, honoring the adjutant by giving it his name and by electing him its first president. These various meetings were continued until the active campaign in Louisiana brought them to a close.

As an illustration of the spirit of our regiment, we give an incident outside the routine duties of the encampment that occurred while we were at Concord. A man bearing the name Russell appeared among us, whose genial ways and smooth words won the confidence of some of our boys, and also their money.

He was, as it turned out, a professional gambler, and before his real character was known, had taken the last dollar at a game of cards from at least one of our boys, who afterward "told on him." The evidence was so conclusive that Russell was seized and placed astride a stout pine rail from which the rough bark had not been taken, and no fewer than three hundred of our men carried him to Concord and delivered him to the police authorities of that city. While crossing the bridge, the cry was raised, "Throw him into the river." A movement was made as if to do this. His passionate plea for life betrayed his terror; he was spared this baptism and soon after was set at liberty; but it is very doubtful if he ever after attempted to ply his profession among the sturdy troops of New Hampshire.

We should not be faithful to the true historic spirit, however, were we to leave the impression that all the members of our regiment were saints; for there were among them some sinners. These unsanctified ones began even while at Concord to betray foraging proclivities, which served us many a good turn afterwards when we were in the enemy's country. They had, of course, no justification for indulging these aptitudes while they were still on the soil of New Hampshire. A turkey roost was visited by some of these bad boys and the stolen turkeys were brought into camp at midnight. The guard had been bought up and it was quite im-

possible for the officers to discover the perpetrators of this theft. In justice to all concerned, however, it should be said that the thieves in this particular instance were professionals, who had enlisted to secure the bounty offered by certain towns, and who deserted before the regiment left the state. A little later, a barrel of cider was stolen, rolled from no small distance, and secreted in a trench dug in one of the tents, and then covered with straw and an army blanket. By what means the boys in the neighborhood of that tent had cider twice or three times a day, was more than the innocent ones could understand. But it goes without saying that these preliminary thefts were condemned by the officers of the regiment and by all our men except a very few.

There was still another incident of note while at Concord which illustrates the spirit of our men.

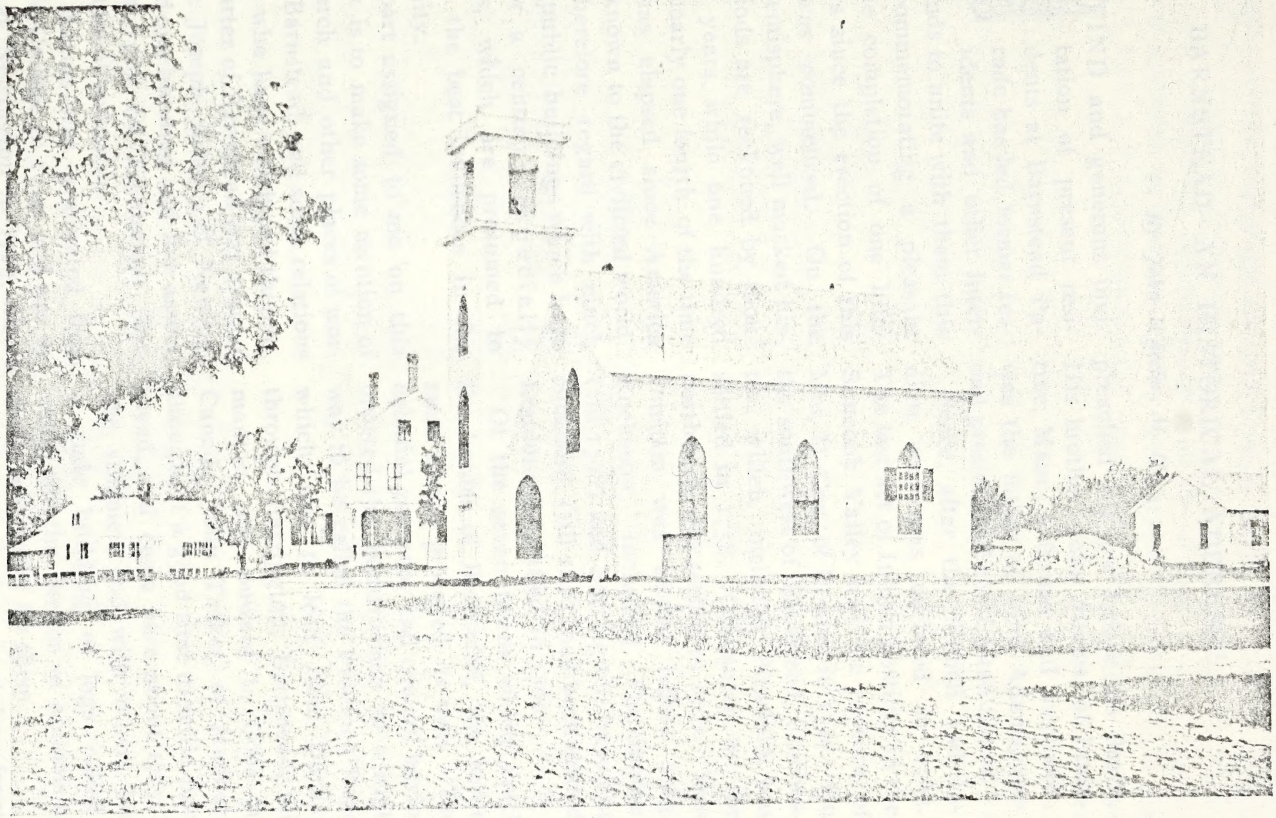
Overcoats had been issued before we were mustered into service. They looked well and were of darker color than the ordinary army blue. But they proved to be made of the cheapest shoddy goods and on being wet the dye stuff used in coloring them stained everything it touched. It was affirmed almost under oath, certainly with the oaths of some of the boys, that a barrel of ink could be made from each overcoat. This attempted imposition, however, miscarried, for our men absolutely refused to be mustered into service until there was an exchange of overcoats. The governor of the state pleaded with the men not to make trouble; but they were resolute and firm as the hills surrounding them. A few days later the exchange was made. The judgment may seem severe but was freely expressed that the manufacturers of those goods and the ones who attempted to palm them off on to the government ought to have been shot.

[*To be continued.*]

SONNET TO EMERSON.

By F. Harper Swift.

With eyes unblinded by the glare of creed,
You gazed on God in Nature's every part,
And nothing found too mean for your great heart,
The smallest insect or the lowest weed.
In "each and all" you saw the marvellous seed
That from its author claimed a royal start,
And bore upon its face an open chart
For him who had the prophet mind to read.
Your thoughts arose like sacerdotal flame,
And threw about the world celestial light,
Until from every crevice beauties came
To shine like star-dust in the depths of night.
With you all Nature man might kindred name,
And see as one pure whole the soul of right.



Old Congregational Meeting-House, Barnstead Parade.



BARNSTEAD—AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS.[1]

By John Wheeler, M. D.

KIND and generous invitation of present residents at Barnstead Parade has led former residents and other interested friends to unite with them this day in commemorating a pleasant event—the completion of one hundred years since the erection of this church was commenced. On the eastern hemisphere, well marked historic periods are reckoned by thousands of years, while one hundred years is nearly one fourth of the time which has elapsed since America became known to the civilized world.

We therefore regard with much interest public buildings which have stood for a century; especially churches, which are presumed to promote the best influences in the community.

The part assigned to me on this occasion is to make some mention of this church and other places of worship in Barnstead, and some relations of those who have worshiped therein.

A charter of Barnstead was granted to Rev. Joseph Adams, of Newington, and one hundred and five associates, in 1727, by Lieutenant Governor John Wentworth.

Mr. Adams was graduated from Harvard College in 1710, and was ordained at Newington in 1715, where he died, in 1783, aged 93 years. He was pastor sixty-eight years, and preached till just before his death. His brother, John Adams, of Braintree, Mass., a farmer and mechanic, was the father of John Adams, second president of the United States.

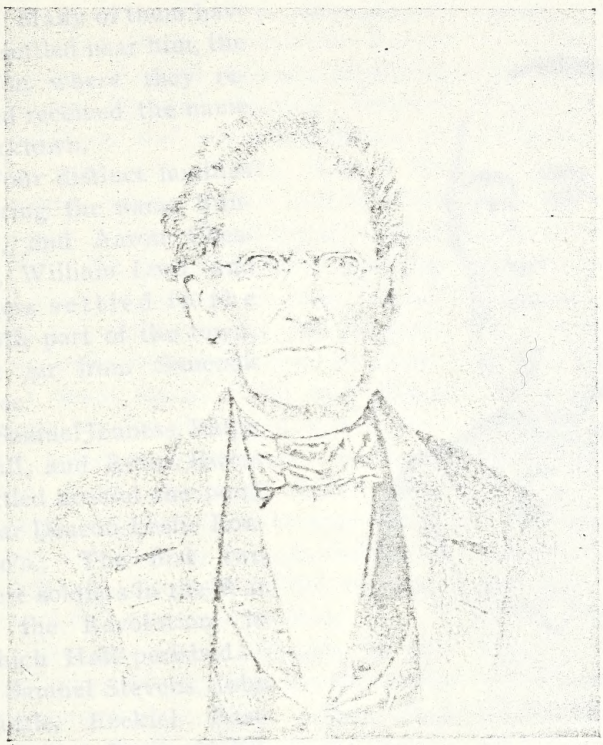
Peace, after the French and Indian war, was declared in 1763. The last act of Indian hostility in the Suncook Valley was the capture of Mrs. McCoy, of Epsom, in 1747. On the southwest of Barnstead, Chichester, which included Pittsfield, was settled in 1758. Gilmanton, on the northwest, was settled in 1761. New Durham was settled before 1764. Rochester, including Farmington, (till 1798) and Barrington, including Strafford, (till 1820) had been settled. Loudon was settled in 1760.

Of the seven towns which touch the border of Barnstead, the settlement of six preceded its own. The colonial governor and council having ordered the construction of a highway to be called the Province Road, which was to lead from Durham through Barrington, Barnstead, Gilmanton, and onward to Coös and Canada, John Tasker, of Madbury, thought it a good time to settle Barnstead, and came here about 1767, in the summer, and with others built a rude building of logs called a camp, for the shelter of animals and those who cared for them.

He stored very good hay from a large beaver meadow, which was fed

[1] Delivered at the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the Congregational church, Barnstead Parade.

to cattle driven from Madbury by Benjamin Emerson, and Joseph and Nathaniel Tasker, sons of John Tasker, who were the first white men that passed the winter in Barnstead, making such progressive improvements as were profitable for pioneers. John Tasker was a land surveyor, and had been employed in Barnstead in new surveys and in tracing lines of former surveys of others. He had a thorough knowledge of the location and value of lots, of which he had many in various parts of the town, purchased by him at public sales, in Newington and Portsmouth, for taxes.



Rev. Enos George.

The tract of land selected by him for a homestead, where he built his camp, was the extreme southeast corner of Barnstead, next to Strafford, then Barrington, whence he might reach the nearest inhabitants by the easiest passage of Blue Hill (which extends nearly across the whole town of Strafford), in time of need. It had a pleasant ridge for habitation; abundant supply of water from a perennial brook with a high source; a meadow, cleared by beavers, which furnished ample supply of fodder till it could be produced by cultivation. It embraced Adams pond, near Wild Goose pond, both of which have been famous for pickerel. It was crossed by Crooked Run stream, where large trout were plenty. It had abundance and variety of timber. One large hill was well covered by a heavy growth of chestnut. Trees are still standing there which are estimated to be between two and three hundred years old. The (then coming) Province Road afterwards passed a long way through it.

The place, curtailed in proportions, is now owned and occupied by Deacon John Tasker, of the fourth generation.

I have spoken this much of John Tasker because I could not get satisfactory information that any one settled in Barnstead before him.

John Clark came from Lee early and settled on the lot where South Barnstead church stands. It is related that he walked from Tasker's to visit his lot. On his return, he discovered, by tracks on the snow, that he had been followed part of the way by a catamount. His descendants were numerous. Many of them having settled near him, the region where they resided received the name Clarktown.

Four distinct families bearing the name Bunker, and Aaron Chesley, William Lord, and others settled in the south part of the town, not far from Suncook river.

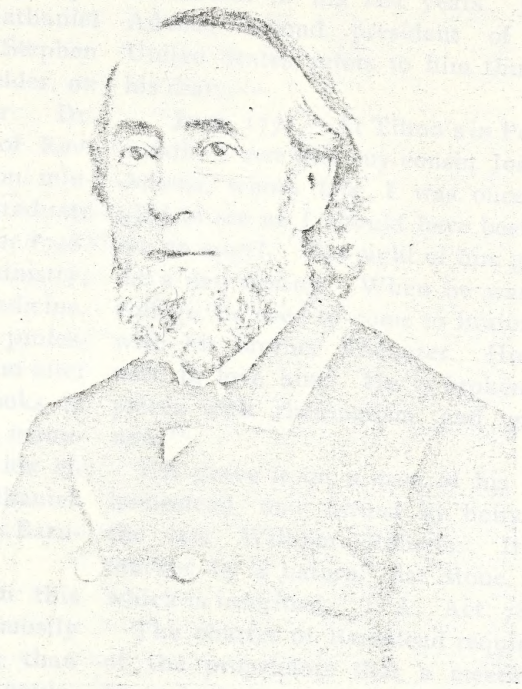
Samuel Jenness, Ralph Hall, and Rufus Ewers settled around the pond near Deacon Leslie Lougee's. The first two were soldiers in the War of the Revolution, in which Hall perished.

Samuel Stevens, John Tuttle, Ezekiel Eastman, and Benjamin Edgerly, also David Jacobs and John Sanborn, both soldiers of the Revolution—the latter of "the unreturning brave"—represented, in part, the Beauty Hill vicinity.

James Lock, Deacon Ebenezer Nutter, Timothy Davis, and Nicholas Dudley were some of the settlers of North Barnstead before the War of the Revolution closed.

Many of the earliest settlers in town located near John Tasker, or in or near Clarktown. After the Province Road was made available, by the erection of a better bridge, "nine rods long and eighteen feet high" over Suncook river, travel and population increased.

The first census, taken in 1773, showed a population of 152. By the census of 1775, there were 250 inhabitants. This road proved to be what it promised, a great advantage. It extended the whole length of the southwest side of the town, a varying distance, near a half mile from Pittsfield line. One starting from much of the town on a journey to the coast or to the north country, moved first out to the "Road," or "Great Road," as it was called.



Rev. William O. Carr, Lynn, Mass.

Much travel continued on this road till its course was changed by railroads.

The early settlers on, or near, Province Road were Ebenezer Adams, Thomas Snell, Cornelius Kirby, John Nutter, John Bickford, Joseph Nelson, John Nelson, Hatevil Nutter, and Benjamin Nutter, on the east side of Suncook river, and Charles Hodgdon, Moses Dennett, Dr. Joseph Adams, Ezekiel Adams, Nathaniel Adams, Richard Sinclair, Stephen Pickering, and Jethro Batchelder, on the west side of the river. Dr. Joseph Adams was a son of Rev. Joseph Adams, the Newington minister. He was probably a graduate of Harvard College, in 1745 or 1748. He was educated for the ministry, but preferred and practised medicine.

I could learn of but one professional service performed by him after he came to Barnstead. Books in the Latin language and manuscript sermons were among his effects inherited by his son Nathaniel. Three of his sons settled in Barnstead and one in Gilmanton.

The numerous Adamses in this and the neighboring towns mostly descended from him. More than twenty years ago, eager inquiries were addressed to such persons in this community as might know something of him, for information to clear up an obscure phase of his life. His desired autograph was kindly cut from a deed by which he conveyed, in 1784, a lot of land to Moses Dennett, which is still the Dennett homestead, and forwarded by the present owner, Oliver Augustus Dennett.

Dr. Adams settled on the highland, above Beauty pond, near the Dennett place, and on the opposite side of the Province Road. The cellar of his log house can be outlined. His frame house still exists, and is owned and occupied by Mrs. Eliza (Randall) Day, a great-granddaughter of Benjamin Randall. From what I could learn from two old ladies who knew him when they were quite young, I think he may have been an invalid in his last years. John Adams, second president of the United States, refers to him thus in his diary,—

"June, 1771.—At Tilton's in Portsmouth, I met with my cousin Joseph Adams, whose face I was once as glad to see as I should have been to see an angel. The sight of him gave me a new feeling. When he was at college, he used to come to Braintree with his brother Ebenezer. How I used to love him! He is broken to pieces with rheumatism and gout now."

His grave is on a part of his old homestead, now owned by heirs of the late William Roberts. It is marked by a natural, flat stone, on which is inscribed, "I. A. Aet. 78."

The charter of Barnstead required of the proprietors that a meeting-house be built for the public worship of God within the term of four years. But if prevented by Indian wars before three years expired, then three years were allowed them after the expiration of the war to build a church. At an indefinite time, not long before the town was settled, the proprietors sent workmen from Newington, who built a small church of logs north of, and near, the baptizing place in Little Branch river, on the farm of Samuel Clark, in Clarktown.

Levi Clark, father of Samuel, who

was born in 1773 and lived eighty-nine years, mostly on this farm, often spoke to his son, now eighty-four years old, of seeing the log church with sides and ends upright but roof fallen. He also recollected a camp made of logs, nearer Little Branch river, which sheltered the workmen during their job. He believed the tradition that after the church was done, a workman, Mr. Lord, entered it and uttered a prayer,—the only religious service which ever occurred within its walls. The veracity of Levi and Samuel Clark may not be questioned. The only object of the proprietors in building this log church seems to have been to hold the lands by doubtful conformity to the conditions of the charter and not for the public worship of God.

The population of Barnstead in 1790 was 807. If the proportion of boys, sixteen years of age and under, to the whole number was the same as by the first census of 1773, there would have been more than 200 boys in town, and the same number of unmarried females.

Where did all these men and women, boys and girls, go to church? There was no church in town, and there never had been any except the old log church and that had tumbled to pieces. There were no Sabbath schools, no Quarterlies, no Sabbath school libraries, no Sabbath school concerts, no Sabbath school excursions, no Christian Endeavorers, no Junior Endeavorers, no Praying Bands, no Christian Crusaders, no Salvation Army, no Ballington-Booth Volunteers, and only think of it, there was not a single boy or a single girl in this whole town that had a bicycle!

In 1784, the first school teacher was employed in town. His name was Cornelius Kirby. His school was taught in a private house, as there was no school-house. The first money voted for schools was £30, in 1785. In 1792, the town provided that five school-houses should be built in two years. Money was scarce just after the War of the Revolution. Isaac W. Hammond, state editor of the Revolutionary rolls, volunteers the statement that Barnstead was well represented in that war. But few of its inhabitants were in easy circumstances at that time. With most of them economy was compulsory, others had a hard struggle to obtain such shelter, raiment, and food as they had.

On the first day of May, 1796, the town having been without church or minister for about twenty-nine years, since the first settlers located here, Eli Bunker furnished the following bond:

"This may certify that I, the subscriber, promise to give Charles Hodgdon, Rufus Evans, Jonathan Young, and Joseph Bunker, a committee chosen by a body of men for the purpose of erecting a meeting-house in the north part of Barnstead, as committee men for said proprietors, a deed of a piece of land for the use of said meeting-house, any time when said meeting-house is built, and a parade 27 rods by Dr Jewett's, and running back from said road so far as 25 rods towards the river, which is to be left a square for said parade; on which is not to be erected any building excepting for the use of said church, or meeting-house, any time when said committee shall demand it, which is to be free as their

property so long as there is a meeting-house to stand there. As witness my hand, Barnstead, May 1, 1796, Eli Bunker. Benjamin Nutter, Benjamin Hodgdon."

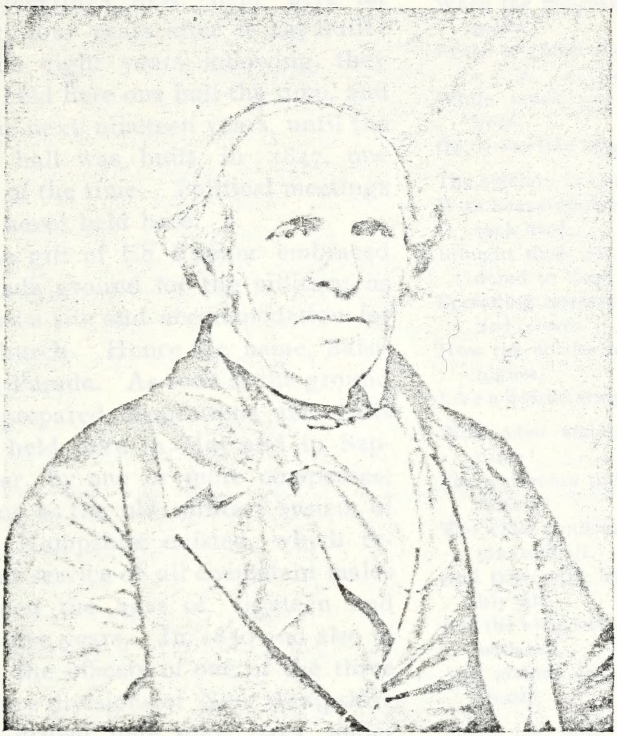
This church was commenced and finished outside, and painted yellow, with south front door and two end porches for entrance below, with stairs to reach the entrances to the galleries. A floor, temporary seats, and other arrangements were placed inside so that it was used for worship by a community that was greatly gratified by the privilege. It was thoroughly completed in 1799, and dedicated September 16, of that year.

It had galleries on three sides, with square, panneled pews, with a rail and balusters and hinged seats on two sides in some pews and three in others, and a door which could be securely buttoned. There was an altar and a high pulpit, which was entered by a flight of stairs with two landings, through a door which the minister always buttoned carefully, as he entered. The desk was cushioned, as well as the seat, and there was a window in the rear with a half-circular top, unlike the other windows of the church. It had a large sounding-board, or rather box, above the pulpit, elaborately finished, as was the front of the pulpit, with mouldings and angles. Its attachment above



John Wheeler, M. D., Pittsfield.

seemed dubiously frail to me, and as my father's pew was well in front, I used to speculate with much anxiety about its falling on the minister's head, and bouncing over on me. The galleries were finished carefully with mouldings and supported by cylindrical pillars. The painting was dark brown. The talk about the Bedlam-like tumult, for a half a minute, attending the replacing of the seats, after prayer, purposely increased by the youngsters, is nonsense. People were reverent in those days and performed the act decently and in order, with very little noise. Youngsters dared not cause confusion. If a boy wished "to cut up" he would go to the sunny seats in the galleries, if he could get permission. But this was not always a safe place, for self-constituted tithingmen would sometimes make fierce attacks on the hair or ears of a wrong-doer. I have still a pungent recollection of my experience in those cosey seats.



Rev. David Garland.

The finishing of this church, in its original form, was creditable to Richard Sinclair, who directed it, as agent or contractor. Its architectural proportions and style of finish surpassed most churches of its class in a broad circuit around it. When all things were completed, the building was placed in charge of "Uncle" Joe Bunker, a soldier of the Revolution, as sexton. He took great pride

in his office, which, as there was no means of heating the house for more than thirty years, was almost a sinecure, its duties consisting of bearing a heavy key, with which he unlocked one outside door on Sunday morning, and entering, unbarred the other two, reversing the process after the afternoon service. All town-meetings were held here for twenty-four years after it was built; for the eight years following, they were held here one half the time, and for the next nineteen years, until the town hall was built, in 1847, one third of the time. Political meetings were never held here.

The gift of Eli Bunker embraced a parade ground for the military, as well as a site and accommodation for the church. Hence the name, Barnstead Parade. As soon as the ground was prepared, inspections and drills were held here in May and in September, by one or more companies, so long as the old military system of New Hampshire existed, which required service of all competent males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years. In 1850 and also in 1851, the officers of one of the three military divisions of New Hampshire were drilled here some days, under the command of Col. Thomas J. Whipple. After the War of 1812, a battalion of four companies from the Tenth regiment mustered here sometimes. The following is a fraction of the description given of one of their parades by a resident lady:

"In the halcyon days of the olden time,
When our jolly grandfathers were in their prime,
When heroic deeds were so valiantly done,
And when bloodless battles were fought and won,
There were few gayer scenes, I have often heard said,
Than those at the trainings at Barnstead Parade.

"They came from all quarters,—the young and the old,
The eager-eyed boy and the officer bold,
And the women and girls in their Sunday trim,
In those funny old bonnets, that looked so prim.
* * * * * * * *
When the red-coated troop dashed over the green,
In the brightest of colors that ever were seen,
* * * * * * * *
While music was ringing from bugle and horn,
Oh, it was like magic to those looking on!

"The artillery in blue coats, faced with red,
With heavy-plumed, crescent-shaped caps on each head,
Brought their old six-pounder, that thundered so loud,
Spreading terror and dread through the startled crowd.
How the echoes resounded, still higher and higher,
Like a hostile army returning their fire!

"With what stately step the light infantry came!
The garments they wore are still living in fame,—
The white pants and blue coats, the bell buttons and all,
And those stiff, leather caps that were terribly tall,
And the long, snowy plumes, that were tipped with red,
And nodded and halted in time with their tread.

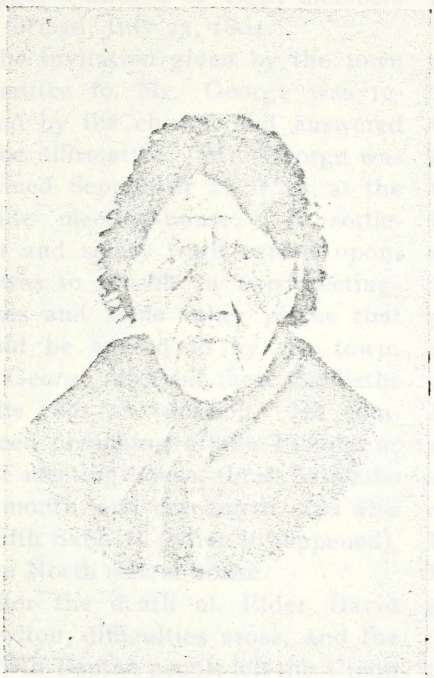
"There, too, were the flood-wood—the slam-bang corps—
That numbered a hundred, and often times more.
Some were tall, some were short, some crooked, some straight,
Some were prompt to keep step, and some halting in gait,—
Un-uniformed men with no taste for war,
They came to the training, obeying the law,
And each man brought, as the law did require,
His two spare flints and a brush and priming-wire."

In 1838, managers of the fair, or cattle show, as it was called, of undivided Strafford county, composed

of the present territory of Strafford county, also of Belknap and Carrol counties, absurdly located their annual fair in this place, then a very small hamlet. The people got along very well by the aid of the church, where the exhibits of the ladies were displayed, and the orator spoke. One resident citizen claimed the prize for raising the most corn on an acre of land, one hundred and forty-seven bushels, fourteen quarts, and half a pint. The committee questioned it. But after viewing the field with the stalks, minus the husk, silk, and ears, standing upon it, and the stored large ears of corn, and hearing a statement of the method of its cultivation, they promptly awarded the prize to the claimant. The method of cultivating corn then was far inferior to modern methods.

The town having been destitute of a settled minister for thirty-six years from its settlement, who in this period led in worship and taught divine truth? Who comforted the sick, consoled the mourner and united the young man and maiden in wedlock? These questions are difficult to answer, from lack of records and definite tradition before 1780, when Elder Benjamin Randall organized a church of seven members on June 30, at New Durham, and the free Loudon and Canterbury church was ministered to by Elder Edward J. Lock, from whom the Baptists had withdrawn fellowship in February, and the free Crown Point church, of Strafford, was ministered to by Tosier Lord. These three churches took a bold stand for a free gospel and an unlimited atonement, thus becoming the nucleus of the Freewill Baptist denomination. Elder Randall was a natural leader and became a successful advocate of these new doctrines. Following a powerful revival under Randall and Lock in 1781 at North Strafford, a church was formed there having seventy members. North Strafford and Barnstead join each other evenly. The revival of 1781 may have affected the inhabitants of Barnstead equally with those of Strafford, though the church was located in the latter. From some knowledge of them both for forty years, I know they have mingled with brotherly love, in religious worship on both sides of the line. May not the influence which went forth from this revival, when constantly nourished by monthly and quarterly and yearly meetings, and the earnest preaching of Randall and his associates and followers, have caused the favor with which the people of Barnstead so generally received the doctrines and worship of the Freewill Baptists? The influence of the new system of faith gradually increased in Barnstead. David Knowlton, of Pittsfield, embraced it and was ordained in 1795. His two sons and Samuel B. Dyer were converted under his preaching and became ministers. David Knowlton, Jr., the eldest son, after holding meetings in the southeast part of Barnstead for two years, removed there with his wife, and was ordained November 23, 1803, Elder Randall being present and taking part in the service. The ceremony probably took place in the newly erected, but unfinished building, which stood opposite the residence of Joseph Tasker, since known as the residence of John Murphy, and called the Union meeting-house. Believ-

ing in a free gospel, he signed papers before his ordination, relinquishing all rights that might belong to him as the first settled minister of the town. Mr. Knowlton was very much beloved. He gradually failed in health and, returning to his father's home in Pittsfield, died there of consumption, March 11, 1808. A procession of teams, with sleighs, just half a mile long, went to his funeral from Barnstead and the adjoining towns. Elder Randall, who died the same year, preached his funeral sermon.



Mrs. Temperance Jewett.
Photographed on her 100th birthday.

Nathaniel Wilson, of Barnstead, was ordained as a Freewill Baptist preacher in 1805. He was a vigorous farmer living on the Province Road, near Gilmanton line, where Captain Sinclair previously resided. Mr. Wilson came from Gilmanton. Mrs. Lydia (Tibbets) Perkins told me that he invited the people to come to meeting at his home on Sunday for seven years, and on alternate Sundays for the following seven years. Services were held during warm weather in the floor of his barn, which was one of the longest in town, where ample seats were provided, which were often full. In winter, services were held in his house. Mrs. Perkins was a Christian woman, and living near attended these meetings.

Many people from the north part of Barnstead worshiped with the Freewill Baptist church at Gilmanton Iron Works, which was organized in 1794.

It is believed that there had been more or less preaching by Freewill Baptist ministers for twenty years; and that two or three attempts had been made by the town to settle a Congregational minister, which had failed by disagreement, when Enos George, born in South Hampton, a Methodist local preacher, came to town in 1803, June 12, to supply the pulpit and teach school at the Parade. He said in his old age that while riding on Province Road along the highland and looking down on the Parade for the first time, it looked pleasant to him and had always looked pleasant. He remained here till his death, October 29, 1859.

In November of that year, a committee of the town gave him a call to settle as a Congregationalist. But he said, "there being no church, I thought it advisable to wait for some indication from heaven that should encourage me." He returned to Hampstead and treated his Methodist brethren with a Christian

spirit. They released him, but, seeing promising ability in him, asked him to remain with them and "become a good and great man." The paper which he presented to the Methodists is still in existence. With the assistance of Rev. Isaac Smith, of Gilmanton, a learned and wise man who evidently admired Mr. George, a church of eight members was formed, July 23, 1804.

The invitation given by the town committee to Mr. George was renewed by the church and answered in the affirmative. Mr. George was ordained September 26, 1804, at the Parade meeting-house. A settlement and salary were agreed upon. He was to preach in two meeting-houses and some other places that should be agreed to by the town. Mr. George reserved three Sabbaths in the year as vacation. He commenced preaching at the Parade, or West meeting-house, three Sabbaths in a month, and the fourth, and also the fifth Sabbath (when it happened), at the North school-house.

After the death of Elder David Knowlton, difficulties arose, and the Freewill Baptist people left the Union meeting-house, and it was not again used as a church till it was moved to Winkley Corner and finished inside. The first service in its new location was conducted by Mr. George, October 17, 1819. It was larger than the Parade church, similarly constructed, but without porches, and coarsely finished. It was never heated except at town meeting in March, when the smoke-pipe of the stove was passed out through a window. Mr. George added this to his places of preaching, calling it the Lower or East meeting-house.

The Congregational people of North Barnstead built a neat church, which was dedicated October 31, 1827. Mr. George thereafter held in this church all services for the north part of the town.

Elder David Garland, of Barnstead, was ordained in 1830 as a Freewill Baptist evangelist, and became a very earnest and active worker, especially in revivals. He associated with himself Deacon Henry Langley, Samuel N. Langley, Oliver Dennett, and John K. Kaime, and built the church at Barnstead Centre, thinking that the pews could be readily sold and a central and strong Freewill Baptist church and society would be established. The proprietors were greatly disappointed in the sale of the pews, and all lost money. The chief burden rested on Elder Garland, from which he was relieved by a generous son, a Boston merchant. The church was dedicated, September 12, 1839. Daniel P. Cilley, Freewill Baptist, preached. Rev. Mr. George was present. He preached in this church on the following Sunday, September 15, also on the 22d, at four o'clock p. m.

The last service in the East meeting-house occurred October 20, 1839. At the next designated time for a meeting there, December 15, no meeting was held. It was estimated that two feet of snow fell in a severe northeast storm at that time. The east church at Winkley Corner was abandoned after this, having been used in an irregular way just twenty years and three days. The Congregationalists, having arranged with Elder David Garland for the use of the Centre church a part of the time, bought pews in it and commenced to



Group on Platform during Recess.



worship there in April, 1840. From this time, the Congregational meeting was held at the Parade church, the Centre church, and the North church successively till 1866.

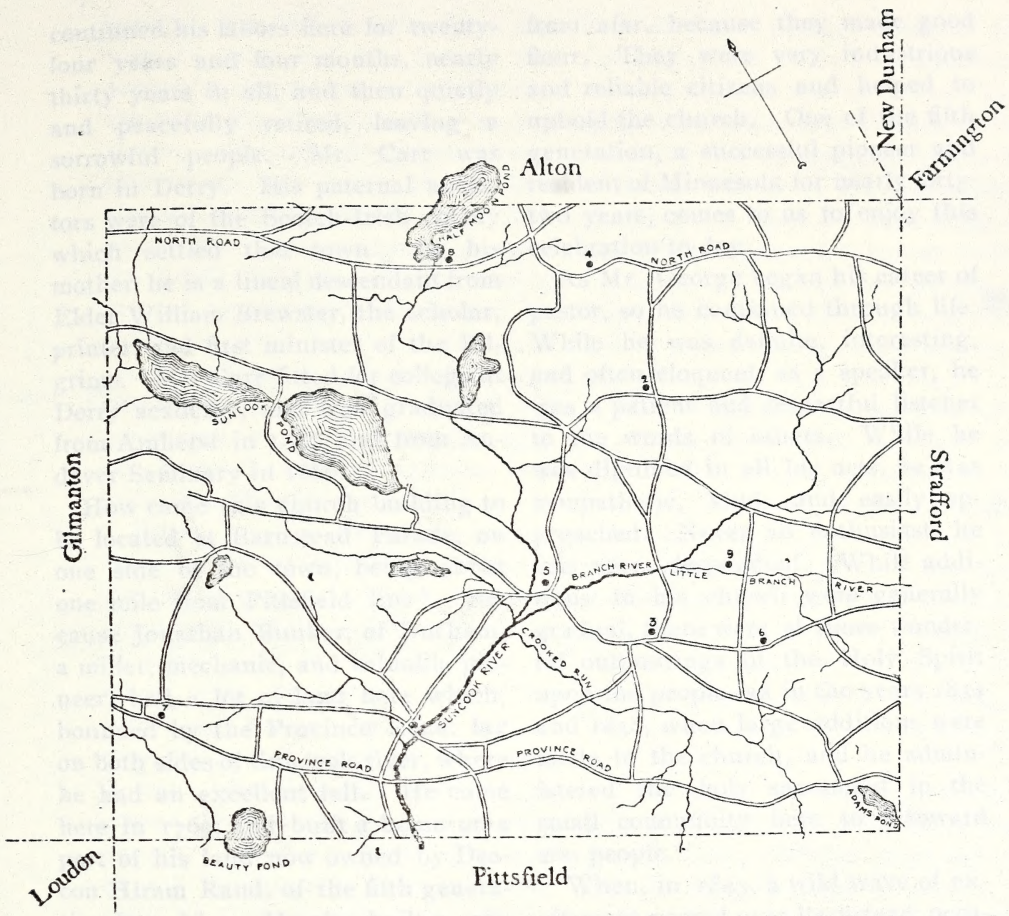
The early Freewill Baptists in Barnstead held public worship in private dwellings, in barns, and in groves, choice of these being determined by numbers and by the weather. Much use was made by them, with general consent, of school-houses, which were first built after 1792. Their first church was organized in 1803. Their first meeting-house was built in Clarktown, between the years 1816 and 1820, and was used exclusively by Freewill Baptists in peace and unity for more than thirty years. A part of this church accepted the prediction of William Miller, that the second appearing of Christ would occur in 1843, and about 1854, having embraced other doctrines which the Freewill Baptists could not accept, left this house and worshiped in another place. Subsequently an arrangement was made so that each part of the church could occupy the house in just proportions of time. The Freewill people decreased rapidly. The Adventists increased and acquired full possession of the meeting-house, which they held more than fifteen years.

At a public meeting in this house, about six years ago, a statement of religious belief, or a misunderstanding of a statement of religious belief, caused excitement and division among this people. At a subsequent meeting, one of the leaders of one party announced, in substance, that they should retire from the church. They did retire, and left the other party in legal possession. This second party, having become well informed as to the doctrines and polity of the Congregationalists, were duly organized as a Congregational church. They formed a society, which was incorporated. Both society and church, if I am rightly informed, are conducted very carefully, legally, ecclesiastically and spiritually, as the Congregational society and church of South Barnstead.

A building standing on the shore of Half Moon pond, built, and offered to the town, for a school-house, but not accepted—and now a ruin—was used as a place of worship between thirty and forty years by Adventists.

The Methodists tried to get a foothold in this town, aided by an energetic business citizen, who had been a member of their church before coming here. After the great revival in 1838, Presiding Elder Cass and Elders Brewster and Hinds came to the Parade and held a two days' meeting. Elders of the denomination continued to preach here occasionally till 1843. No prospect of permanent results appearing, efforts in this direction ceased. Some of these preachers did much good.

In 1866, after Congregational worship had been held in Barnstead at two or three places for nearly seventy years, and was still held at the Parade, at the Centre, two miles from the Parade, and at the North, five miles from the Centre and seven from the Parade,—about one third of the Sabbaths at each place, and no meeting, it is believed, having ever been held one year in one place,—the people at the Parade determined to have a regular meeting at that place. They organized and had duly incorporated



Location of Places of Worship in Barnstead: 1—Parade Meeting-House. 2—North School-House. 3—Union Meeting-House. 4—North Church. 5—Centre Church. 6—South Barnstead Church. 7—Elder Wilson's House. 8—Adventists' Red School-House. 9—Old Log Church.

a society, and raised more money for the support of a minister than the whole society were previously paying.

The old meeting-house was repaired, and a bell-tower and bell were added. The whole expense of this enterprise was paid by contributions from people in the immediate vicinity of the Parade and former residents of the same territory. George Peabody, the London banker and philanthropist, who was visiting his aunt, widow of Dr. Jewett, contributed $450 in her name. A church was organized here, July 9, 1867, by a council, whose doings may be found in the records of the church. Since these events, there have been regular weekly services here for thirty years, excepting vacations and accidental interruptions. The titles of the new organizations are, "The Congregational Church at Barnstead Parade" and the "Congregational Society at Barnstead Parade."

Rev. William O. Carr, having served the whole town for six years,

continued his labors here for twenty-four years and four months, nearly thirty years in all, and then quietly and peacefully retired, leaving a sorrowful people. Mr. Carr was born in Derry. His paternal ancestors were of the Scotch-Irish colony which settled that town. By his mother, he is a lineal descendant from Elder William Brewster, the scholar, printer, and first minister of the Pilgrims. Mr. Carr fitted for college at Derry academy, and was graduated from Amherst in 1857, and from Andover Seminary in 1860.

How came this church building to be located at Barnstead Parade, on one side of the town, being about one mile from Pittsfield line? Because Jonathan Bunker, of Durham, a miller, mechanic, and valuable pioneer, had a lot of land here which, bounded by the Province Road, lay on both sides of Suncook river, where he had an excellent fall. He came here in 1769, and built a home on a part of his land now owned by Deacon Hiram Rand, of the fifth generation from him. He also built a saw-mill and a grist-mill, and had a shop with a trip-hammer, where he manufactured such iron and steel implements as new settlements required. He was succeeded by his son Eli, who gave the site for the church and parade ground.

Dr. Jeremiah Jewett came here from Rowley, Mass., in 1792, and practised medicine for forty-four years, about thirty-two years without a competitor in the whole town. He boarded with the Bunkers at first, and, being of Congregational stock, was first to move for the erection of this church. The Bunkers were good millers and brought custom from afar, because they made good flour. They were very industrious and reliable citizens and helped to uphold the church. One of the fifth generation, a successful pioneer and resident of Minnesota for nearly forty-two years, comes to us to enjoy this celebration to-day.

As Mr. George began his career of pastor, so he continued through life. While he was definite, interesting, and often eloquent, as a speaker, he was a patient and respectful listener to the words of others. While he was dignified in all his acts, he was sympathetic, kind, and easily approached. Never an enthusiast, he was never despondent. While additions to his church were generally gradual, there were at times wonderful outpourings of the Holy Spirit upon the people, as in the years 1834 and 1838, when large additions were made to the church, and he administered the holy sacrament in the small community here to "toward 200 people."

When, in 1843, a wild wave of excitement passed over Barnstead, occasioned by the predictions of William Miller, a twelve days' meeting was called for by certain preachers, at Barnstead Centre, which was protracted to seventeen days. There was preaching at the church during the day and speakers were sent out evenings to address the people at school-houses about town, and committees were appointed to collect food in the various school districts for the multitude, and the village hotel, which was of no mean dimensions, was freely thrown open by the landlord for the use of the crowd, and the crops of some farmers were left standing ungathered in the fields,

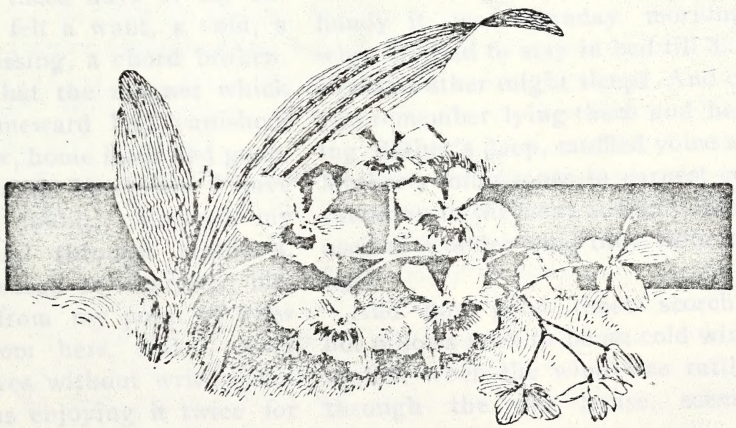
because they believed the Lord was soon to come, and Mr. George was severely criticised for not sympathizing with these movements; he was serene, although doubtless deeply grieved to see some of his best church members drawn into such commotion. He expressed his opinion firmly, but courteously, entered into no controversies, discharged his duties as pastor regularly, though to small audiences, and so demeaned himself as to retain the respect and confidence of the community, after the unusual religious agitation had become a thing of the past.

When, in 1804, Rev. Enos George commenced his labors as pastor of the Congregational church in Barnstead, with all the members available in town, eight in number, three of whom were converted under his preaching during the year before, probably two thirds of all the people in town who had any church preference, favored the Freewill Baptist church. To-day, there are four church buildings in town, all occupied by Congregationalists. Those worshiping at the North church and those worshiping at the Centre church are within the pale of a common society. The church members of both places constitute the Congregational church in Barnstead —the primeval church. The Congregational church at Barnstead Parade and the Congregational church of South Barnstead are independent churches. I have no knowledge of any other organized religious bodies in town. The Advent people at South Barnstead worship in a hall, but have no church organization, I am told.

The First Freewill Baptist church in South Barnstead is nearly extinct. But two of its members reside in that part of the town,—a man eighty-four years old, and his wife, more than eighty. Its communion service has been forwarded to the president of Storer College, for the use of freedmen, and its records await transportation to the safe of the Free Baptist Memorial church at New Durham.

I can get no information of the records of the Second Freewill Baptist church, and tradition gives me no help in that direction.

Congregationalism in Barnstead, which began in weakness, has been sustained for nearly a century by quiet, inoffensive, but persistent effort.



A LETTER.

By Frank West Rollins.



Y DEAR JACK: It is with a feeling of sadness I take up my pen to write to you to-day, for it is a year ago to-day we lost our mother. The sky is overcast, the children are gathered in quiet groups in the door-ways and windows, the pigeons gaze disconsolately from under the eaves, a heavy depression weighs over the earth, or so it seems to me.

This is the first time I have ever been away from home without feeling that Mother was there at the hearthstone, following my every step with her watchful, loving eye, and offering nightly a prayer for her distant son. This is the first time I have ever been afar and failed to find her tender, all-gathering, thoughtful letters at every halting place. This is the first time I have ever wandered from my native state and have not put a letter off to her at every set of sun.

During all these days of my absence I have felt a want, a void, a something missing, a chord broken. I have felt that the magnet which drew me homeward had vanished, that, somehow, home itself had gone. In all my travels heretofore I have seen things doubly; through my own eyes and through Mother's. Whatever pleased or interested me, I looked at from my point of view and then from hers, and I never closed my eyes without writing her about it, thus enjoying it twice, for *our* pleasure was always Mother's. But now, all this is ended. Do not think, my boy, I do not enjoy writing to you. You know I do. It is not that, but it is the longing, the craving, to tell Mother about it, just as we did when children, to go to her with all our pleasures and griefs, just as we always have up to a year ago to-day. You remember the old verse:

"Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night."

To hear once more her dear voice, to see her loving face!

Do you remember, Jack (of course you do), our nursery just out of Mother's room in the old house, and the great four-post bed you and I used to sleep in together? There was the high window right over it, just within tip-toe reach, against which the branches of the Gravenstein tree used to rattle (ghostly fingers to us). Then there was the wall cupboard, right beside the bed, where we kept our treasures—how handy it was Sunday mornings, when we had to stay in bed till 8:30 so that Father might sleep! And can you remember lying there and hearing Father's deep, muffled voice and Mother's softer tones in earnest conversation in the next room? How I used to wonder what they were saying!

And how good those scorching hot pillows used to be on cold winter nights, when the wind was rattling through the old house, seeming

about to drive the windows in, and the frost was finger deep on the panes! You remember she always had a row of them on such nights around the old air-tight stove in her room, and, as the children were one by one packed off to bed, she would seize one of the pillows, doubling it up to retain the heat, and hurry to place it under the shivering little one. At the foot of the bed under the blankets there was always a free-stone nice and warm, and in a few moments you were as cozy as a bird in its nest. Mother would tuck you in with little loving exclamations and pats, and finally, after your prayers were said, a good-night kiss, and then sweet, childlike slumber. Do you not see that picture, Jack? Does it not come back to you? Can't you see Mother bending over you?

I remember I always went to sleep with your hand in mine, and if I lost it in the night I could not go to sleep again till I had found it.

What was that prayer Mother used to read every night to herself just before she turned out the gas? Not the one *we* said, but the one she read for herself after we were safely in bed? Somehow, I always connect her with that prayer. It begins,—"Defend us, O Lord, in all our doings—," I can't remember the rest, but it always made a great impression on me. What a perfect, simple, undoubting faith she had!

I remember one time when Mother was very sick. I lay in bed in the darkness in the next room, and I prayed with all the strength and purpose of my soul for her recovery, and I thought, with the old idea of sacrifice in my mind, what I would give to make her well again. First an arm, or a leg, or both arms, or an eye, and finally, in a paroxysm of grief, my life itself. That was love, pure, unselfish, worshiping,—the love of the child for its mother. It is good to feel, no matter how far you have drifted, that there was a time when you were pure, clean, unselfish, self-forgetting,—a child.

In my maturer years, I have sometimes thought that, in the kindness of her heart, Mother was too good, too lenient with us children. Can you remember her refusing you anything? And the things we used to do in that old house, the romps, the pranks we played!

The kitchen was the scene of many of our exploits, and a famous kitchen it was. You remember it, Jack. Fully thirty-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, the east side all of brick, and the outline of the enormous fireplace of other days still plainly visible, flanked on one side by the brick oven, still used for baking bread and pies, and on the other by the capacious wash-boiler. In the opposite corner was the long-handled wooden pump, drawing the water from the well in the yard. The low ceiling was crossed by big oaken rafters, and the small rectangular window-panes allowed a distorted glimpse of Grandmother's old-fashioned garden, with a row of peach trees at the back.

It was in this kitchen I had my celebrated "Menagerie, Museum, and Megatherion Minstrels" (before you were born, Jack). We built a stage right across one end of the kitchen, spiking the boards to the floor, completely closing all entrance to the dining-room, so that for two days all communication was by going out of doors and around to the side porch.

The curtain and wings were made from mother's shawls and the parlor portières, and mother was right in the thick of it, aiding and abetting, while cook held up her hands in holy horror, and tried in vain to go on with her work.

And there was the time of the big snow, when we packed it up against the L till it formed a regular toboggan slide. Then we and all the neighbors' children tramped through the house, right up the front stairs, through the best chamber, with our sleds and snowy boots, got out the north chamber window, and slid down the roof. What a time that was!

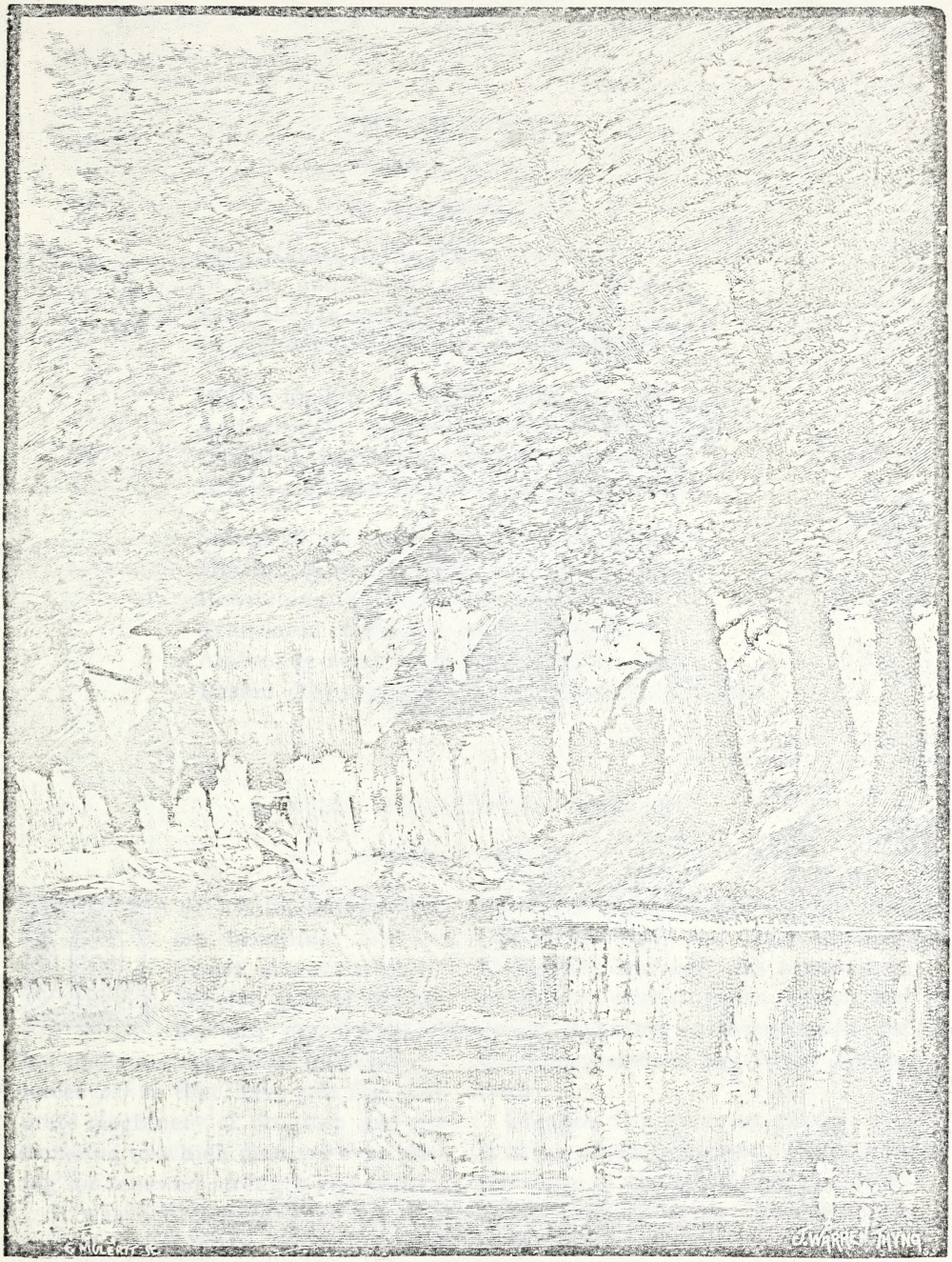
And May day, 1876! Shall I ever forget it! After making night hideous with horns, guns, drums, rattles, and devil's fiddles, I gathered about fifty of all the young ragamuffins of the town, and, somewhere in the small hours of the morning, when sleep is sweetest, I quietly led this horde of tatterdemalions through the side door of our house. At a given signal, thumpity-thump, tootity-toot, bangity-bang went the whole gazoo up the front stairs, single file, by the foot of the bed where Mother and Father, at first furious, but soon laughing uproariously, were, and then down the back stairs, and out into the darkness to hatch other mischief.

What good times mother used to plan for us, little parties, picnics, suppers; never too tired to put us up a lunch; never too ill to make us a uniform for base-ball or soldiers, a mother not only to her own large family and several orphan relatives, but to all the motherless children of the neighborhood. Her heart was big enough for all. You remember how all the boys used to love her, and how they used to wish they had such a mother, and did you notice at her funeral how many of those boys, now bearded men, were present? They had not forgotten the tender words and kindly hand pressures of years gone by.

You were her youngest, Jack, her baby; her last born, and she loved you with that fondness mothers lavish on their tenderest and frailest. I used to be a little jealous of you sometimes. But not for long, for I knew she loved us all alike, and frequently, when she felt her "sands of life" were ebbing, she used to talk with me of you, and tell me what I must do for you when she was no longer here to watch over you. You see how her love looked into the future, how she planned for the good and welfare of her loved ones, even beyond the grave. It is a sweet thought for you, especially, and for me, and I frequently find myself thinking, would Mother have me do this so?

Mother—what a sweet word it is! How it fills the mouth and the heart! How it expresses all love, and all devotion, and all self-sacrifice. Mother—home—the two are one and inseparable; and here am I, far, far from both, many and many a dreary mile, with wastes of rolling, wind-swept ocean between. The sun is setting drearily behind the hills; with you it is just rising, and I take hope and comfort. When it is setting on half the world, it is rising beneficently on the other half: it sets, but it *always does* rise, it always shines behind the clouds, "there *is n't* more night than day"; so good night, my boy, and "pleasant dreams," and "God guard thee," as Mother used to say.

Your loving brother, MORRIS.



From the painting by J. Warren Thyng.

The Old Mill.

THE OLD MILL.

TO J. W. T.

By Louis Albert Lamb.

Sang Nature to the Poet's heart a lay
Of Love and Truth and lovely Harmony:
Sang she, in sooth, the perfect symphony
Of grander Life and ever-waxing Day.

But on his lyre his fingers could not play,
And with the song words failed of sympathy;—
Or rather, words were fraught with apathy
Which stole the beauty of the strain away;

Seized he his pencil, and before the shrine
He limned the Harmony his soul had seen—
Bewitching fair—divinely pure—serene:
Translated chords too subtle for the pen
And made what I had lost of Nature, mine;
Passed down the eternal Truth from God to men!

A NEW HAMPSHIRE ARTIST.

By Maurice Baldwin.

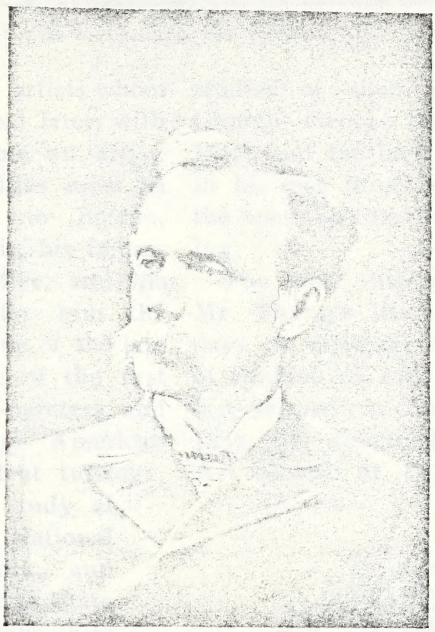
NATURE unadorned is often beautiful; adorned by art, she is always so. We too seldom remember our great debt to her noble and beautiful influences,—forces *per se* that have put the elaborate machinery of progress into motion, and to which men are ever turning for renewed strength and energy.

It was a dream of discovery that caused Columbus to set sail toward the sunset mysteries of the West; it was a dream of gold that lured thousands across the continent to the El Dorado of California, and it was during these years of gold search that among the hills and lakes of New Hampshire the man was born whose pencil was first to make known the dream of beauty enshrined amid the piney fastnesses of the White Mountains.

Creation is a great art gallery, and it is full of masterpieces. Perhaps in few parts of the world has the Great Artist been so lavish with the touch of beauty, or so varied in its exhibition, as in that region limited by the horizon as seen from Lake Winnipesaukee. Within this area are gathered half a dozen lakes unsurpassed

in beauty by any lakes in the world. Nestling amid the mountains of Sandwich range, they lie like a chain of jewels upon the breast of Mother Earth, reflecting in their sympathetic depths every mood of the changeful skies that bend above them. Pine-covered lands stretch away from them in a crescendo of elevations till they reach the mountain heights,—dreaming giants, born of Nature's mighty travail, that guard the magic region in silence and eternal calm.

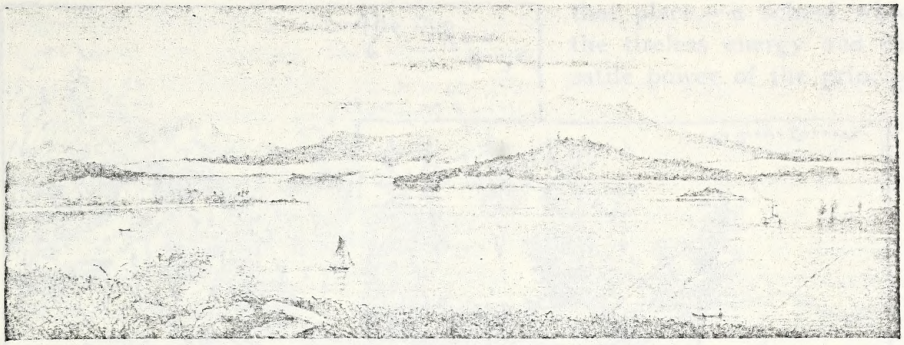
From The Weirs the beholder looks upon a majestic panorama of opalescent water, indented shores, islands, and a wall of rugged mountains. Moosilauke, Prospect, the Haystacks, Red hill, Washington, Tripyramid, Passaconaway, Whiteface, Paugus, Chocorua, Ossipee, and nameless foothills, detain the vision in this grand prospect. In the perspective of the lake one can note the position of prominent islands—the Stonedam, Mark, Governor's, Long Island, and others. Scotland or Switzerland could hardly possess a region where the loveliness of nature is so exquisitely or so variously exhibited.



J. Warren Thyng.

Born at Lake Village, living during his years of youth on the shores of the most beautiful expanse of water that ever graced a landscape, endowed with a sensitive and poetic temperament, that could not but be impressed by the surpassing beauties of his environment, J. Warren Thyng was the natural instrument of that power which finds a man for every necessity, and which gave to the Franco-Prussian soldiery, Detaille; to French art, Meissonier; to the French peasantry, Millet; and to the lake country of New Hampshire, its most notable artist. In the records of the New England Historical and Genealogical society, and in Hon. Charles H. Bell's history of Exeter, the family from which Mr. Thyng is descended is mentioned as among the first to settle in the state. Lake Village contained but four houses when Mr. Thyng's paternal grandfather located in that region and became one of the prominent citizens of that place. Mr. Thyng's childhood passed without event, but early in his boyhood he demonstrated that for him there was to be a different career from that laid out for most of the young men who were his associates in the little country town of his nativity.

Unconscious of the power within him, he nevertheless accomplished enough with pencil and brush to

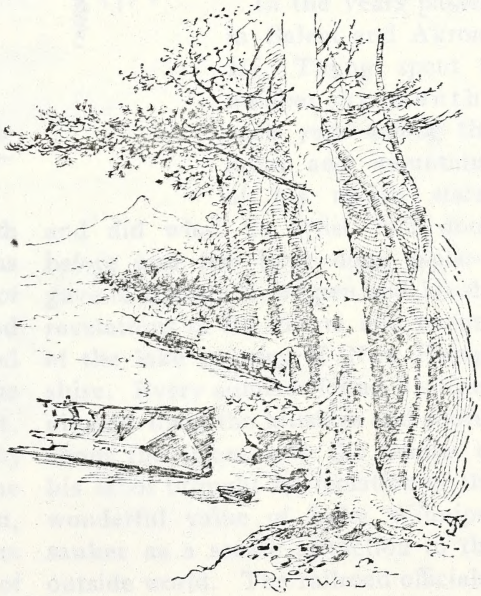


Lake Winnipesaukee, from The Weirs.

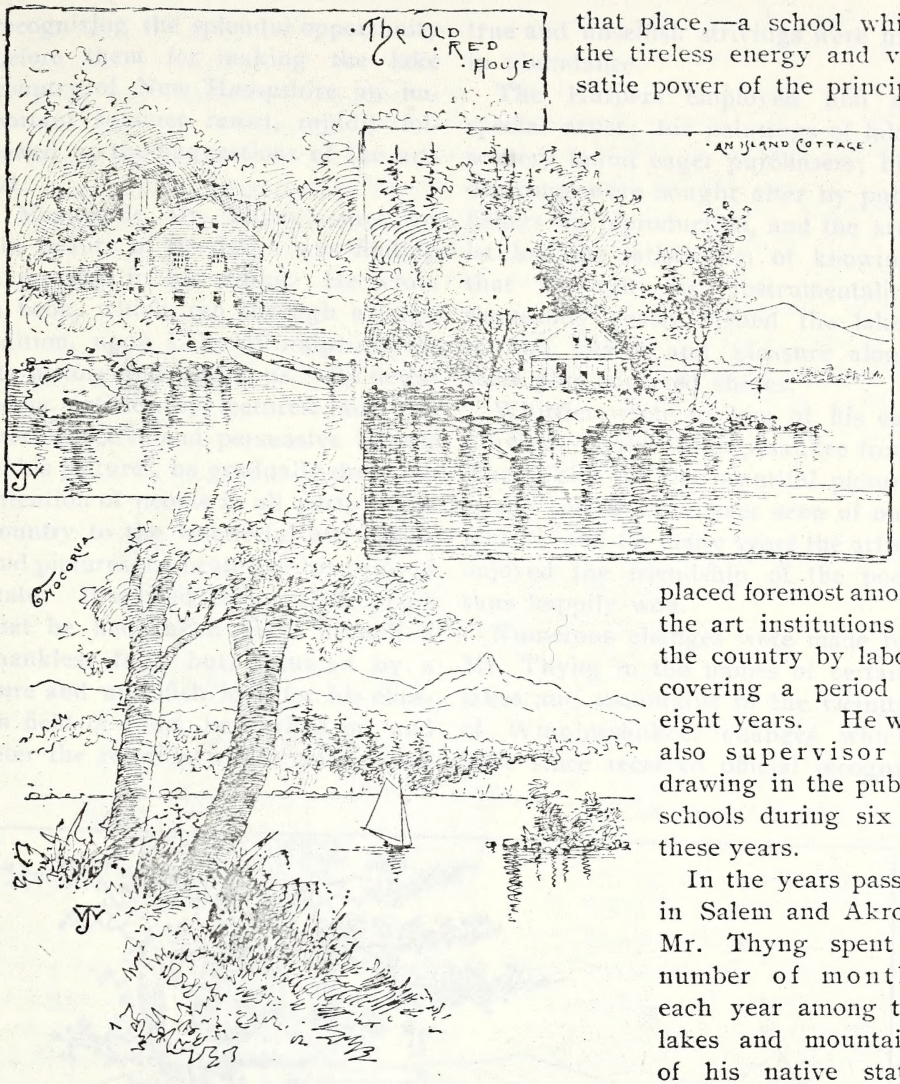
attract the attention of artists whom he chanced to meet, and later, with the resolution to become an artist, no matter what difficulties must be surmounted, he went to Boston, where his resolute spirit, his impassioned sincerity of motive, and his evident talent, won for him the friendship and instruction of the late George L. Brown, one of the first of American landscape painters, and known in Europe as the "American Claude." This excellent tutelage, supplemented by the study of classical art in the National Academy of New York, and later in the Massachusetts State Normal Art school, gave him that technical training and experience without which the highest genius would be crippled.

Du Maurier has given in "Trilby" an excellent picture of art-student life in Paris, but no writer has as yet more than hinted at the less romantic, but not less interesting, life led by the art student in New York or Boston. In these cities Mr. Thyng pursued his studies uninterruptedly for a number of years. In New York he was a welcome frequenter of the studios of such artists as F. E. Church, George Innis, and William Hart, and the lack of all mannerism in his own brush work is no doubt the result of this catholicity of training.

The most interesting chapters of Mr. Thyng's life must lie in these days of striving, of high purpose, of conflict, of toil, until success at last seemed in his grasp, and, in 1872, the directorship of the State Art school, at Salem, Mass., was



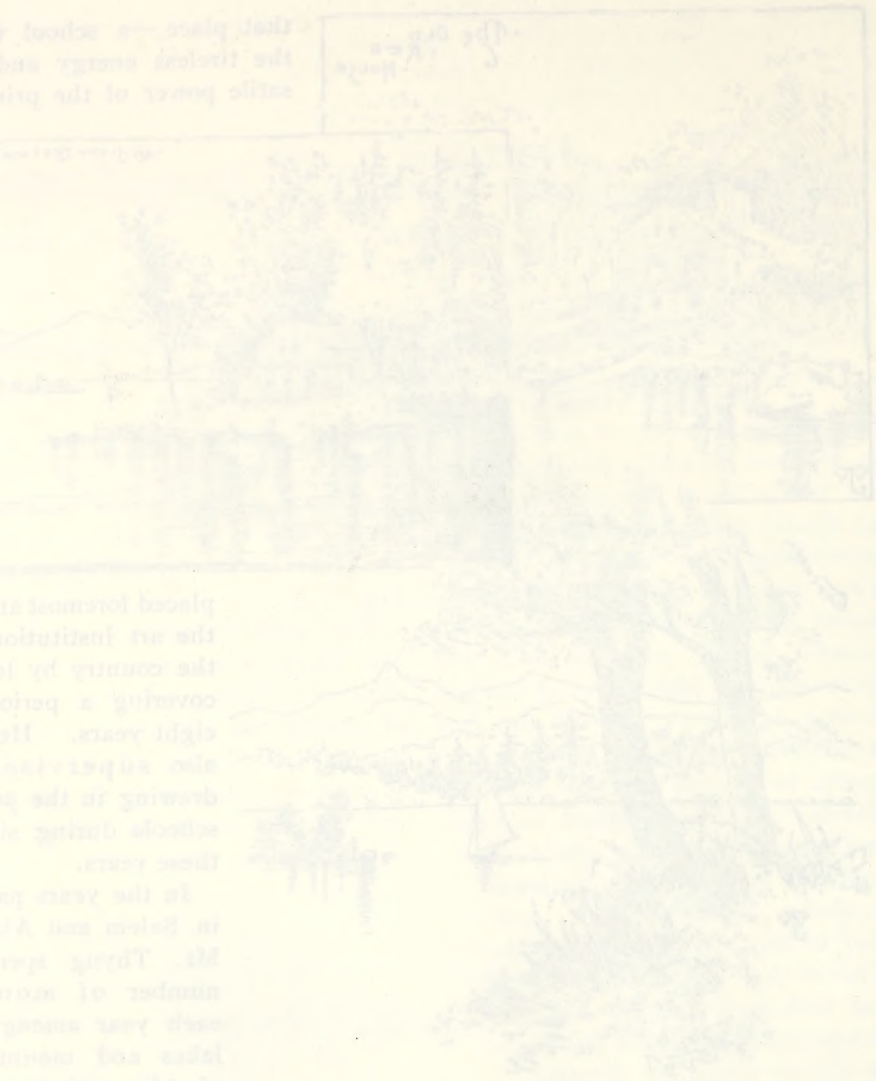
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that place,—a school which the tireless energy and versatile power of the principal placed foremost among the art institutions of the country by labors covering a period of eight years. He was also supervisor of drawing in the public schools during six of these years.

In the years passed in Salem and Akron, Mr. Thyng spent a number of months each year among the lakes and mountains of his native state, and did what no artist had done before and few have done since—gave to the world, by pen and brush, revelations of the charm and beauty of the lake country of New Hampshire. Every summer found his easel pitched upon the hillsides and shores about the lakes, and the results of his labor brought appreciation of the wonderful value of Lake Winnipesaukee as a scenic attraction to the outside world. The railroad officials,

his. This position he held with lasting credit for eleven years, as well as supervising the art work of the public schools of that city, and many artists who have since attained success and fame owe much to the conscientious training given by Mr. Thyng in these capacities. In 1883 he went to Akron, Ohio, where he founded the Akron School of Design, incorporated by a board of diectors composed of the leading citizens of



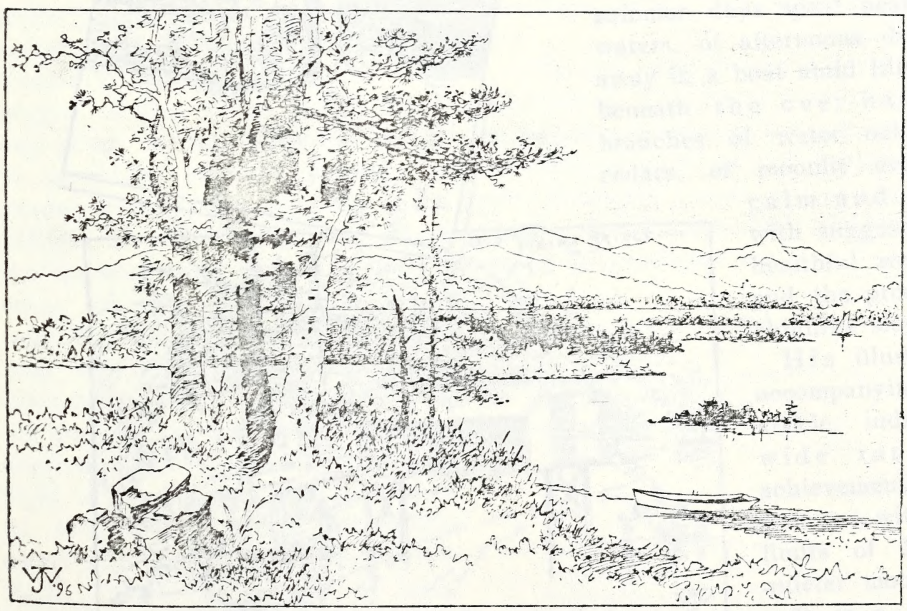
recognizing the splendid opportunity before them for making the lake country of New Hampshire an important summer resort, rapidly followed up the suggestions of the artist.

Meanwhile, Mr. Thyng's love for the beauty of the lakes was finding expression in his works. He wrote a book, which ran through a large edition, upon Lake Winnipesaukee, its history and traditions. By newspaper articles, by lectures, and the more effective and persuasive beauty of his pictures, he gradually drew the attention of people in all parts of the country to the wonderful attractions and picturesque beauty of his beloved state. It seemed during these years that he had taken upon himself a thankless task, but, actuated by a pure and unselfish love for his chosen field of effort, he worked on, and later the rewards which come to all true and unselfish strivings were his in abundance.

The Harpers employed him as special artist; his paintings of lake scenery found eager purchasers; his drawings were sought after by publishers for reproduction, and the artist had the satisfaction of knowing that through his instrumentality thousands yearly visited the lakes to find health and pleasure along their pine-bordered shores.

Whittier wrote to him of his engraving, "Lake Winnipesaukee from The Weirs," "Thy beautiful picture is the best I have ever seen of our lake"; and for many years the artist enjoyed the friendship of the poet thus happily won.

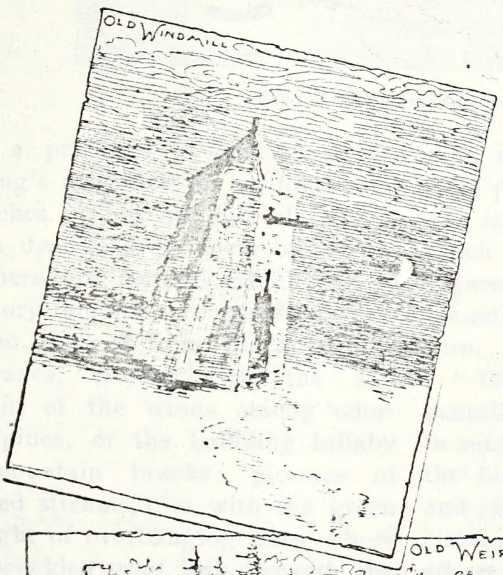
Numerous changes were made by Mr. Thyng in the names of certain lakes and mountains in the vicinity of Winnipesaukee, changes which have since received official recogni-

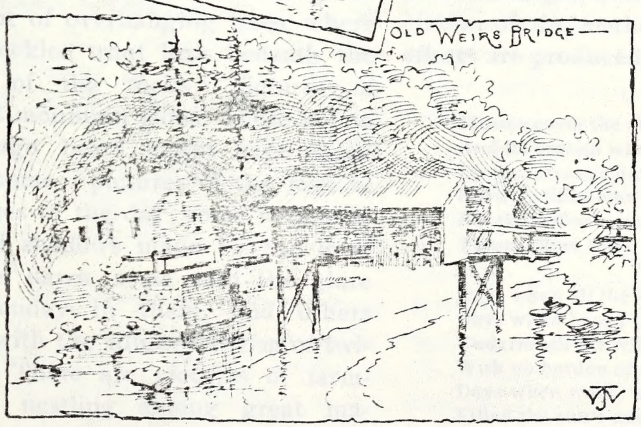


Asquam Lake.

tion in the maps and public documents pertaining to the region. Long Bay, lying between Lake Village and The Weirs, was given historical significance by being renamed Lake Paugus, after the Indian chief who once lived in its vicinity; Round Bay, near Laconia, was called Lake Opechee, the Indian name for the robins, which flock to its shores early in the spring. Lake Winona, between Meredith and Ashland, also owes its pretty name to Mr. Thyng. These changes were the result of a most commendable sentiment, and were due to the artist's poetic appreciation of the beauty of the sonorous old Indian names, fast passing from memory in a country too thoughtless of the beauty of ancient Indian traditions and history.

Perhaps the leading characteristic of Mr. Thyng's pictorial work is the idyllic, the pastoral. His pictures are full of the impressive beauty of the mountains; they breathe forth the charm of meadow lands and pine woods, when sky and earth and water seem linked in tender and joyful harmony, when





"Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

"Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."

His paintings and sketches stir in one recollections of long summer days spent near blue waters, of afternoons dreamed away in a boat amid lilies and beneath the over-hanging branches of water oaks and cedars, of moonlit evenings, calm and sweet with suggestions of healthful weariness and the promise of childlike slumber.

His illustrations accompanying this article, indicate a wide range of achievement, and that, too, within the limits of Nature's quieter moods.

It is a pleasure



Valley of the Pemigewassett in Winter.

and a privilege to look over Mr. Thyng's collection of portfolios and sketches. They are full of suggestions dear to every lover of nature.

There are pictures which call to memory rambles through the flower-dotted grass of June, the air full of fragrance, vibrant with the soft adagio of the winds among odorous pines, or the babbling lullaby of mountain brooks; pictures of shaded streams, dim with the green twilight of overhanging trees, where the speckled trout lurk beneath the cover of the rocks; pictures of ragged mountain sides, where not so long ago bears might have made their home; pictures of the lake at all times of the day, some with soft, blurred shadows made by the level light of dawn, some with the glare of noonday in them, and others sweet with the illusory charm of twilight. There are pictures of farmhouses nestling among great maples, of country roadways, of woodland paths, dainty bits of mountain and lake scenery, drawn with a vital touch and extraordinary facility of expressing with a few touches the boundless variety and beauty of nature.

"The Old Mill" is one of the most beautiful of Mr. Thyng's paintings; in subject and treatment it appeals to the highest sense of the beautiful, and challenges a most critical appreciation of the methods by which the effects are produced.

Mosses cover the Old Mill,
And its broken wheel is still;
On the stream's untroubled breast
Spotless lilies rear their crest,
But the willows whisper yet
Things these three cannot forget.

Days when all the world was young,
Days when happy children sung
Underneath the willows songs
With no burden of life's wrongs;
Days when work, with merry sound,
Filled the sun's unclouded round.

Stream and Mill are dreaming o'er
All the busy days of yore,
When, with many a creak and strain,
They once ground the farmer's grain,
And a half-sad beauty clings
To the worn-out, useless things.

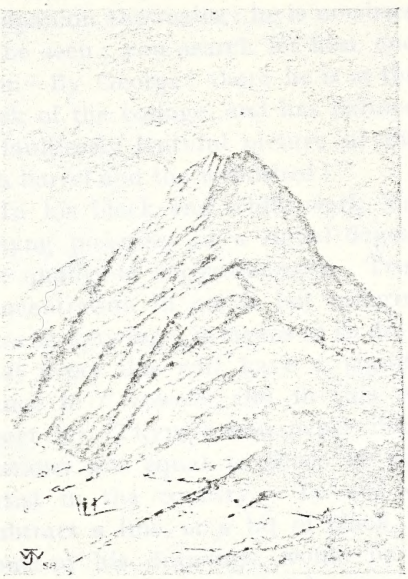
O sweet Lustre of Decay,—
Bloom of things that pass away!
Thou dost lend a tender grace
To the Past's time-softened face;
Sweet and dim the old days seem,
Like our memories of a dream.

Besides admirable technical qualities, the painting of "The Old Mill" (its prototype in reality still standing at Gilford, N. H.) possesses in an extraordinary degree that pathetic charm and suggestive beauty which linger about all ruined and picturesque objects. To the impression which the fine coloring displayed in the painting of the natural environment of the old mill makes upon the beholder is added the entrancing sadness, the reminiscent feeling invoked by the mill itself. It requires no critical analysis of the artist's methods to understand and appreciate the effect and value of the picture, and herein lie its greatest claims to merit —a total absence of mannerism, and effects produced by the simplest and most natural methods.

These characteristics are equally noticeable in other paintings by Mr. Thyng; in "Asquam Lake" they are apparent in a marked degree. The picture is a masterpiece in grays. The water is still, and suggests the near approach of twilight, harmonizing the amber-lighted sky with the rich grays and the stronger hues of the shore.

The chief beauty and the triumph of art in the picture lie in the diffusion of the golden tone of declining day throughout the particulars of the scene. The effect upon the beholder is one of sadness, the gentle melancholy that comes from the contemplation of objects seen in the magical glory of infinite and all-pervading light.

In his color work, Mr. Thyng has approached greatness. Had he been less devoted to making artists of others, he doubtless would have accomplished more with his own brush. As it is, his sincerity, high aspiration, and delicate appreciation of the significance and beauty of nature, have made the brush in his hands a slender tongue of wonderful power for expressing the most poetic and subtler truths of form and color. By instinct, and in his love of beauty for its own sake, he is essentially an idealist; not the idealism represented by that class of pictorial madness put forth by Manet and his followers, but the beautiful faith that believes that from the loveliness of earth we derive



The Peak of Chocorua.

our concepts of heaven, and, therefore, that any representation of spiritual beauty must be true in its essential details to the material facts before us.

His own definition of the difference between idealistic and realistic art aptly illustrates the attitude of the two schools of painting towards the same pictorial material.

"For instance," he says, "two artists are strolling down a country road on a summer day; one of them is a realist, the other an idealist. Presently, they come to a cottage nestling beneath the shadows of a majestic oak. About the door are clambering roses; morning-glories screen the sunlight from the little windows; on the roof lichens have softened with dull green the weather-beaten gray of the shingles. From the road a grassy path leads to the door through a garden where quaint, old-fashioned flowers are growing in charming disorder and luxuriance, sunflowers and hollyhocks, poppies and marigolds, delicate sweet-peas, and over a half-decayed tree stump the running fire of the nasturtium vine—flowers such as our grandmothers loved long ago when they were young and could find beauty in the old blossoms that no one cares for nowadays.

"In the grassy walk a little child is playing, and the clear sunshine and the blue heavens seem reflected in her golden curls and her wide eyes, and the joy of the carolling birds in the old oak sounds sweetly in her voice as she talks to herself and laughs out the untroubled blithesomeness of her childish heart.

"One of the artists pitches his easel before the scene, and with quick brush strives to place upon his canvas something of the beauty before him—the little cottage and the oak, and the spots of color in the old-fashioned garden, and the child with the sunlight in her hair, and bits of heaven in her eyes—the idealist paints on and on, and his picture embodies a perfectly beautiful memory of a summer day. By and by you wonder what has become of his companion, the realist; he is nowhere to be seen; you search for him, and then—By George! there he is at the back of the cottage, and has painted a faultlessly truthful picture of the ash barrel and the woodshed!"

In his black and white work Mr. Thyng possesses in a signal degree the quality of suggestiveness. True concentration in art is not meagreness in drawing; it means to so draw that every line will have a significance in *l'ensemble*, and in this respect Mr. Thyng's newspaper illustrations are equal to those of any artist in the country. To add or subtract a line, or a bit of black, in some of his drawings, would be to weaken them, so true is his sense of the amount of work necessary to convey the representation of his subject. His illustrated articles upon the picturesque in New Hampshire scenery, over the signature of "Stranger," have attracted much attention.

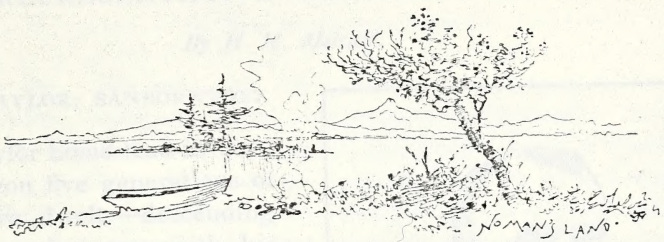
All through these years, whose summer vacations have been filled with pen and ink and color work by the margins of New Hampshire's lakes, Mr. Thyng has had long and highly successful experience as instructor in drawing in public schools, where his skill as teacher has been strengthened by constant professional practice. His lectures upon art edu-

cation, as a branch of public school instruction, have been for years regarded as authority.

At present Mr. Thyng is director and teacher of drawing in the public schools of Manchester.

In person, Mr. Thyng is tall, and his reserve of manner with strangers is in marked contrast with his thoughtful attention and cordiality with friends. He is a thirty-second degree Mason.

To this man, who has contributed by labors covering a quarter of a century, so materially to the appreciation of the beautiful scenery of the lake country of our state, and to the advancement of art education as a factor in public school instruction, has come the fine reward of success achieved; and, with returning summers, seeing the lakes of New Hampshire advance in ever increasing public admiration.



A REVERIE.

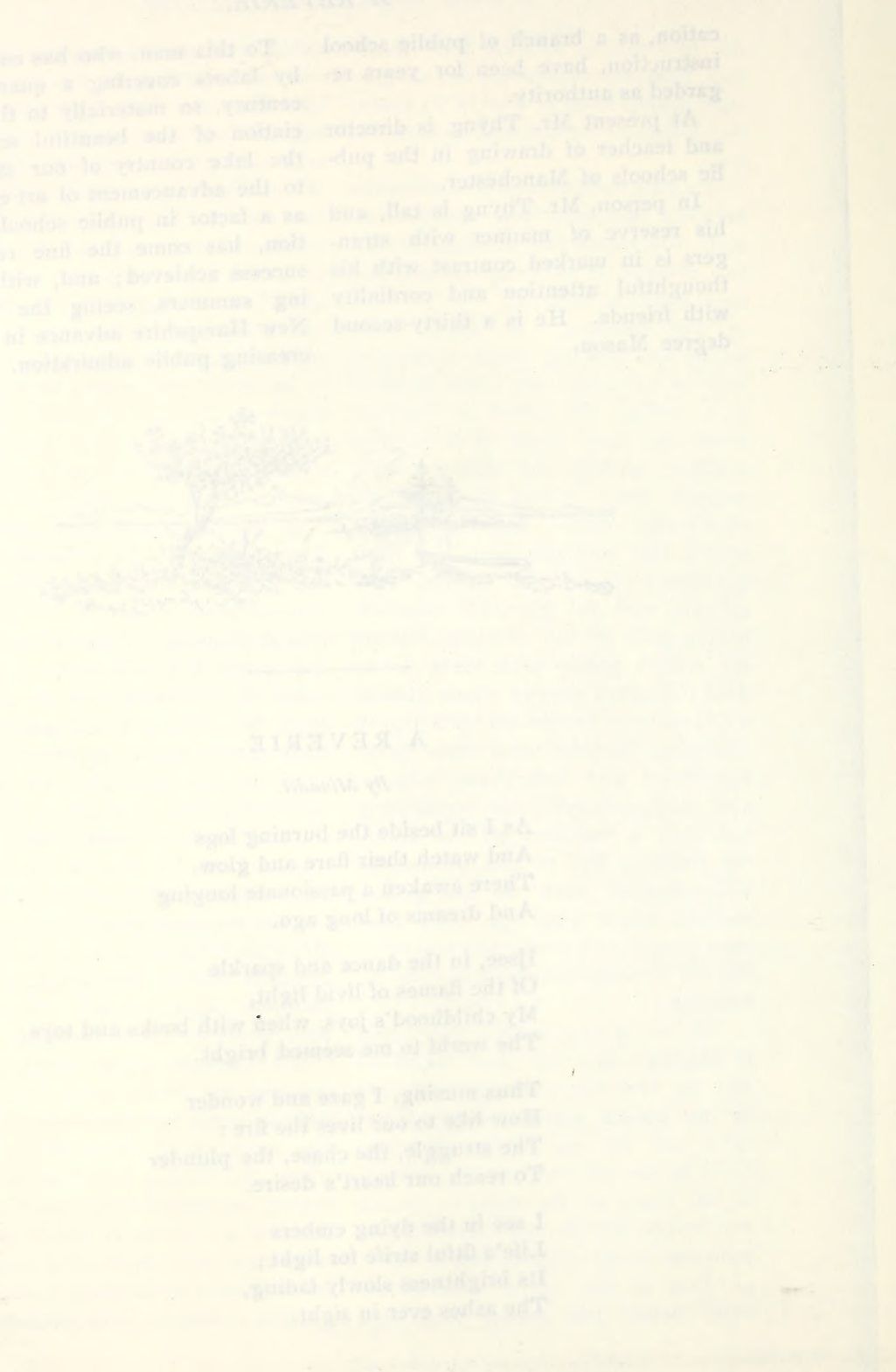
By Minadel.

As I sit beside the burning logs
And watch their flare and glow,
There awaken a passionate longing
And dreams of long ago.

I see, in the dance and sparkle
Of the flames of livid light,
My childhood's joys, when with books and toys,
The world to me seemed bright.

Thus musing, I gaze and wonder
How like to our lives the fire;
The struggle, the chase, the plunder
To reach our heart's desire.

I see in the dying embers
Life's fitful strife for light;
Its brightness slowly fading,
The ashes ever in sight.



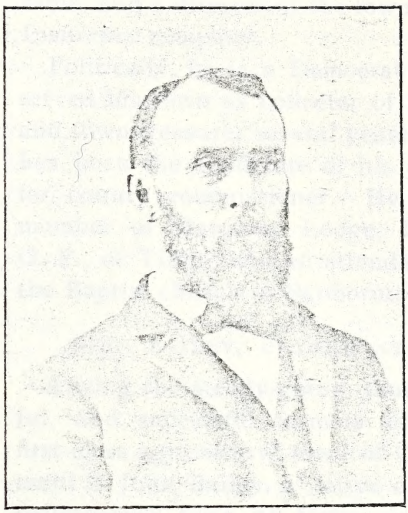
But, is this the end of the brightness,
The gleam, the fire, and glow?
Is there nothing to hope or look for
As the *end* of things below?

Yes! far up through that darkened chimney
Shine the stars and God's own fire bright:
The firelight gleam is only a dream,
And we awake in the realms of light.

REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

By H. H. Metcalf.

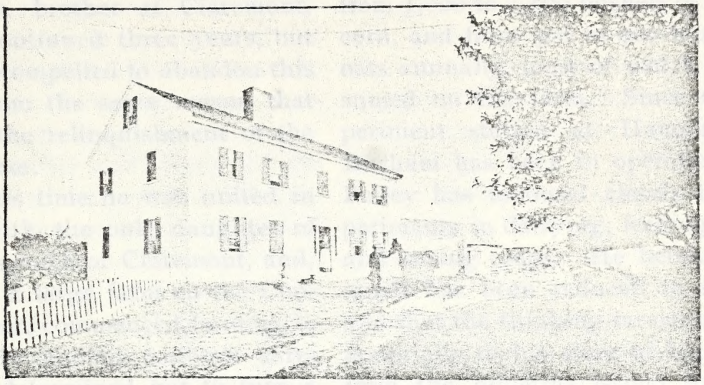
THOMAS O. TAYLOR, SANBORNTON.



Thomas O. Taylor.

The old Taylor homestead in Sanbornton, whereon five generations of the name have dwelt,—descending from Jonathan, who came with his father, Nathan Taylor, from Stratham and settled on the place in 1773, to Thomas, the son of Jonathan, and to Andrew J., son of Thomas—is now owned and occupied by Thomas Osgood Taylor, son of Andrew J. and and Polly (Osgood) Taylor, born July 28, 1851, who was reared and has always had his home on the farm, receiving his education at the district schools and at the New Hampton Institution.

Being the only son, he was associated with his father in the management of the farm, and thus continued after his marriage, January 25, 1876, with Miss Cinda W. Heath of Bristol, and upon his father's death, some six years later, the property passed into his hands. The farm, which is located one mile from Sanbornton Square and five miles from Tilton, on the stage road to New Hampton, contains about 300 acres of land, of which 50 acres are mowing and tillage, the amount of hay crop being about 50 tons. Mr. Taylor has a silo, but in recent years has raised Hungarian instead of ensilage, as a supplementary feeding crop. For many years Mr. Taylor and his father made the raising of oxen and steers a specialty, producing many premium cattle of the Hereford strain. Of late, dairying has been the leading feature of his farm operations, the number of cows ranging



The Taylor Homestead, Sanbornton.

from 15 to 20. He uses the De Laval separator, being the first in the county to adopt it, and markets his butter at Franklin. He is an enthusiastic Hereford breeder, and his fine herd took first money at the last Tilton and Rochester fairs, though coming in competition at the latter with cattle from different parts of New England. He also produces a considerable amount of maple syrup, being among the first to adopt improved methods in its manufacture, as he is prompt to utilize advanced ideas in all lines of agricultural work.

Mr. Taylor was a charter member of Harmony grange, Sanbornton, and its first secretary, serving five years. He has since been two years master, and also for two years master of Belknap County Pomona grange. He was active in the organization of the State Grange Fair association, and has served as superintendent of the forage and cattle departments, and also as general superintendent for several years, until January, 1896, when he was elected treasurer of the association. He is also a director of the Sanbornton Town Fair association, and has been treasurer of the same, and a director of the town Fire Insurance company.

Politically, he is a Democrat; has served his town as collector of taxes and town treasurer several years, and has been the candidate of his party for county commissioner. He is a member of Harmony Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Tilton, and an attendant at the Baptist church in Sanbornton.

JOHN BAILEY, CLAREMONT.

Among the steady-going, thoughtful, and successful farmers of the first-class agricultural town of Claremont is John Bailey, a native of the neighboring town of Unity, son of Eaton and Elizabeth Wright (Sparling) Bailey, born June 30, 1833. Both his parents were of English descent; hence the persevering spirit and sturdy character which he has ever manifested. He attended the ungraded school until sixteen years of age, after which he pursued the study of the higher branches in the academies at Washington and Claremont, preparatory to a course at Dartmouth, but was forced to abandon the latter on account of poor health, and entered the dry-goods

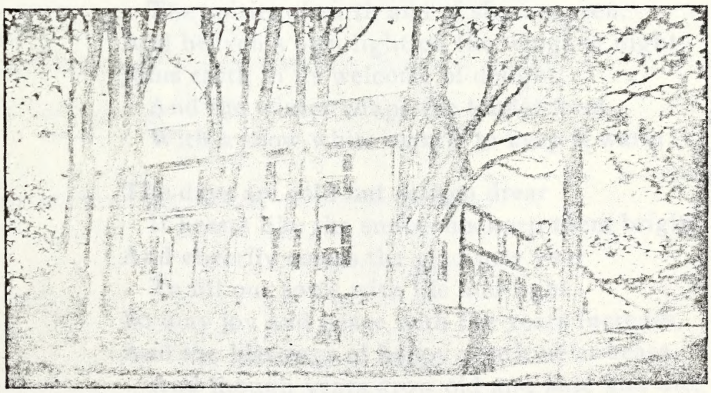
house of a brother at Claremont, where he continued three years, but was finally compelled to abandon this business from the same reason that compelled the relinquishment of the college course.

About this time he was united in marriage with the only daughter of Laban Ainsworth of Claremont, and, purchasing a large farm on the Connecticut river, commenced farming in earnest. He studied methods carefully, and determined not to turn a furrow without thorough fertilization of the soil, so as to secure the largest crops that the land was capable of producing, realizing, as he did, that the cost of producing 150 bushels of corn per acre is but little more than that of 75 bushels, while the land would thus be left capable of producing two and one-half tons of hay per acre instead of a ton, or a ton and a half.

Mr. Bailey's present farm is situated on the Connecticut, about one mile south of Claremont Junction, and contains 205 acres, of which 75 acres is tillage, the balance pasture and woodland. He cuts about 100 tons of English hay, and harvests from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels of ears of corn, and from 500 to 700 bushels of oats annually, most of which is consumed on the farm. Since the experiment station at Hanover and Durham has been in operation, Mr. Bailey has followed closely the experiments in dairying, feeding stock, and raising crops. He believes that much has been reduced to science, and that the thinking farmer can add materially to his store of knowledge from the bulletins issued from the station from time to time.

The New England farmer has had much to contend with in the last twenty years, and Mr. Bailey early began to fortify himself against cheap wool, mutton, beef, grain, etc., raised in the West, by giving up these industries and going into dairying, supplemented by the raising of swine. He has kept from 20 to 40 cows, and raised and fattened as many hogs each year. His butter is sold at wholesale at 25 cents per pound the entire year.

Mr. Bailey had always turned a deaf ear to all suggestions of office-holding until the new school law went into effect, when, being a firm



Home of John Bailey, Claremont.



believer in all its provisions, he accepted a position as a member of the board of education. In that capacity he served two successive terms, during which time a new school building was erected and many of the old ones, in sparsely settled districts, abandoned, the scholars being conveyed to graded schools in central points. At the expiration of his term of office, he had the satisfaction of leaving the schools much improved in method, and the standard in the intermediate and grammar grades raised materially, while the friction attendant upon the change had subsided, and the people became eminently satisfied with the change.

Mr. Bailey has a son and three daughters. The son is a farmer in Claremont. Two married daughters reside in Antrim. The youngest, unmarried, is a teacher. In politics, he is an earnest Republican; in religion, an Episcopalian.

THE NEW YEAR.

By Henry Kalloch Rowe.

The days of winter are come once more,
The ice is thick on the meadow now,
And the snow-birds gather about the door
Or shiver near-by on a leafless bough.
The old year is dead and the new instead
On a snow bank pillows its infant head,
While its watchful herald, the evening star,
Shines clear and cold in the heavens afar.

The new-born year comes not alone,
All unattended, an uncrowned queen,
For thronging gaily about her throne
The spirits of earth and of sky are seen.
And heaven's own light on the wings of night
Joins earth in its welcome of delight,
And the winter wraps the tender form
With a snow-white mantle to keep it warm.

The days are cold but seldom drear
If hearts like the sunbeams keep them bright;
And cheerily comes the glad new year
To fill our souls with life and light.
So may joy and peace with the years increase,
And the blessings of happy youth ne'er cease,
And though years grow old and fade and die,
There 's eternal life in the by and by.

WATER LILIES.

INSCRIBED TO MISS PALMER'S BEAUTIFUL PAINTING.

By C. Jennie Swaine.

When morn folded back the curtains
That draped a world in repose,
From the fragrant rifts in the ripples
The sweet white lilies uprose;
And to gather the swaying beauties,
A boat glided down the stream,
And the fairest of all were chosen
To enwreathe in an artist's dream.

"Ah," said the creamy blossoms
With a quiver of delight,
"My beautiful, queenly sisters,
You may sleep in the lake to-night;
As for us, this artist lady,
In a rare old crystalline vase,
Will keep us awake in nectar
To study our beauty and grace.

"Of the countless milk-white lilies
That bloom on a score of lakes,
We alone may be immortal
In the beautiful picture she makes;
We are proud in the hand that holds us,
We are sure of its masterful skill;
Ah, my sisters! You 'll fade in the river
But we 'll bloom on her canvas still.

"Though we are but river lilies,
With only a summer name,
Joy, joy, we shall grow immortal
Through the artist's undying fame;
We shall live in a beautiful picture
Which time cannot rival or mar,
For we are the artist's ideal
Whose name is in a star."

Thus said the lilies, nodding
To the lilied waves of blue;
And the seers of the silver river
Bore a prophecy sweet and true;
For we gaze on the speaking canvas
Aglow in the morning flush,
And in kissing the hand with the lilies
We kiss the hand with the brush.

POLLY TUCKER.

[*Continued.*]

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER V.

MONDAY, December 5.

I have told Mother just how matters stand between Joe and me, and I am glad it is over. Although I could see that she was greatly disappointed, she did not reproach me. She seemed to think I had been hasty in my decision, until I told her more fully than I ever before had, how I felt about Joe and his proposal.

"Well, child," she said, "you must do as you think best, but I hope Joseph was wrong about Mr. Ladd having anything to do with your sending the poor boy away. You have grown up together, and you know him to be an honest, reliable young man, a good son, and kind to his neighbors. He is smart and capable, too, and that should not be overlooked. As for Mr. Ladd, we have little in common,—only an acquaintance, which he will be very likely to forget as soon as he leaves Riverside. And, Polly, I think the less you see of him, the better for your peace of mind, for he is an unusually pleasing young man, and you have met few such. His place is in the fashionable world; yours, in a quiet country home. Think of these things, my daughter, and let your own good sense guide you in your treatment of him when he calls."

I sat through all this, assenting to the truth of it, but angry and rebellious at heart. Why should I be debarred from what is called good society, just for lack of money, or why should it be out of the question for one in Mr. Ladd's position to think of marriage with a girl in mine?

I wish I could have a chance with those girls who consider themselves so superior to me; I know I could improve if I had the opportunities for going to school and into refined society, which they were born to. I can't have them, and it's of no use to fret about it. There is just one right thing for me to do, that is, to devote myself to my home, and let all thoughts of anything else go. I will not marry as I can, and I cannot marry as I would. Not that I think or care so much about marrying anybody, only as thoughts of her future position in life come to every girl. But Mother has opened my eyes to certain facts, to which my pleasure at having agreeable company had blinded me.

Now, Mr. Ladd may come or go as he pleases; it is nothing to me. I wonder what Father will say when he knows about Joe! But there, I can't help *what* he says; I am the one to be suited, after all, and I am glad to be free.

Thurs., Dec. 15.

This afternoon, before Mother and I had had time to change our gowns, Mr. Ladd rode up to the door. I wanted to run away, but he caught sight of me in passing the window, and so I had to stay and see him. Besides, I hardly think Mother cares to entertain such people, for she always hands them over to me; so, if I had made my escape, she would have trotted up-stairs and brought me down.

I was thankful that my gown was tidy and my hair smooth,—our kitchen is always neat—so I felt quite at ease in spite of not being dressed up. Mr. Ladd said he had called to ask me to take him to the wishing well, as I had promised, so after chatting for a few minutes we started off. The well is in plain sight from the kitchen window, but somehow it took us quite a while to get to it, and once there, Mr. Ladd was in no sort of haste to go back to the house.

He said, "I suppose the charm doesn't hold good after the first of November, does it? Well, no matter, I'll take a wish and drink to the success of it, if I am a little late!"

I tried to be as sedate and matter-of-fact as possible, for I kept Mother's hints in mind; but one might as well try to be dignified with a blackbird.

He chattered away as gaily as possible, and I thought he did not notice my poor little attempt at reserve until he undeceived me by suddenly exclaiming,—"Why, what a demure expression! I'm going to relieve your anxiety and brighten your face by telling you what Auntie said to me for running away from her guests Thanksgiving, for I know that is what you are worrying about!" and unheeding my amused disclaimer, he went on as if I had not spoken. When she began her reprimand, he had been sitting in the window-seat reading till he was drowsy, and her subject was n't the most inspiring one in the world. He said he wanted me to remember these facts in excuse for what followed.

She began by telling him how sorry she was that he had been so lacking in courtesy towards her friends as to desert them entirely. They wondered why he did not return after it was time to expect him, and were disappointed that he did not, as they wanted to hear him sing. They were old friends of the family, and what if they were not quite agreeable to him? He should remember that a young man of twenty-two is no longer a boy, to be governed only by impulse, etc.

For some time he felt distinctly ashamed of himself, but the good soul talked on and on until her voice grew faint and fainter, and finally ceased; when he came to himself, his aunt was nowhere to be seen, and the maid was just bringing in the candles. "Horrors!" he exclaimed, "if I had not added to my other sins the enormity of going sound asleep while my Aunt was talking to me! How's that for an example of dutiful attention?"

"Bad enough," I replied. "Was 'nt she angry with you, and what sort of penance did you have to pay?"

"Angry? not a bit, and as for doing penance, Aunt evidently considers me a hopeless case as far as her ability to reform me goes, so she sorrowfully 'hoped my nap had done me good,' and dropped the subject. She is quite a talker, you know, and

now when she begins a story, she watches me to see that I don't drop off again. She doesn't half do me justice, for she had talked a full half hour before I lost one word of her remarks."

We had reached the house by this time, and, as Mr. Ladd declined to come in, Mother came to the door to bid him good-by. Just as he started off, he said he would like to call again soon, if it would be quite agreeable to all, with a look of inquiry at Mother, who certainly had been a shade less cordial in her manner towards him than on previous occasions. Mother hastened to invite him to call whenever he liked, for she would consider it a grave offense to be deficient in courtesy towards any of the Sherburne family. So he is coming again,—soon.

Thursday, Dec. 22.

Sure enough, Mr. Ladd did come again soon. All the young people of the neighborhood were going off on a coasting expedition last Monday, and Charlie and I were on our way to call the Seavey girls, when, just opposite Mr. Foye's house, we met Mr. Ladd on his way to our house.

Of course we offered to go back, but he would not hear a word to that, so he turned about and walked along with us to the Seavey's, where the girls, who were waiting for us, came out and joined us. They were delighted to see Mr. Ladd and at once invited him to make one of the party for the afternoon. He seemed pleased to go, and we went off in high spirits. The air was sharp with frost and the snow crushed crisply under our feet. Presently we came to the hill, where we found a group of boys and girls, who greeted us with shouts of welcome.

We joined them, and as there were only about a dozen of us there was room enough for all on one long bobsled. Down the steep hill we flew, the keen wintry air feeling like icy needles as we rushed through it, when, suddenly, in the midst of our glee, the runner struck a stump and over we went, sled, load, and all! There was a firm crust on the snow, and on this we rolled and slid along, some bringing up against a rock or bush, and others keeping on to the foot of the hill.

Off to one side of the hill there is a deep hollow, where the snow is heaped almost to the level of the hill and where the crust is less firm than anywhere else. Down into this drift shot two of the party, rolling, scrambling, and screaming, the icy crust breaking under their weight and precipitating them into the soft snow beneath. The rest of us took shorter trips, so we picked ourselves up as speedily as possible and hurried over to the hollow, whence muffled cries proceeded.

There we found something that looked like a bundle of clothing, which upon investigation proved to be Eunice Leavitt and Mary Seavey. They were nearly buried in the drift and Eunice was screaming as well as she could with her face half buried in the snow.

"What 's the matter, girls, are you hurt?" we anxiously inquired.

"No, I guess not," replied Mary, as she struggled upright and shook the snow out of her clothes. "If I be I, as I hope I may be, I believe I 'm all right."

"Come, Eunice, if you are not

hurt, do stop that noise, and let the girls help you up," she added, seeing that Eunice, resisting our efforts to assist her, still lay screaming and moaning, a forlorn little heap on the snow.

"I can't! I can't, Mary! I'm *dead!*" she sobbed. "Don't you see that I am killed? Oh, dear! Oh, *de-ar!*"

"Well, I must say your voice is pretty good for a dead girl's," laughed Mary, as she resolutely pulled Eunice up and stood her on her feet. "I don't believe but what you are more frightened than hurt, after all."

"Why, Mary Seavey! I guess I know whether I'm dead or not! I *know* my head is broken, for I heard it crack, so there! If you don't believe it is, I'll just prove it," retorted Eunice rather crossly.

So she untied her hood, shook the snow out of it, and very gently passed her hand over the top of her head. All the party had gathered around her by this time, and were watching her anxiously.

"Why! I don't think my head *is* broken, after all!" she exclaimed joyfully. "It is this!" and she held up the fragments of her back comb, which the fall had smashed. We shouted with laughter, in the reaction from our fright, and straightening our damaged attire as well as we could, we started off to look up the sled.

Then, for the first time, we missed Mr. Ladd.

We rushed to the scene of our disaster and there we found him. One side of his forehead was badly scratched and bruised and he was pinned down by the heavy sled which lay across one leg. His eyes were closed and he neither spoke nor moved, while his face was deadly pale.

We girls were dreadfully frightened and were sure that he was dead, but the boys tried to make us think that he was only shamming and would spring up presently and laugh at us for being so easily duped. But they soon found that there was no shamming about that set, white face and motionless figure, so we made him a sort of couch by spreading our shawls and wraps on the sled, and the boys drew him to our house.

Very gently and carefully they bore him from the sled to Mother's room and laid him on the bed, and then a sad company of young people wended their way to their several homes. As soon as Father saw Mr. Ladd, he started Charlie off for Dr. Pierpont and Major Sherburne, both of whom came to him at once. Meanwhile, Father and Mother had worked unceasingly to restore Mr. Ladd to consciousness, but without success. Once he opened his eyes for a moment, then closed them, and again became unconscious. The doctor shook his head as he looked at Mr. Ladd, and said, "I don't more than half like that stupor. Which of you two men," looking from Major S. to Father, "will help me examine the youngster?"

Major Sherburne was so unnerved by the accident and the sight of Mr. Ladd's pale face as to be practically helpless. The doctor saw this, and said to him very kindly, "Now, Major, if you will entertain Mrs. Tucker in the other room for awhile, Mr. Tucker and I will try to find out how bad a job we have in hand, and let you know as soon as possible." The Ma-

jor demurred a little, but as Mother stood by the door waiting for him, he soon gave up and meekly followed her out of the room.

After what seemed a *long* time, Father came out of the bed-room and reported a badly bruised head and a broken leg as the extent of Mr. Ladd's injuries; but that he must, on no account, be moved for the present, or brain fever would result. In that case, the utmost care and most faithful nursing would be required to prevent serious results.

What a woful ending to our good time! But Mother is a capital nurse, and I know if good care will avail anything, he will soon be about again. I was so thankful that the dreadful thing which seemed to have come to us had passed by, at least for the time, that there was no room in my heart for any other feeling than gratitude.

Major S. waited, fidgeting and nervous, until the bone was set and the patient comfortable; then, after making arrangements with Mother for the care of the invalid, he and Dr. P. went off together to tell Madam S. the particulars and extent of the accident.

CHAPTER VI.

Dec. 25.

I left you rather abruptly the last time that I was up here, for Mother called me before I had told you how Mr. Ladd was after he was first hurt. For the first week he was very ill, and there was a strong tendency to brain fever, but Dr. Pierpont finally got those symptoms under control, and since then he has gained a little every day.

When I opened my eyes this Christmas morning, and remembered all the suspense and anxiety of the past two weeks, now happily at an end, I felt as if I must make some recognition of this day, which bids fair to be such a direful anniversary to us all. In spite of its being, as I've been taught, a Popish custom, I like the practice of decorating one's home at this time with boughs as fresh and green as the memory of the great event which they commemorate should be in each heart. The frozen earth has little to attract at this season, but I thought the house could at least be made bright and cheery, so in spite of uncertainty as to what Father and Mother might say, I ran out into the woods behind the house, and, with Charlie's help, brought in some hemlock boughs and evergreen and hung them up all around the room.

When Father came in, he looked at them and smiled but made no remark about them, and Mother only shook her head as she said, "You might spend your time to better advantage than in decking the house out so, Daughter," but as she did not tell me to take them down, I felt pleased and satisfied with my attempt at keeping Christmas,—quite as if I had won a victory. The bed-room door was ajar, and Mr. Ladd caught a glimpse of the greenery in the kitchen and seemed gratified, I thought, for he said to Mother, "How bright and cheery those decorations look." He is Episcopalian born and bred, and has always been used to seeing the house, as well as the church, decorated at Christmas, and now that he

is ill among strangers, no doubt he feels more at home on account of them.

I think some of the Christmas spirit found its way into my heart and caused me to remember the angels' song,—"Peace on earth, good-will to men." There had been anger in my heart towards Joseph Mason, and I had refused to bow to him when he stood in the doorway as I passed his father's house, a few days ago. Of course I cannot seek him, but I decided this morning to speak to him the next time we meet; and really, after this resolution was taken, I felt more quiet and as if I were willing to do as I would be done by, than I had since our quarrel.

Sat., Dec. 31.

Just ten days ago we took that disastrous slide down hill! It seems a year ago, at least. I am glad to be able to tell you that Mr. Ladd is improving in health every day. He gets very tired of staying in bed so long, so Father has told him that he shall have a bed made up in the kitchen, where he can be with the family. He would n't listen to being sent into the parlor, as Father at first suggested, but declares there 's no place half so nice in which to play invalid as our kitchen; so if he is as well to-morrow as he is to-day, Father and Charlie are going to bring him out.

Sun., Jan. 1.

The first day of the year, and the proper time to make good resolutions. As I never can keep more than one of a list, I am going to condense the whole into this one resolve: To do my whole duty cheerfully, whether it is entirely pleasant to me or not. The day is clear, and would be cold if our big fire did not flaunt such fierce defiance to the frosty air indoors as to vanquish it entirely. Everything in the kitchen looked homelike and cosy, when the bedroom door opened and we heard Mr. L. announce, "Lo! the conquering hero comes!" and then Father and Charlie appeared, bearing our patient between them. They laid him on the broad sofa opposite the fire, while Mother brought Grandmother's swinging screen from the parlor to shade his eyes from the firelight, and altogether he was as comfortable as possible, and as happy as a school-boy on the first day of vacation. He looks thin and quite pale, but the brightness of his expression is just the same as it was when he was well.

Major and Madam Sherburne came to see him to-day, and were surprised to find him out of bed. They were delighted at the marked improvement in his condition, and his aunt was a good deal affected at the first sight of his pale face. She kissed him very tenderly, and said, "My dear boy, you do n't know how thankful I am to find you so much better than I expected! O Alfred!" she exclaimed the next moment, "how much you look like your mother! Now that you are pale, you are the perfect likeness of my dear sister." And she sat by the sofa, gazing into his face, with streaming eyes, until Mr. Ladd began to get a little nervous, for he is still weak. The good woman was so glad and thankful that she forgot that so many tears, even joyful ones, might not be pleasant to a sick man. But, as usual, Major Sherburne came to the rescue.

He shook hands heartily with Mr. Ladd, and said in his genial way,

"Well done, my boy! Upon my word, you look *too* comfortable, altogether. I do n't half believe in that broken leg, Wife. He has found a comfortable place to lounge in, and, with so much to admire,"—with a comprehensive glance at the fire and then at me,—"I should n't wonder if he were all winter getting well."

"I don't know but you and I had better bundle him off home and see how long he would stand his room and John,—eh, Alfred?"

"And see how long John would stand *me*, you mean, sir. No, I am very well satisfied to be left just where I am. I knew what I was about when I rolled off that sled into the bosom of this family," laughed Alfred.

"There, what did I tell you, Wife?" cried Major S.

"Well, Alfred, you could n't be in better hands, if you must be away from home," said Madam S.; "but you must not get restless and impatient at being housed so long, for Mrs. Tucker has had a great deal of care on account of your accident, and you must n't make her any more trouble than you are obliged to."

"No, Aunt, I'll remember," meekly replied Mr. L.

Just then Major Sherburne and Mr. Ladd looked at each other and laughed. It was so funny to hear Madam S. talk to Mr. L. as if he were a little boy.

"What are you two laughing at, I should like to know?" she asked, looking from one to the other in surprise.

"Oh, nothing," laughed Major S., "only you need not worry about Alfred's getting 'restless and impatient.'"

After chatting a while longer, the Sherburnes went away, but before they left they promised to send Mr. Ladd some books which he wanted. As soon as they were gone, Mother sent us all out of the room, for she said Mr. L. was very tired and ought to have a nap; so I came up here to you.

Tues., Jan. 3.

It is only two days since my New Year's resolve was confided to you,—and, fortunately, to you alone. I felt quite good, and ready to make a brave fight against discontent and my faults generally, two days ago; but now I am humiliated to find myself less sincere and generous than I thought I was. You ought to be very glad, my diary, that you are a quiet, sensible book, instead of an impulsive, contradictory, silly girl like me! But I'll tell you what has sent me to you, half penitent and wholly impatient at my shortcomings, and then you can judge if I ought not to feel as I do.

You see, we were all in the kitchen, last evening, just after Father and Charlie had taken Mr. Ladd to his room, when in walked Joseph Mason! He has n't been here before since our trouble, and at first I was too much surprised to see him to wonder what he came for. I soon found out, however, for after a little general conversation, he asked me outright if he could see me by myself for a few minutes. I said "Yes," and led the way into the parlor. I knew well enough that we should nearly freeze, for it is as cold as Nova Zembla in there; but I was just hateful enough to think, "Well, if it is cold, he won't stay long." I was ashamed of myself at once, for the poor boy looked so manly and someway differ-

ent from my boyish playmate Joe, that I was half inclined to be shy.

He began to tell me why he wanted to see me alone almost as soon as I had set down the candle. He said, "Polly, I want to apologize for speaking so rudely to you the last time that I was here. I thought then that I had some excuse for doing so, but I know better now; before I knew, I had no right to speak to you so. I am going away to-morrow and I could not let your last remembrance of me be such an unpleasant one. Pardon me, Polly, for the sake of the happy old days when we were playfellows and good friends." He waited for me to speak, but I could not for choking tears. So he said, "Good-by, Polly, let me be your friend even though I can never be more than that to you," and with a quick pressure of the hand he was gone.

I can't tell you, my diary, how badly I felt when I realized that Joe was really gone, and for good. I was chilled, as well as disappointed, at his being able to manage such a cheerful, *conclusive* good-by. Now was n't that shabby of me? I would n't allow him to care especially for me, but as soon as he seemed to accept the situation, I resented it. I did n't know I was capable of such meanness!

It seems that Charlie knew that Joe's uncle in Boston had offered him a place in his counting-room, which Joe was glad to take, for his uncle is a wealthy merchant who is very fond of his namesake Joe.

Of course I am glad of his good fortune, only — I never thought of his going away; and, too, he does n't know that I wanted to tell him that I am not angry now,—that, if he was hasty, I was, as well. Why did n't I speak when I had a chance to?

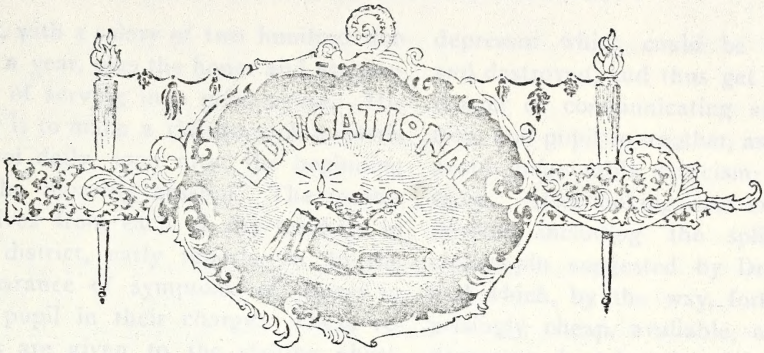
[*To be continued.*]

A NEW YEAR'S RHYME.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

"Happy New Year!" afar and near
This salutation meets the ear;
The school-girl shouts it to her mate,
The small boy lingers near the gate
And echoes back the cheerful cry
To every friendly passer-by.
No jarring note
Is set afloat
Upon the benison-freighted air,
No hint of discord anywhere;
From dawning light
Till fall of night
The happy winter atmosphere
Bears naught but sounds of mirth and cheer.

Will it be happy? Who shall say?
No hand may sweep the veil away.
Some days the sun will shine, we know,
And we 'll enjoy its genial glow,
And when the sky with clouds is gray
We 'll borrow sunshine where we may;
For that 's a debt
That may be met
Without diminishing our store.
For when we give, we have the more.
So come along
And swell the throng
Of those who shout with voices clear
The greetings of the glad New Year.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

ONE YEAR'S EXPERIENCE IN THE MEDICAL INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS AND THE SUPERVISION OVER THE ISOLATION AND RELEASE OF INFECTED PERSONS.[1]

By S. H. Durgin, M. D., Boston.

Among the more recent work taken up by the city board of health, is that of making daily medical inspection of the public and parochial schools, detecting cases of contagious disease and giving timely professional advice to the teachers concerning children who may be too ill to remain in school for the time being, and giving official supervision over the isolation and discharge of all cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever which are treated at home. It is my purpose to give in this paper only a brief statement of how this work was started, the method of procedure, the result of the first year's work and the impression which the work has made on the medical profession, the school management, and the public, so far as the evidence which has come to me will warrant. It will be remembered that many doubts and prejudices, both in and out of the school board, had to be overcome before our scheme for school inspection could be carried into effect. . . .

The board of health began its official efforts in this direction in December, 1890, and got alternate successes and defeats from the governments which control the finances of the city and the public schools for a period of four years. We finally succeeded under the influence of a severe epidemic of diphtheria, and began work November 1, 1894, with the consent of the mayor and the tacit consent of the school board.

The board of health divided the city into fifty districts, giving an average of about four school-houses and fourteen hundred pupils to each district. No difficulty was experienced in finding well-qualified and discreet physicians who would undertake the duties prescribed; and the board selected and appointed, without interference from any source, one physician for each dis-

[1] Read before the Boston Society of Medical Improvement, December 30 1895, and published in *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* of April 9, 1896.

trict, with a salary of two hundred dollars a year, plus the honor and satisfaction of serving in a good cause. His duty is to make a visit to each master's school daily, soon after the beginning of the morning session. The master receives from each of the teachers in his district, early reports as to the appearance of symptoms of illness in any pupil in their charge. These reports are given to the visiting physician, who at once examines the reported children and makes a record of his diagnosis and action in books furnished by the board of health for this purpose, and kept in the custody of the master. If the visiting physician finds the child too ill to remain in school, he advises the teacher to send the child home for the observation and care of its parents and family physician. If the illness is from a contagious disease, the child is ordered home and the case reported to the board of health. If the child who is thus sent home, returns the next day with continued illness, the same action by physician and teacher will be repeated and sustained by the health and school boards. The disposition of the sick child while at home and the possibilities of neglect in cases where contagious diseases develop in such children, as well as giving them a warrant for returning to school, has not yet been fully provided for, but is in contemplation, and the truant officers may need to be brought into this service in making the system complete.

In the examination of the children in school, every facility is extended to the doctor, and he, in turn, reaches a satisfactory conclusion with the least possible delay or annoyance to any one. There being frequent need for looking into the children's throats, I looked about to find something for a tongue depressor which could be used once and destroyed, and thus get rid of the danger of communicating any disease from one pupil to another, as well as to avoid unfavorable criticism upon that score. After looking over many clever devices, including the split wooden clothes-pin suggested by Dr. Temple, and which, by the way, forms a surprisingly cheap, available, and useful depressor, I at last found in the little piece of wood which is in common use by florists for labeling plants, the hint to the successful article which I have caused to be manufactured and used by our medical inspectors, a package of which I have here to show you. These little pieces of clean pine are made for us in a sawmill up in New Hampshire, and they cost the city one eighteenth of a cent each. They are without objection in use or appearance, and will burn as easily as a match, which is the intended destiny of each after being used once. The thermometer is rarely a necessity in these examinations, and when used is treated with due care.

The medical inspector never undertakes to give professional treatment in any case. He merely points out the need of professional treatment where the need exists. The treatment itself must be received from the family physician or in the hospitals, or in the dispensaries. The total number of children examined between November 1, 1894, and October 31, 1895, was 14,666, of whom 9,188 were found to be sick and 5,472 were found not to be sick. The number found sick enough to be sent home was 1,745. Of these, 437 were suffering from contagious or infectious diseases as follows: Diphtheria, 70; scarlet fever, 26; measles, 110; whooping cough, 28; mumps, 43; pediculosis, 66; scabies, 42; congenital

syphilis, 8; chicken-pox, 34. These children were in their seats, spreading contagious diseases amongst other children. The number of children who were saved from these diseases by the timely discovery and isolation of the sick ones is, of course, beyond computation. The other diseases which were discovered and for which the necessity for treatment was pointed out were as follows: Abscess, 33; adenoids, 116; anæmia, 41; bronchitis, 226; catarrh, 195; cellulitis, 13; chorea, 18; colds, 93; coughs, 26; coryza, 70; debility, 80; dermatitis, 31; diseases of the ear, 62; diseases of the eye, 592; eczema, 200; enlarged tonsils, 691; enlarged uvula, 11; epilepsy, 11; headache, 326; indigestion, 105; influenza, 15; laryngitis, 132; malaria, 20; nausea, 63; Pott's disease, 3; pharyngitis, 1,196; ringworm, 61; sore throat, 765; swollen glands, 111; tinea, 28; tonsilitis, 2,269; ulcer, 16; wounds, 53; vaccination needed, 582; miscellaneous, 496; total, 9,187.

To find these diseases at home in the family of the pupil, whether contagious in character or unpleasant to the sight, is looked upon with comparative indifference by the public, but when they are found in the public schools or in any other place where the public or private rights of other parties are concerned, then the laws which deny one the right to use his own or the public place to the injury of his neighbor, must be invoked. We have now 71,495 pupils and about 1,500 teachers in our public schools and 11,808 in the parochial schools of Boston. It is fair to say that under the stimulus of this daily medical attention, every teacher will become more and more expert and desirous to detect any existing illness amongst the children under his or her charge. Every parent can feel that his child is less exposed to disease in school and less likely to be ill without immediate and proper attention from teacher and physician than at any previous time. I am satisfied that it would be hard to find a field for medical inspection and supervision which presents equal facilities for detecting diseases amongst congregated bodies or which offers more encouraging results.

In looking over the list of diseases which we have found amongst the children attending our schools, one is forced to notice several ills which may not only be induced but aggravated and perpetuated by the present faulty means of seating children, a subject which has recently engaged the attention of this society with very hopeful results. But that which strikes one more forcibly is the excessive prevalence of diseases in the throat, lungs, and air-passages. We find, of the 9,188 children found to be sick, no less than 5,689 had acute or chronic diseases thus located, and of these 5,053 were located in the throat. I would not overlook the many faulty conditions of the homes of the school-children or the many other outside influences which contribute to the causes of these ills; but we are painfully aware of the fact that in many of our school-houses there are such grave deficiences in ventilation, heating, and cleanliness, with the attendant excessive heat or cold and sudden alternations from one to the other, that we are warranted in concluding that a portion, at least, of this illness is chargeable to school attendance. The very large number of cases of tonsilitis, pharyngitis, laryngitis, and sore throat found, gives rise to a strong suspicion, especially in view of our recent work in culture diagnosis, that if cultures had been made in all

these cases, many of them would have been found to be accompanied by diphtheria bacilli. We hope to have, hereafter, such arrangements as will be convenient to make more cultures at the schools before sending the children home.

Incidental to this school inspection, the same corps of medical men is also serving as agents of the board of health in the control of contagious diseases which are treated at home. The board of health sends to each of the school inspectors, every morning, a full list of the cases of diphtheria and scarlet fever which have been reported during the previous twenty-four hours. Each medical officer selects the cases reported in his district, visits them to see if they are properly isolated at home, leaves a card for the attending physician, politely informing him of the official visit, and reports his approval or disapproval of the isolation at once to the board of health for its action. If the patient is properly isolated, the officer places a card on the door of the room to indicate the official designation of such room for the isolation of the patient. If the case is not properly isolated and such isolation cannot be commanded at home, he reports such facts to the board of health, and such patient is at once ordered to the hospital. He makes another visit to the patient in the question of discharge from isolation, and again reports his conclusions to the board of health. If it is a case of diphtheria, a negative report from the laboratory to the board of health is necessary; and if it is a case of scarlet fever, desquamation must have ceased and the fact be certified by the school inspector, before such patient can lawfully be released from isolation. This school inspector and agent of the board of health is indirectly held responsible for the proper isolation of the patient at home, for causing the patient's removal to the hospital when necessary, and for the patient's release from isolation; in other words, the board of health is thus provided with trustworthy information upon which it can act for the best protection of the schools and the public against the spread of contagious diseases.

DISCUSSION.

DR. H. E. MARION: One of the strongest arguments, it seems to me, for the establishment of this board of inspectors is the confidence and assurance it has given the public since it has been established. We can but contrast the condition one year ago, when every one was clamoring to have his child taken from school or have the schools closed, with the present, when one hears nothing about it, although the number of cases of diphtheria is nearly as large as a year ago. That is due to the exact and careful diagnosis.

With reference to the book Dr. Durgin has shown, it may be of interest to some of the inspectors and teachers to know the device one of the teachers in my district has adopted for simplifying the work. He has an ordinary card with the date printed on it, and every morning each teacher throughout his jurisdiction is supposed to inquire into all the cases of ailment that appear; and more than that, at my request, he has required all pupils absent from any cause whatever to report for examination. They put the name of the pupil on this card, and the card is brought to the master's office. When I call, I record my diagnosis or recommendation on the card and send it back to

the teacher for her information. She signs and returns it to the master, and he has it copied into the book Dr. Durgin has shown. He thus has a record on file, and I have a record from which to make my report.

In regard to the cases of nasal catarrh alluded to, I have felt sure that many were due to adenoid growths, and it has been my recommendation to the teacher that the parents' attention be called to these; and in many instances I have known them to go to their physician and have the growth removed, much to their benefit. Another thing I have noticed is the willingness that many of the parents have shown in sending their children or going themselves to the hospital. Since we have been so well provided with hospital service, they have no repugnance in allowing their children to be taken to the hospital, thus making more effectual the isolation of the patient.

With reference to another thing not strictly connected with this,—to the cards we are obliged to sign,—I think it is a statute law that two weeks must elapse after the recovery, removal, or death of an individual before any pupil from the family can return to school. Of course we want to be law-abiding, but it seems to me that this rule is rather nonsensical now. If the culture is negative and the house has been fumigated, it is just as safe the day after as two weeks after for the rest of the family to attend school. It seems wrong to the pupil and unjust to the school not to have the other children in school.

Another point with reference to vaccination, the examination of the arm. I think the time is not far distant when the board of health will take charge of the production of the vaccine virus, as they have the matter of antitoxin. In these days of micro-organisms, I do not know how many different kinds I am introducing with the virus.

I have been in most hearty coöperation with all these advanced ideas in the care of our school children, and I think the testimony of the figures Dr. Durgin has shown must be convincing to all that we have opened a new and broad field, and one that will amount to something in the future.

Mr. J. A. Page, Master of the Dwight School: I thank you, Mr. President, for inviting me to be here, but I do not really know what one can say after the very full exposition Dr. Durgin has made of the scheme as a scheme. I should like to say with what heartiness I endorsed the plan, and how it works in my school. Many years ago I used to to feel a certain embarrassment as to what it would be proper to do in given cases, and since this plan has gone into operation I have been very greatly relieved, as well as the teachers of my district, some twenty or thirty. That alone would be a great thing to say in favor of any scheme. I therefore bear the most willing testimony to the arrangement that has been perfected with so much detail; and the only thing that I can suggest is, that the master of the school ought to have the card come to him from a reliable source, when the house has been properly disinfected, instead of its coming through an irresponsible physician whom he has never heard of. If that could be furnished from headquarters, I see no difficulty with the scheme.

Mr. A. H. Kelly, Master of the Lyman School: I bear most willing testimony in favor of the good work that is being done by the board of health in connection with our public schools. We Boston masters have a great deal of re-

sponsibility, which we would very gladly divide with others. The responsibility for the physical conditions of our children, we feel that we are incompetent to pass upon; and it is with great pleasure that we feel now that we can turn to those who are fully competent to decide every question in regard to that matter.

The establishment of confidence is always a great factor in assisting in any right action. I think this establishment of confidence in the communities has led parents to send their children more readily to school, now that they understand fully, as they do, the action which has been taken by the board of health and is being taken daily. The confidence which comes to us as masters and teachers is equally helpful to us. It is reported, and I believe it to be true, that fear is a strong element in spreading contagion. I know that just before the establishment of this scheme, by which the board of health was brought into such close relation with the schools, there was a great deal of fear of contagion in the schools. Especially was this true in the community where my work is done. It would crop out not only in the homes, but in the schools as well. I could detect a feeling of unrest among teachers, and it was necessary for me to do what I could to calm their fears. Whenever any sickness was reported in the classes among the children, the report would bring to them the fear that contagion was spreading at just that time. I had no one to whom I could appeal, if I except certain physician friends who in certain cases assisted me to allay suspicion. Now in matters of that sort we have prompt help; and, to my mind, the feeling of security on the part of teachers, principals, children, and parents is one of the best possible things that can happen to maintain confidence in our public schools.

I suppose it is a fundamental principle that those who are best qualified to take charge of an undertaking are the ones who should take charge of it. Of course, physicians should take charge of matters of health. The decided relief which comes to all of us who feel that we are wholly incompetent to take charge of such things is too great to be expressed, when we feel the amount of responsibility we have in other respects. I am certain that in my own district there were many instances where contagion was prevented from spreading to any great degree, where it certrinly would have spread alarmingly had it not been for the prompt assistance of the medical inspector. One or two cases I have now in mind. One was that of a child who was feeling ill in the morning, not apparently very ill, but the teacher said she thought the boy ought to be examined. He was examined, and the inspector found the child in a very bad condition, and he was immediately removed from school. There were other children in the family who were sent home at the same time, for fear the disease, that was apparent in this one, might also spread through them; but I was entreated by the father to allow the children to come back at once. I said, "It is for your good that this is done"; and I finally made him to understand that it was not on account of anything against the children, but for their benefit that they were not allowed to attend school. Before the case was over, the father felt just as we did, that the greatest possible favor had been done his children; for they were removed and cared for where the disease might be treated before it was beyond control.

I want to bear witness to the general helpfulness that comes to us through the medical inspector in other ways. We find in the district where I am, much more than in some others, that when children are sent home they have no family physician upon whom to call and no money to pay for medical advice; and they do need help sadly at times. I want to bear evidence to the help that they have received from our medical inspector, when there was no possibility or expectation on his part of ever getting anything of a financial value for his work. I feel that if all the medical inspectors have been as faithful and true in the localities wherein their work is done, as is the medical inspector who has charge in my district, that the good that comes to us from the board of health is much greater and wider spread than might at first appear.

Another thing in regard to a single case, that would, if I am correctly informed in regard to the matter, make it advisable, as it seems to me, to have the powers of the board of health further extended. It happened that there was a little fellow playing about in the yard, who attempted to jump across from one granite curbing to another. He fell a little short, and cut a bad gash in his knee. The child was at once sent home, with the expectation that he would be cared for by the family physician; but the parents came to see me soon after, and said that the boy's leg was in a very bad condition. I asked the medical inspector, if, as a favor to me and to the family, he would go and see the boy. He did so. It was fortunate for the child that the medical inspector went as soon as he did.

Since a medical inspector was appointed for my district, I have allowed no child who had been out because of sickness to return to school without his sanction.

I am in hearty sympathy with this work of the board of health, and hope it will receive the aid of all those who can strengthen it in every way it needs strengthening.

MR. TETLOW: I hardly feel there is any need of my saying anything after what has been said by Mr. Page and Mr. Kelly, and I think I will content myself with merely endorsing what they have said, and will add one word to express the satisfaction it gives me to see the very sympathetic attitude of physicians towards the public schools in this matter and in other matters. I assure you, gentlemen, it is an attitude that we very cordially appreciate. As master of a girls' school, I have sometimes felt that I had occasion to anticipate the attitude on the part of physicians towards the work of a girls' school, which of necessity makes somewhat severe demands on the time out of school of the pupil. It has seemed to me sometimes as if there were a tendency on the part of physicians to attribute to the school almost everything that proved to be injurious to the physical condition of the young girl, and no matter what the social conditions, the school was the cause of whatever physical injuries or physical disabilities the pupil suffered under. But since I have come more into personal relations with physicians, and especially since this movement started by physicians for medical inspection of schools has been established, I have felt that I was mistaken.

NECROLOGY.

COL. THOMAS E. BARKER.

Col. Thomas E. Barker was born in Canterbury in 1839, and died at Malden, Mass., December 16. In 1861 he enlisted from Concord, in Company D, Second New Hampshire Volunteers, and served with distinction throughout the war, rising, grade by grade, to the rank of colonel of the Twelfth New Hampshire regiment. He was captured at the first Battle of Bull Run, and was confined for ten months in rebel prisons before being exchanged. For the last twenty-two years he had been a resident of Malden, and had been prominent in its social and business life. At the time of his death, he was at the head of the firm of Barker & Harris, importers and commission merchants, of Boston.

G. H. SLEEPER.

George H. Sleeper was born in Brentwood 78 years ago, and died in Watertown, Mass., December 18. Early in life he was employed as a stage driver, and drifted from that into railroad contract work. Just previous to, and during, the war he was in charge of the construction of government buildings. Since the war he had resided at Watertown, and had been engaged in business as a freighter. He was a 33d degree Mason, and prominent in the order throughout the state.

HON. WILLIAM BASSETT.

Hon. William Bassett was born in Richmond, October 5, 1819, and died at Berlin, Mass., December 10. He was a tanner by trade, and successful in business. He had served as a member of the Massachusetts state senate, and had written a history of Berlin.

EDWIN M. BULLARD.

Edwin Marcus Bullard was born in Richmond, October 18, 1848, and died at Keene, October 4. He was a druggist of wide experience in this state, and at the time of his death at the head of the firm of Bullard & Shedd, Keene. He was prominent in Masonic and social life, and was public spirited and enterprising.

JOHN C. MORRISON.

John C. Morrison was born in Boscawen, July 18, 1837, and died in the same town, November 23. He was engaged throughout life in the lumbering business and as a farmer and horse breeder. In 1893 he was appointed by the governor and council, commissioner to appraise unincorporated and other lands for taxable purposes. He was very prominent in the grange, and at the time of his death was president of the State Fair association. He had served his town as selectman and representative, and held other offices.

HON. REUBEN L. FRENCH.

Hon. Reuben L. French was born in Loudon 78 years ago, and died in Pittsfield, December 14. He began life as clerk in a country store and commenced business on his own account when he was 18 years of age. From 1838 to 1877 he was the successful proprietor of a store at Pittsfield. Since that date he had been engaged in other business. He was trustee and treasurer of the Pittsfield academy, for 30 years president of the Pittsfield Savings bank, a member of the state senate in 1871, and a director in the Suncook Valley railroad, of which he was one of the most earnest promoters. He was prominent in the work of the Congregational church, and a friend of education, temperance, and religion.

CHARLES F. BARRETT.

C. F. Barrett, for more than half a century a resident of Concord, died November 26, aged 73. He began work as a locomotive fireman on the Concord railroad, when it was opened to Concord in 1842, and later was promoted to engineer, continuing as such for 45 years, 40 of which he was in charge of passenger trains. Mr. Barrett served as engineer under every master mechanic ever employed by the corporation, and his record of continuous service is unparalleled in this country. When he left his engine he became foreman of the round-house at Nashua. About two years since, he was retired on full pay, as a reward for his faithful service. Mr. Barrett was a member of Mt. Horeb Commandery, Knights Templar.

ALVIN B. BUTTERFIELD.

Alvin Bliss Butterfield died at his residence in Boston, December 21. Mr. Butterfield was born in Winchester, March 15, 1819. When a young man he went to New York, where he was engaged in the wholesale grocery business for several years, and later came to Boston, where he continued in the same business, being associated with the late David Ellis, of Cambridge, for 15 years. Later he went into company with Richard A. Newell, under the firm name of A. B. Butterfield & Co., which remained the name of the concern up to the time of his retirement from business in 1887. Mr. Butterfield was senior director of the Howard National bank, having been connected with that institution about 40 years. He was also a member of the chamber of commerce.

BENJAMIN L. CULVER.

Benjamin L. Culver was born in Norwich, Vt., in 1830, but had spent his life in New Hampshire; his death occurred in Suncook, December 6, 1896. He was a photographer by profession; a member of Jewell Lodge, Hiram Chapter, of Masons; Howard Lodge, Hildreth Encampment, I. O. O. F.; Orient Lodge, K. of P. He leaves a widow, a native of Hopkinton, Miranda Knowlton Culver.

FRANKLIN TENNEY.

Franklin Tenney was born in Hudson, January 17, 1808, and died at Washington, November 22. He was engaged all his life in the hotel business, at first in his native town, then in Manchester, and later in Washington, where he had been proprietor of the National hotel since 1857.

A. P. OLZENDAM.

Abraham P. Olzendam, who died at Manchester, December 23, was born in Barmer, Prussia, October 10, 1821, and came to this country in 1848. For the next 14 years he was employed in Massachusetts and Manchester mills as a dyer. In 1862 he commenced business for himself as a manufacturer of hosiery, and so continued until his death, steadily building up his plant until to-day it employs 300 hands, and is one of the best established industries of the city. He had served as a member of the state house of representatives and senate and as a presidential elector.

JAMES R. KENDRICK.

James R. Kendrick was born in Lebanon in March, 1833, and died very suddenly in a Boston cab, December 11. He began railroading when 19 years of age, in the office of the superintendent of the Sullivan railroad, at Charlestown. Shortly after, he went to the Central Vermont, and remained there until 1854. For the next 15 years he was connected with the Concord railroad, rising to the place of general superintendent. In 1870 he went South and performed the important work of opening a line from Mobile to New Orleans. Returning North, he was made superintendent of the Old Colony railroad, which position he held until 1883, when he was made general manager. In 1893, when the Old Colony was leased by the New York, New Haven & Hartford, Mr. Kendrick was made third vice-president of the latter road, which position he held at his death. Mr. Kendrick was one of the most successful railroad men New England ever produced, his thorough knowledge of every detail combining with great executive ability and sterling qualities of brain and heart with wonderful results.

A. L. MESERVE.

December 13, Hon. Arthur L. Meserve died in Bartlett, where he was born, April 18, 1838. He had been a leading merchant, and had written much for the press. He had filled all the town offices, including that of representative to the legislature; was county commissioner from 1875 to 1878, served on the staff of Governor Weston, and was a member of Governor Bell's council.

J. H. ALLEN.

J. Howe Allen, principal of "The Crest," a boarding school for boys, at Sing Sing, N. Y., died, December 10, aged 64 years. He was born in Lebanon, of one of the oldest families of New England, a family of educators, represented in the leading colleges, and at West Point. He was educated at Williams college.



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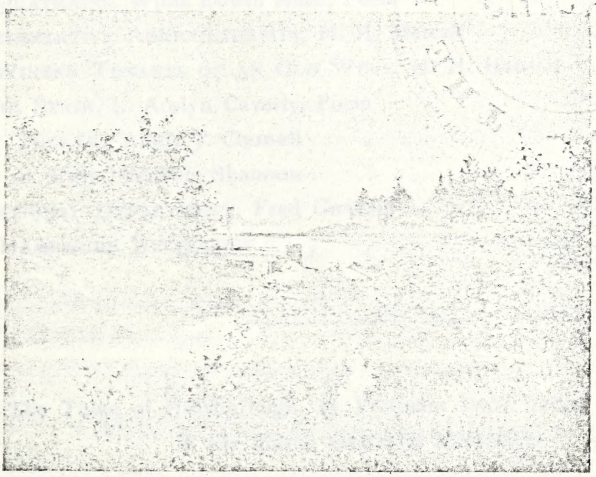
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



A GLIMPSE OF CRYSTAL LAKE, CANAAN.

CONCORD · N·H·

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1897

FEBRUARY, 1897.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

CANAAN, Le Roy Smart 65

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend 83

TO A CHICKADEE, Lisa A. Fletcher, Poem 99

AFTER MANY YEARS, Lou D. Stearns 100

TWO QUATRAINS, Willis Edwin Hurd, Poem 108

REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS, H. H. Metcalf 109

THE WINTER TENANTS OF AN OLD WELL, H. H. Hanson 113

ON THE STAIR, L. Arolyn Caverly, Poem 114

POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 115

POINT OF VIEW, William Shannon 125

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, Fred Gowing 126

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 132

The Town of Hillsborough, by Professor Isaac Copp, will appear in the March GRANITE MONTHLY.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

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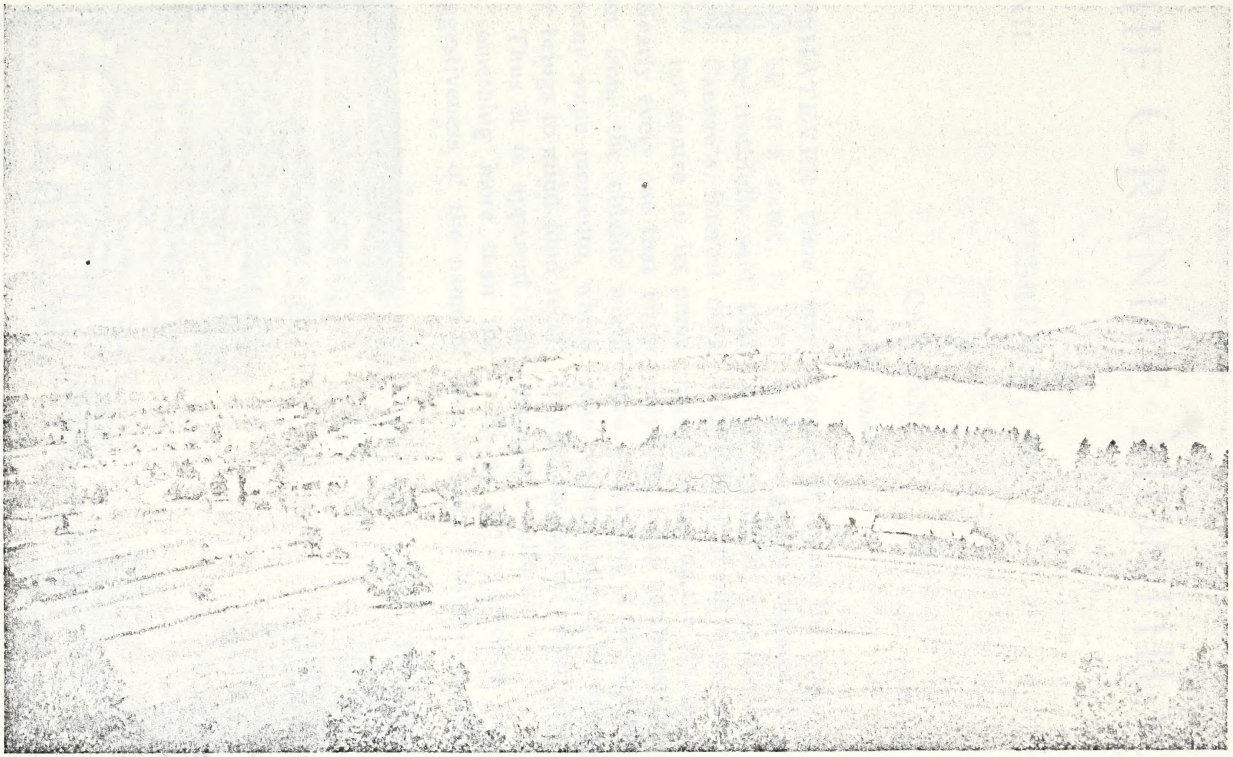
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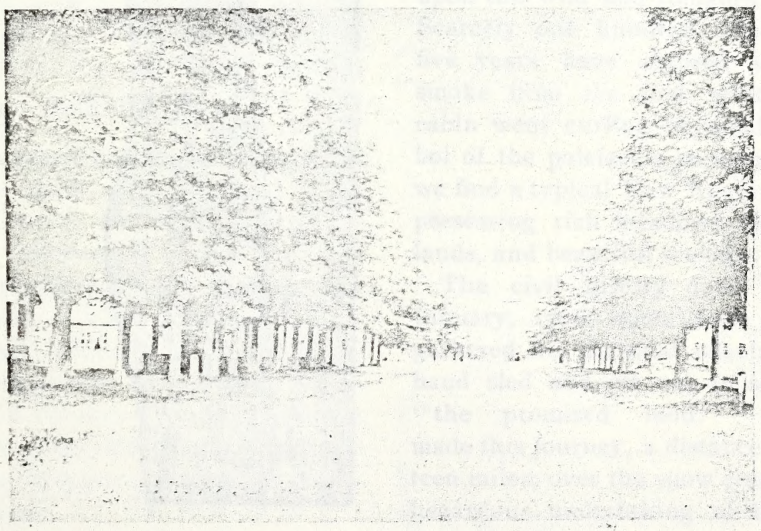
CANAAN.

By Le Roy Smart.

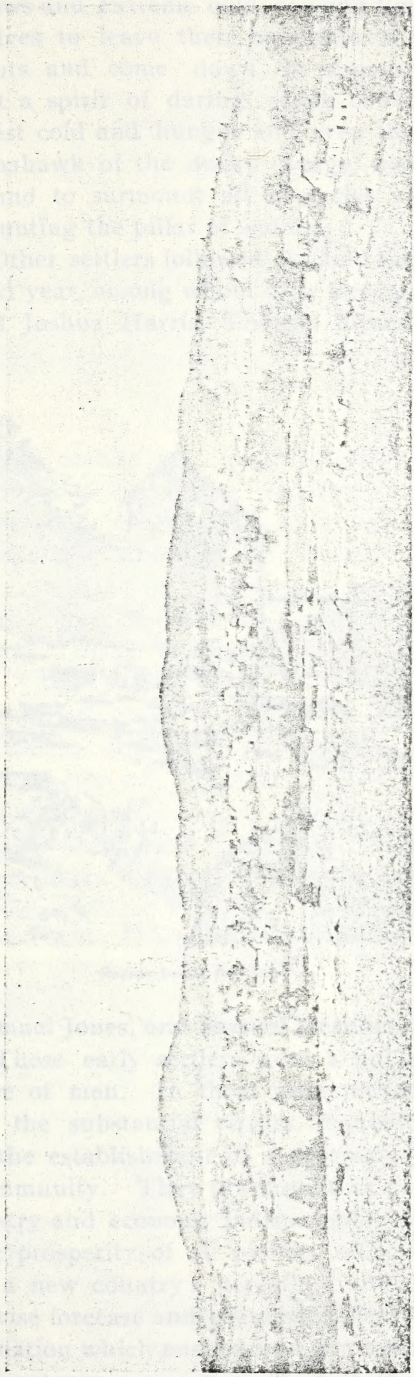
WHATEVER there may be in a name, it can be truthfully said that Canaan's interest does not centre in its name alone. Nearly every one that visits this town from the outside world carries away some memento, which ever after brings to mind fond recollections. Thus it is apparent that there is something more than the mere suggestiveness of the name of Canaan to arouse the reader's interest as he glances through the history of our grand old New England town.

Of this rural old town, so charmingly situated on the Mascoma river, only forty miles northwest from Concord, on the line of the Northern railroad, volumes might be written, portraying its natural resources and picturesque loveliness.

As we are to describe Canaan as she now is, it might be appropriate



A View on Canaan Street.



From a photograph by A. G. Lowell.

Bird's-eye View of Canaan Village.

to commence with a pen picture of the town or grant previous to the advent of the pioneer. Let us take our eyes off from its lovely landscape and luxuriant fields of to-day, and, glancing back into the dim and distant past, picture in our imagination a scene in a solitary wilderness, amid the monarchs of the forest, the extent of which the royal grantors of charters had never imagined.

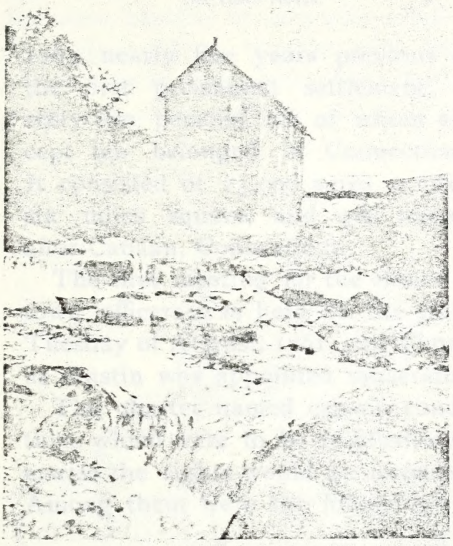
Tradition says the stretch of country from Cardigan's rocky summit to Lebanon's line, now comprising Canaan and Enfield, was covered by the primeval forest, so dense that the noonday sun scarcely penetrated its sombre depths. Through these vast leafy courts the wild animals of the forest roamed with perfect freedom, while the Indian lured the speckled beauties from the swift waters of the river which now bears his name, or paddled his canoe on Mascoma lake's placid bosom, in peaceful commune with nature.

And what has been the effect of the onward march of civilization upon this wild and romantic region? Scarcely one hundred and twenty-five years have elapsed since the smoke from the first white man's cabin went curling skyward, a symbol of the paleface's supremacy, but we find a typical New England town, possessing rich meadows, fertile uplands, and beautiful scenery.

The civil history dates back to January, 1766, when John Scofield gathered his personal effects onto a hand sled and set out in search of "the promised land." Scofield made this journey, a distance of fourteen miles, over the snow crust. The hazardous undertaking of traveling through the unbroken forests was

aggravated that winter by deep snows and extreme cold, causing the wolves to leave their mountain retreats and come down in droves. But a spirit of daring which could resist cold and hunger and even the tomahawk of the dusky savage, was bound to surmount all obstacles in mounting the pillar of success.

Other settlers followed Scofield the next year, among whom were George and Joshua Harris, Thomas Miner,



Rapids below the Mill.

Samuel Jones, and Samuel Meacham.

These early settlers were a noble race of men. In them were united all the substantial virtues requisite to the establishment of a prosperous community. They practised that industry and economy indispensable to the prosperity of all pioneer settlers in a new country; here they added a wise forecast and preserving determination which ensued in a generous competency.

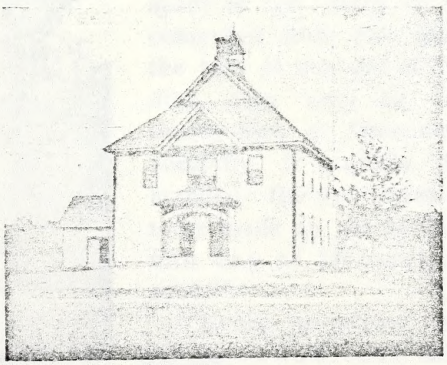
Upon one occasion Mr. Scofield



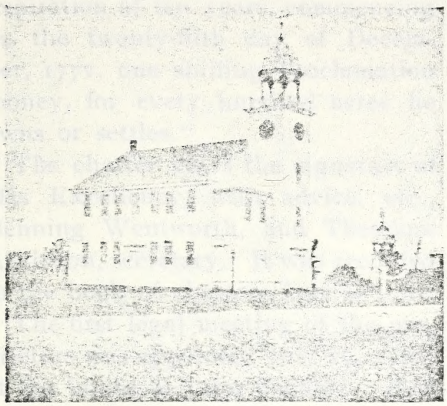
The Old Academy.

was compelled to make a journey on foot to Lebanon, a distance of some fourteen miles. It was in the spring of the year, and during his absence much rain fell, swelling the Mascoma so that it overflowed its banks and the extensive intervales on either side. It would have been folly to trust to a raft on the violently rushing stream, and for several days he was unable to go across to his family. At this time his wife was the only person in the new township, and was obliged to remain alone in their rude domicile during her husband's protracted absence.

The charter was granted, July 9,



High School Building.



The Town House.

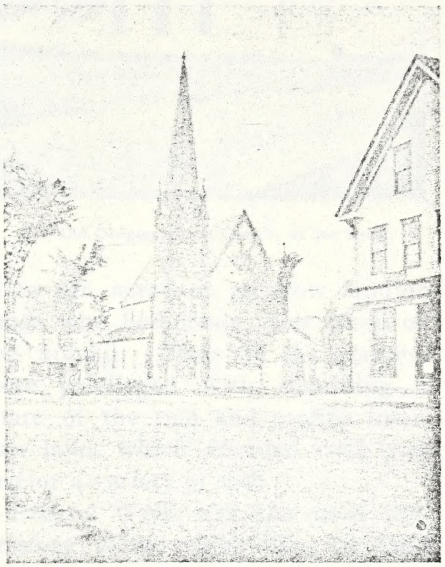
1761, nearly five years previous to the first permanent settlement, to sixty-two persons, all of whom except ten belonged in Connecticut. It consisted of 23,000 acres, a tract six miles square, and was named after Canaan, Connecticut.

The first meeting for the choice of town officers was held on the third Tuesday of August, 1761, and Thomas Gustin was appointed moderator.

The charter named certain conditions which were to be fulfilled, otherwise the rights would be forfeited. Among them were the following:

"The grantee is to plow and cultivate five acres out of every forty, for the term of five years."

"All white and pine trees fit for masting or the use of the royal navy must be carefully preserved."

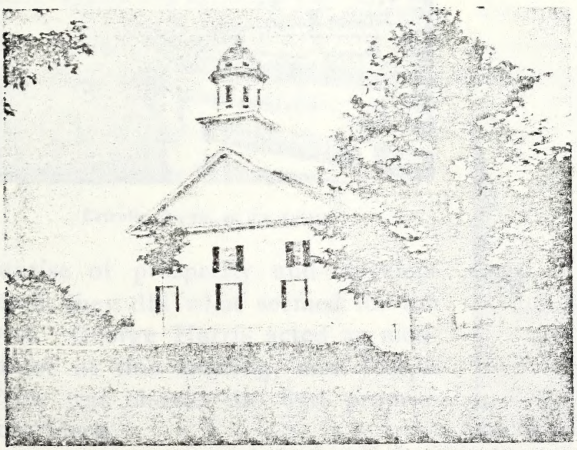


Baptist Church, at the Village.

"That a tract of land should be reserved in the centre of the township for town lots."

"Yielding and paying therefor to us, our heirs and successors, for the space of ten years, to be computed from this date, the rent of one ear of Indian corn only on the twenty-fifth of December, annually, if lawfully demanded; the first payment to be made on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1762."

"Every proprietor, settler or inhabitant shall yield from and after the

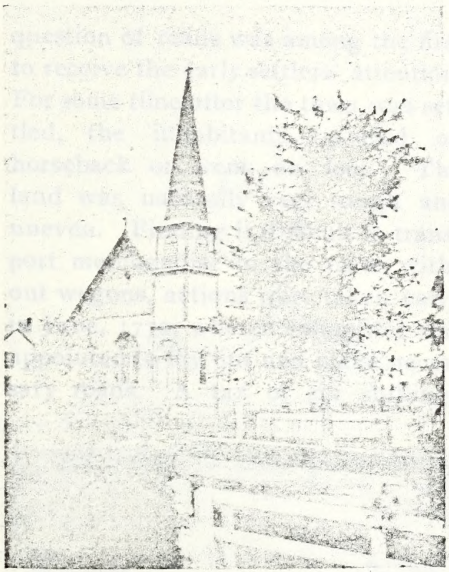


Methodist Church, at the Street.

expiration of ten years, commencing on the twenty-fifth day of December, 1772, one shilling Proclamation money, for every hundred acres he owns or settles."

The charter bears the signature of His Excellency, with advice, etc., Benning Wentworth, and Theodore Atkinson, secretary. It was recorded in the book of charters July 9, 1761.

The first legal meeting of the proprietors was appointed July 19, 1768, at the house of John Scofield. Few and weak in numbers, indeed, was the mere handful of men who assembled that day to wrestle with the public affairs, but, with their hardened visages sternly set toward the



Catholic Church, at the Village.

sunrise of prosperity and development, they did what seemed for the best. George Harris acted as moderator at this meeting, and Joseph Crow was elected the first proprietors' clerk.

At this meeting, it was voted to

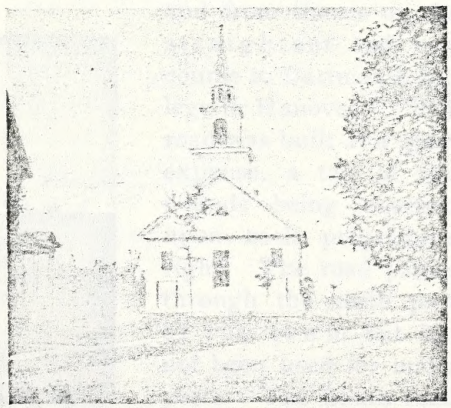


The Old Congregational Church, at the Street

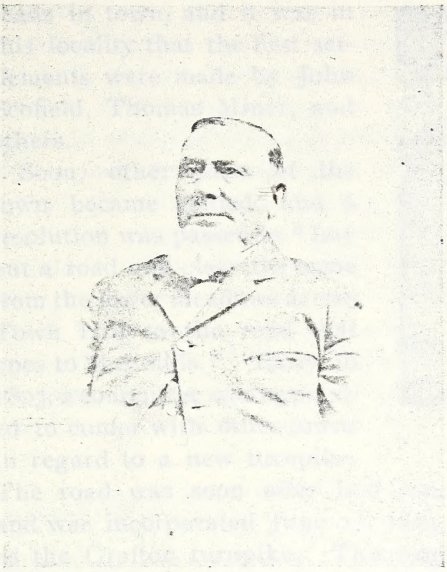
allow ten acres of meadow land to those who had made their pitch on the upland. Thus all the grantees were privileged with obtaining a share of the rich and prolific intervale land, which afforded each proprietor a variety of soil.

Ezekiel Wells was the next proprietors' clerk, which office he filled with acceptance. Among the clerks who were appointed afterward are the following: Jedediah Hebbard, Samuel Jones, Charles Walsworth, and Thomas Miner.

It is a noteworthy fact that the



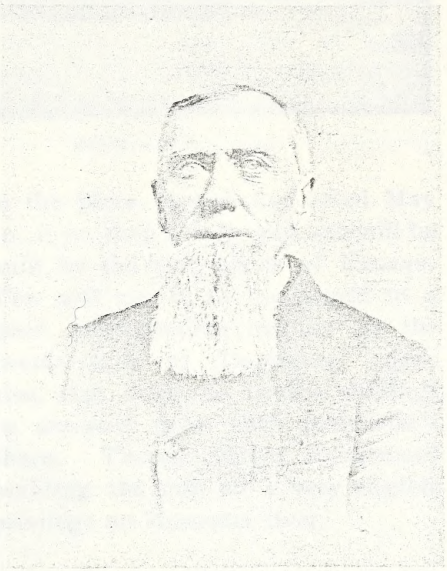
Methodist Church, at the Village.



George W. Davis.

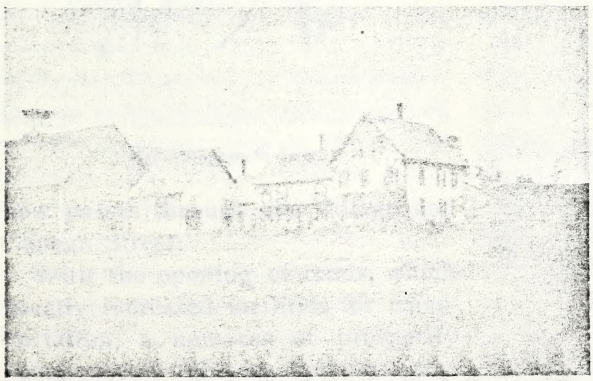
question of roads was among the first to receive the early settlers' attention. For some time after the town was settled, the inhabitants traveled on horseback or went on foot. The land was naturally very rough and uneven. Finding it difficult to transport merchandise to the place without wagons, actions were taken early in June, 1770, when a committee was appointed to lay out and make necessary roads. A tax of six shillings was imposed on each proprietor's right to defray expenses. The committee consisted of Joseph Crow, Samuel Benedict, and Samuel Jones. Among the first roads laid out was the Governor's road.

It was enacted, April 13, 1777, "That a road be laid out three rods



Alvin Davis.

wide, and made passable from the governor's house in Wolfeborough through Moultonborough, Plymouth, and from thence on the straightest and best course to Dartmouth college in Hanover." This road was built at a great expense, a tax of two pounds being assessed upon each proprietor's right. The road passes through the north part of the town, but has not been used for many years. The South road was one of the earliest



Residence of George W. Davis.

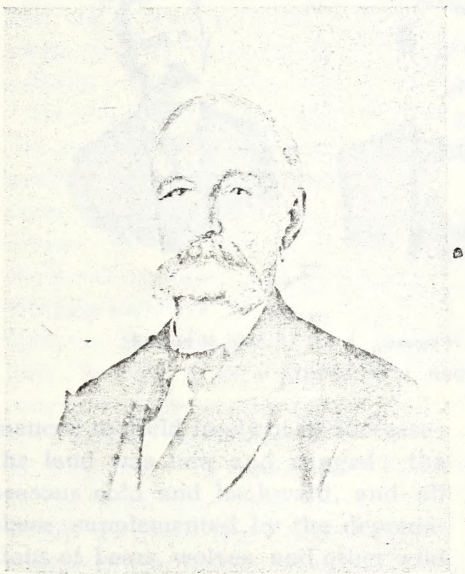


roads in town, and it was in this locality that the first settlements were made by John Scofield, Thomas Miner, and others.

Soon, other parts of the town became settled, and a resolution was passed to "Lay out a road and clear the same from the lower meadows across Town Hill to the road that goes to the mills." Early in 1803, a committee was appointed to confer with other towns in regard to a new turnpike. The road was soon after laid out, and was incorporated June 27, 1804, as the Grafton turnpike. This road



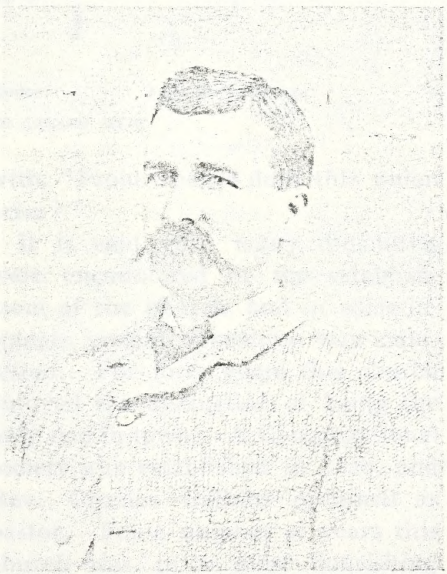
Residence of O. L. Rand.



Major Stephen R. Swett.

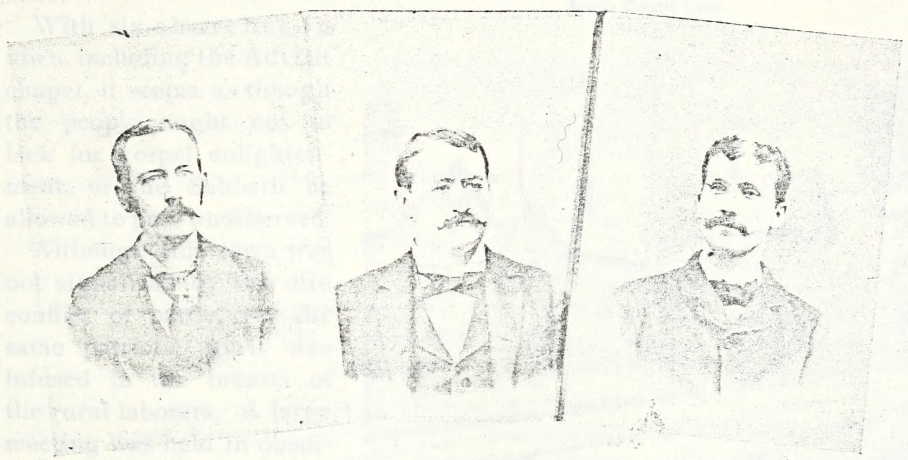
now passes through the Village and Canaan Street.

With the opening of roads, which greatly increased facilities for transportation, a new era of prosperity commenced. The embryo town was becoming to feel the need of a mill in the place, and it was voted May 10, 1770, that a corn and sawmill be built by the proprietors of Canaan. The mill was to be completed in a good, workmanlike manner by the twenty-sixth of December, 1770; also, that a tax of twelve shillings be assessed upon each proprietor's share. Thomas Miner commenced building the mill on a very eligible privilege on Mascoma river.



O. L. Rand.

It was voted that Thomas Miner, in consideration of the building of the mill, should have one hundred acres of land, to be laid out so as to secure to said Miner the full privilege with a dam across said river, and a part of the white pine timber; also to procure a pair of mill stones for his mill. The Miner mills were soon completed and in operation, which occasioned a general rejoicing. There was plenty of logs for the saw, but the sound of grinding was low. The soil had not commenced to yield freely of its increase; the land was new and rugged; the seasons cold and backward, and all these, supplemented by the depredations of bears, wolves and other wild animals, illustrate only a few of the obstacles the early settlers were obliged to meet.



Edward M. Allen. George H. Gordon. Arthur P. Follansbee.

THREE WELL KNOWN CANAAN MEN.

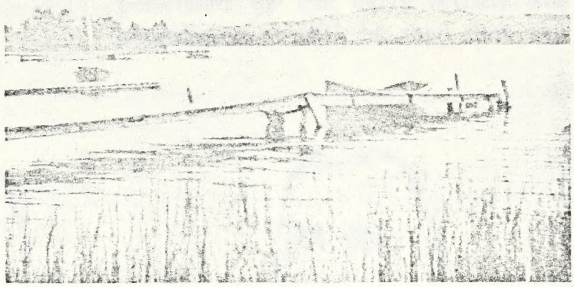
And yet, notwithstanding their earthly trials and tribulations, time was found for divine worship. The first church was organized in 1780, of Baptist denomination. This church was located on the South road, but was afterwards moved to the village and reconstructed into a tavern, and is to-day well known as the Cardigan hotel. In 1783, Rev. Thomas Baldwin, D. D., was ordained and settled over it. Dr. Baldwin remained until 1790, when he removed to Boston. He frequently visited Concord on foot through the wilderness, and it was on one of those solitary walks, in his meditation on the unity of God's people if they faithfully followed His word, that he composed the familiar and beautiful stanzas commencing with, "From whence doth this union arise?"

It is said that many difficulties were encountered in the establishment of the church, and in some instances violent opposition was manifested. For forty years this church enjoyed the distinction of being the only one in town. A Congregational society was established in 1820, and Rev. Charles Calkins ordained as pastor. For a number of years this church was in a most flourishing condition. Later, a Methodist so-

ciety was incorporated. They are now divided into two societies, with one church at the Village and one at the Street. Services are conducted in the Street church from ten till eleven, and at the Village from one till two, by Rev. C. E. Reed, the present pastor. Religious services are also held at the Village by two other denominations, Freewill Baptists and Roman Catholics.

With six churches in town, including the Advent chapel, it seems as though the people ought not to lack for gospel enlightenment, or the Sabbath be allowed to pass unobserved.

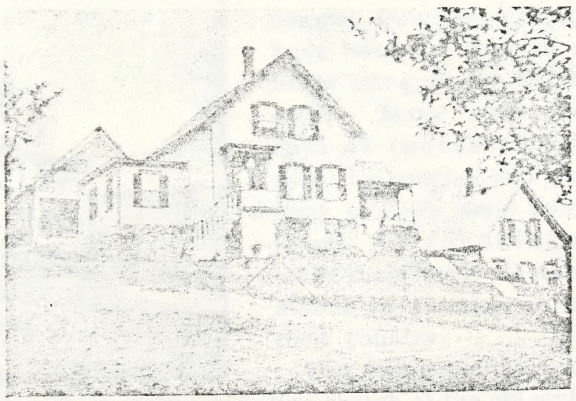
Although this town was not signalized by the dire conflict of battle, yet the same patriotic spirit was infused in the breasts of the rural laborers. A large meeting was held in obedience to the recommendation of the Continental congress, and resolutions were passed in opposition to England. A canvass of the town was made in search of arms, etc., and a copy of the report reads as follows: "Canaan, September 22, 1775. Upon dilligent search we find that we Have a Gun for Every one that is capable of yousing then, as for Power and Lead we Have None By us, taste By us, Asa Kilburn, Ebenezer



Across Crystal Lake.

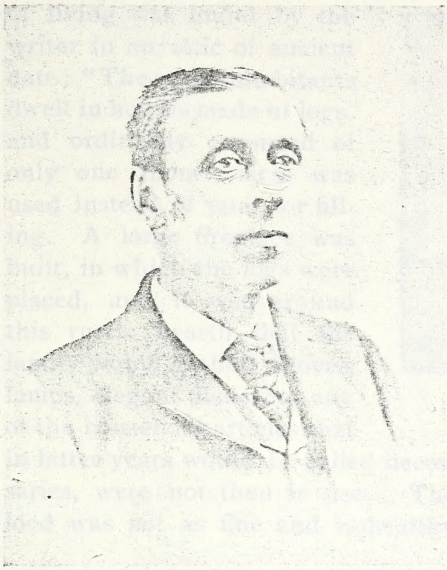


George W. Murray, Esq.



F. B. Smart.





C. O. Barney.

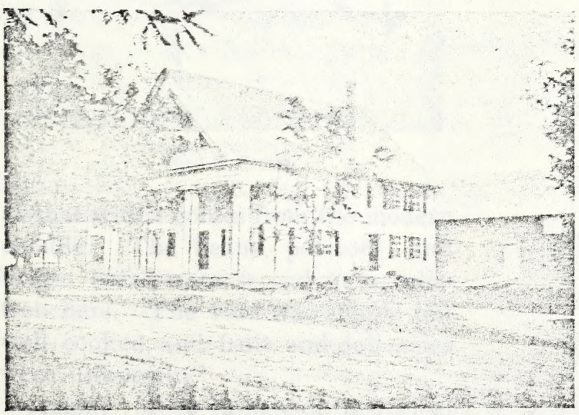
Eames, Selectmen." Men were fitted out for the war, and from time to time the Continental army received recruits from Canaan.

The same patriotic spirit was prevalent in the late rebellion, when many of the citizens enlisted. Some sacrificed their lives on the battle-field; others, more fortunate, won special renown on the field of glory, and returned to be respected for their firmness, promptitude, and readiness to encounter any danger, or submit to any exposure of life and sacrifice of personal comfort.

When some of the privations experienced by the early settlers are considered, it will be seen that the condition of the town was such that in times of war the men could be ill spared. Many of the cosey little homesteads, to be seen in a short drive into the country from the village, have been the scene of a bitter struggle for existence. Many were the days of incessant toil spent by trusting and patient mothers amid their scanty surroundings, while their husbands were absent in the service of their country.



Arthur J. Barney.

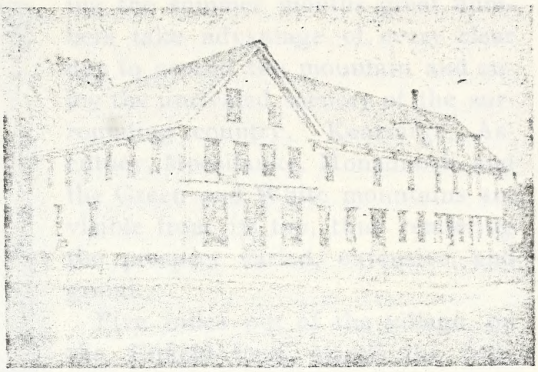


"The Lucerne."

The following interesting sketch of the old style



of living was found by the writer in an attic of ancient date: "The early inhabitants dwelt in houses made of logs, and ordinarily consisted of only one room; moss was used instead of mud for filling. A large fireplace was built, in which the logs were placed, and it was around this rustic hearth that the family would gather. Stoves, lamps, elegant dishes, or any of the household articles that in latter years would be called necessaries, were not then in use. The food was not as fine and unhealthy as that which comes from the modern cuisine. The beans, potatoes, and brown bread were served on wooden trenchers. The food was simple but well cooked, and fruit and delicacies were unknown."



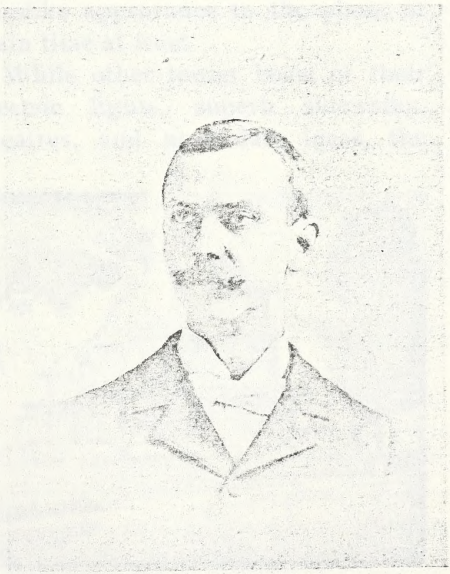
The Barney Block.



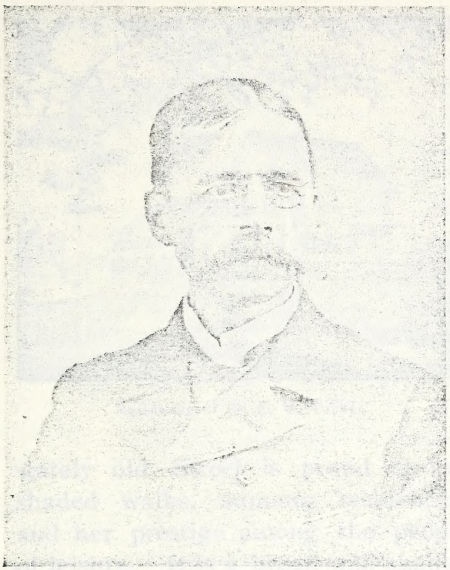
Albert E. Barney.

Among other things of historical interest worthy of note, is the death of Jonathan Dustin, which occurred July 4, 1812. Mr. Dustin had been for many years an honored citizen. He was a grandson of the intrepid Hannah Dustin. Dustin's age was 93, which is no exception to the longevity of Canaan's first settlers.

But the Canaan of to-day: Topographically, the town is divided into four districts, including West Canaan, Factory Village, Canaan Street, and the village proper, or East Canaan, as



Ernest A. Barney.



Hon. Frank D. Currier.

it was formerly called. The village is located in the southeast part of the town, on the intervales of Indian river. The Northern railroad passes through here, and furnishes employment for a large number of the laboring class. This flourishing little village easily ranks as one of the most attractive in the state. The streets are broad and admirably laid out, forming a square in the centre which contains a fountain and watering-tub; these were purchased through the munificence of the citizens in 1892. Around this square the leading stores are grouped, forming a very compact business section for a country town.

An exquisite view of Mt. Cardigan can be obtained from the square, looking down Mechanic street, five miles to the eastward. Cardigan lies in the romantic little town of Orange, and is a centre of attraction for summer sojourners at the village. During the summer months great numbers take advantage of every clear day to ascend the mountain and enjoy the unrivaled scenery of the surrounding country. Kearsarge, Ascutney, Moosilauke, Monadnock, and the Green and White mountains are visible from its top, thus rendering the prospect varied, extensive, and grand.

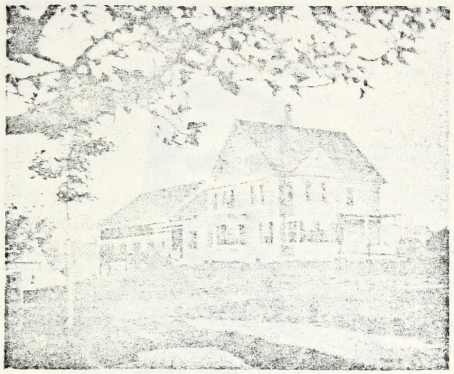
Five miles out of the village, on the Enfield road, stands the little cluster of houses known as West Canaan. This little hamlet possesses the usual characteristics of the average country town. It boasts of a store, post-office, and a sprinkling of dwelling-houses. A large number of the people find employment on the railroad; the remainder, for the most part, are well-to-do farmers.

A stage from Lockehaven meets the noon train, and people from Springfield, Enfield Centre, and other surrounding points, take the train at this station, which imparts a businesslike appearance to the place, at train time at least.

While other towns boast of their electric lights, superb sidewalks, theatres, and up-to-date ideas, the



Residence of Hon. Frank D. Currier.



Residence of Dr. E. M. Tucker.

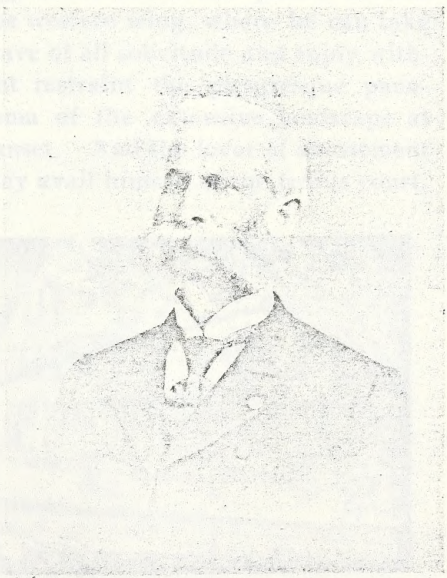
stately old Street is proud of her shaded walks, summer residences, and her prestige among the people of leisure. It is a broad and shaded street, extending nearly a mile along the west shore of Crystal lake. From June to October it is resplendent with summer gaiety. The Street really takes precedence in point of situation for summer residences, and in many ways rivals far-famed Bethlehem.

From the Street, the country to the westward is a series of valleys and low hills till the Green mountains in Vermont rear their wooded crests as a barrier to further observation in that direction. To the east, the mirror-like bosom of Crystal lake lies expanded, reflecting the rising sun, as it appears over Mt. Cardigan, into every cottage. This lake is a beautiful sheet of water, and was originally called Hart's pond from its figure. It possesses a natural curiosity in the mound or bank of earth which surrounds it. It is from four to five feet high, and from its regular construction would seem to be the work of art. Annual observations, however, have proved it to be produced by the drifting ice when breaking up in the spring.

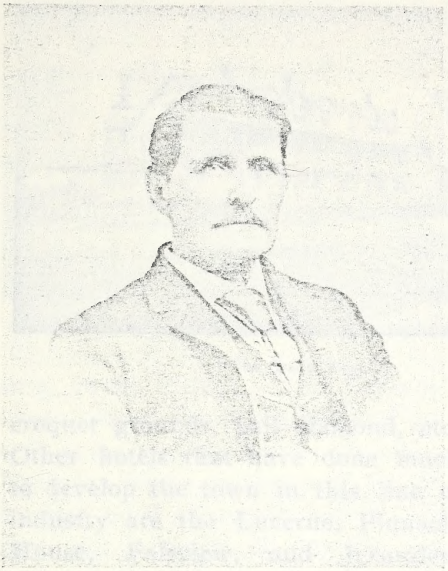
The people take pardonable pride in speaking of the Street as one of the best exemplars of the summer resort industry within the confines of the Granite state. With a charm peculiarly its own, it offers varied attractions to summer visitors in search of rest and quiet.

Hundreds of metropolitan guests annually wend their weary way to "Canaan's Happy Land" to enjoy the balmy breezes and sylvan shade of the "land flowing with milk and honey." These city visitors, who include many people of wealth and influence, are an exception to the general rule applying to the larger and more frequented resorts, and are not of the cosmopolitan class; but many own cottages, while others have returned regularly each year till their familiar countenances have become to be thought of as a part of the community.

Immense monetary benefits are realized by the citizens as a result of



Dr. Edward M. Tucker.



H. B. Tenney.

the annual visitation of these summer people. But the good effects from their presence can hardly be said to end here; the society of such people as Judge Blodgett and family of Boston, Burns Wallace and wife of New York city, O. H. Perry and family of Lowell, and hundreds of other distinguished people of culture, is refreshing, and gives the citizens some idea of the conventionalities of city life, tending to elevate the scale of moral development.

As the seasons come and go with their noticeable changes, few are more perceptible to the annual visitor at the Street than the improvements which are taking place each year in the hotel service. One of the more recent improvements was the remodeling of the old Crystal Lake House. It has been newly furnished throughout, and will in the future endeavor to win renown under the significant name of The Grand View, which feat will not be difficult to accomplish, for in one short season, under the efficient management of its genial proprietor, A. R. Wilkinson, it has established an enviable reputation as a modern hotel.

As a pioneer in the hotel industry, H. B. Tenney of the Sunset deserves more than passing mention. Embarking in the enterprise nearly a quarter of a century ago, when the summer business was practically in its infancy in this town, he was one of the first to make a success of ministering to the wants of summer boarders. From an unostentatious beginning of three or four guests, he has advanced until the fame of the Sunset has been established. While not being as capacious as some, the Sunset House has many desirable features for the entertainment of its patrons. The lover of nature can appreciate the broad piazza around the western wing, where he can take leave of all solicitude and enjoy without restraint the picturesque panorama of the extensive landscape at sunset. And the lover of amusement may avail himself of the tennis court,



"The Sunset"—H. B. Tenney.



"The Grand View."

croquet grounds, ball diamond, etc. Other hotels that have done much to develop the town in this line of industry are the Lucerne, Pinnacle House, Fairview, and Jerusalem Spring House.

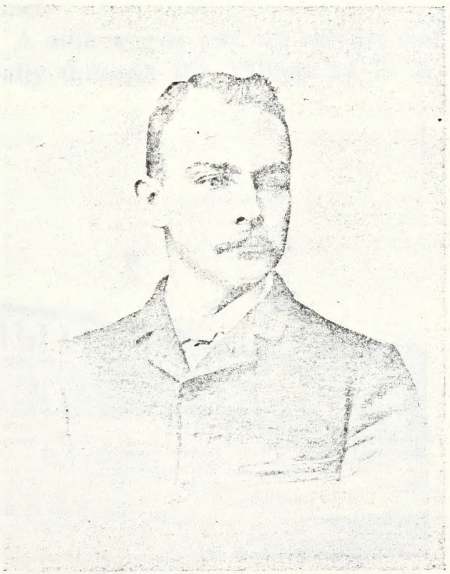
The leading industry is agriculture. There is no discordant clang of machinery to disturb the tranquility or rupture the harmonious strains of nature.

Many years ago there came to Canaan a family by the name of Davis. The three boys, George, Alvin, and Charles, were educated in their early youth into the practical side of farming. They are recognized as foremost in the town in agricultural pursuits, and are among the few who seem to make farming pay. George owns the large intervale farm on the Enfield road at Pillsbury's crossing, and has long been known for his good judgment and enterprise in farming. His residence comprises, without doubt, the finest set of farm buildings in the town. Quite a village has sprung up on Mr. Davis's premises. A small store was run by his son, A. L. Davis, till 1892, when he gave it up to enter the employment of the Swift Beef Co., of Chicago. The store was again opened the next year by F. A. Trumbull. Aside from the homestead, store, and other outbuildings, Mr. Davis has accumulated much valuable property.

Alvin owns a large farm on the Grafton road, and cultivates an extensive fruit orchard; while Charles runs a milk farm, half a mile out of the village, on the stage line to Rumney.

Milk raising proves a remunerative industry among the farmers. About one hundred cans of milk per day are shipped at the village for H. P. Hood & Son, of Derry. Many of the farmers stock their hillside pastures with cows, and find more profit in disposing of their milk at the car than in dairying.

The only manufacturing concerns worthy of note are the Mascoma Overall company and Gardner's shoe



A. R. Wilkinson.





R. F. Heffenreffer's Summer Residence.

shop, at the Village. The Mascoma Overall company was established several years ago by Barney Brothers. They run fifteen machines of the latest and most approved pattern, and turn out a grade of overalls well known to the laboring class throughout New Hampshire for their wearing qualities. The shoe shop is a comparatively new enterprise in the place. Mr. Gardner moved his business from Lockehaven last fall, and set up in the Bucklin block, and, considering the adverse circumstances, has made a creditable beginning. For a number of years the making of strawboard at Factory Village was an important industry, but since the burning of the mill, in 1890, the business has been discontinued.

The town is well represented in journalism by the *Canaan Reporter* and *Mascoma Register*. The papers were established by C. O. Barney, the present proprietor, in 1866, under whose able management they have continued ever since. They are stanch exponents of Republican principles, and embody the special features of the average country weekly, endearing them to every household in the community. Mr. Barney is a man of more than ordinary push and enterprise; and the public spirit which has characterized his lifelong residence here, has been exemplified by example, and by advocating every public movement believed by him to be conducive to the welfare of the people. It has been said that the *Reporter's* advanced ideas have much to do with the village's up-to-date customs.

The Crystal Lake Water company put in a system of water-works in the fall of 1891. The water is taken from Crystal lake, one mile distant, and has over one hundred feet head. At a recent meeting of the stockholders it was voted to extend the service so as to embrace the whole village precinct.

A milk wagon and ice cart are run daily through the Village by F. B.



"The Fairview"—George W. Muzzey.



O. H. Perry's Summer Residence.

Smart, while the lovers of fresh vegetables and garden truck have their wants met by a delivery wagon from the farm of Hutchins Shaw.

When the electric light plant, which has been agitated from time to time, shall materialize, electric cars to the Street will be one of the future possibilities.

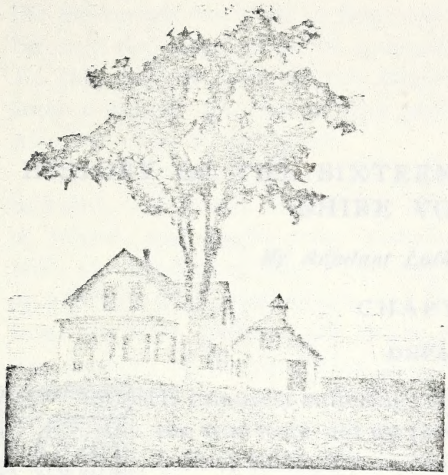
What Homer said of Ithaca might, in many respects, be aptly applied to Canaan, as being "the nursing mother of eminent men." As a leading citizen and town father, the familiar name of George W. Murray, Esq., takes a front rank. Mr. Murray was born in Canaan, early in the thirties, on a small farm, and a poor boy; but his ambition led him onward and upward, till to-day his estate, including two of the finest residences in town and much other valuable property, reaches far into the thousands. He obtained the greater part of his education through his own instrumentalities, and a review of his brilliant career, both in the legal profession and private life, furnishes a striking illustration of the self-made man.

Among other prominent citizens, Hon. F. D. Currier, the town's most illustrious son in public circles, is worthy of special mention. His palatial home, at the corner of Main and School streets, is a principal attraction to the visitor when coming up Main street from the passenger station. Mr. Currier is also a native of the town, and, although a young man, has occupied many important positions of public trust, and is today one of the best known young men in the Republican party in New Hampshire.

The medical fraternity has an able representative in town in the person of Dr. Edward M. Tucker. Mr. Tucker was a surgeon in the late rebellion, and, at the close of the war, settled here and began the practice of medicine, winning a favorable repu-



Residence of Mrs. W. A. Wallace.



Residence of Frank P. Howe.

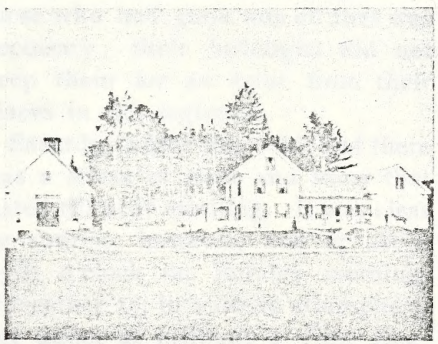
tation as a successful practitioner, and a distinguished citizen as well. Dr. Tucker's residence is on the site of the old "Worth" tavern of stage times. He is a member of the board of health; has been chairman of the school-board; and is very much interested in fraternal organizations, being a Mason and Odd Fellow, also prominent in the G. A. R. and Sons of Temperance, and the oldest Knight of Pythias in New Hampshire and probably in New England.

Barney Brothers and M. H. Milton are the oldest concerns in the mercantile line. Their places of business are located at the Village, and they carry in stock the usual variety to be found in a country store. The firm of Barney Brothers was run for many years by their father, Eleazer Barney, and the boys grew up in the business, as it were. This practical training, besides the inheritance of their father's talent, has made them very successful.

The town has its quota of fraternal organizations. Mt. Cardigan lodge, Knights of Pythias, has nearly one hundred members, including many from Enfield and Lebanon; Indian River grange, Patrons of Husbandry, has a large support among the farmers. Although the Odd Fellows and Masons have no lodges here, the orders are well represented among the citizens.

In educational matters, Canaan shows considerable advancement. Much attention was paid by the first settlers to schools. They considered the advantages of schooling the *decus et gloria patriae*. In 1839 Canaan Union academy was founded, and located at the Street. For many years, with favorable location, excellent advantages, and competent board of instruction, it was second to no institution of its kind in this part of the state. Recently the village formed a precinct, placing educational matters under its own management. A system of graded schools has been instituted, and a corps of efficient instructors engaged. The board of education consists of George W. Murray, Frank D. Currier, and George H. Gordon, with Ella M. Richardson, treasurer.

In view of Canaan's many advantages in wealth and prosperity, it does not seem improper that its people take the pride which they do in the town.



"Sunny Side"—Mrs. Chestina Wooster.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE.

THE intensest sufferings of the war were not on the field of battle, but in the home circle; not amid the rattle of musketry and boom of cannon, but in noiseless heart throbs, when the gray-haired father, with choking voice said to his son, "Go, my precious boy, and God bless you"; when the devoted mother prayed and wept all night long after her son's enlistment; and when, amid farewell words, and during the months that followed, wives, and young women who had pledged their affections to their lovers, suffered the agony of many deaths. These were the most distressing experiences of the entire war, in consequence of which there sank into the grave prematurely a whole generation of those who saw no field of battle, who heard no report of musket or cannon, but who remained, in tears, with aching hearts and sleepless nights, among the quiet hills of the Granite state.

The latter part of the week beginning November 15 was a season of increased activity among the members of our regiment, for we had received orders to be in readiness for a move on short notice. It was not expected, however, that we should break camp before Monday or Tuesday of the week following; but late on Saturday, the order came that we were to take our departure the next morning.

The colonel and other Christian officers of the regiment had pleaded with Governor Berry not to require us to make our first move on Sunday. He did, perhaps, all in his power to comply with our request, but the railway and steamboat arrangements had been made, and the orders from the United States officers were imperative.

We may also note that several of our men, who had been furloughed from Saturday until Monday, were at the railroad station or were already on their way home when the order reached our camp. But a notification at the station or a telegram to those who had gone was all that was necessary; their furloughs did not keep them for an hour from their places in the regiment.

Saturday night was cold, and there was a storm of sleet and snow that lasted till near morning. It was clear by sunrise, however, and at about eight o'clock on Sunday morning, November 23, in a frosty atmosphere, but under as brilliant a New England sky as one could wish to see,

the Sixteenth marched in four ranks through the main street of Concord. At the railway station were friends from different sections of the state who had come to see us off.

The ranks were broken for a few minutes, and friend clasped the hand of friend, and hopes were mingled with sad apprehensions. The words of affection and admonition, and the farewells then spoken, still linger in the memory of the few who survive to recall them.

A little later a train of twenty cars moved slowly away with its freight of almost a thousand loyal hearts, nearly half of whom, in life and health, were never again to see their native state. The mental and heart anguish of that morning, in its fulness, was known only to God, and into his ears on that day, from its earliest morning hour to the hour that brought the day to its close, was poured a volume of prayer such as only burdened, devout, and loving hearts can offer.

The ride during the day was without anything of special interest or worthy of note, except that in passing through towns and cities our boys were cheered and signalled by the people with handkerchiefs and the waving of hands. Such responses were returned as are customary under like circumstances, though, if the truth were known, many in the regiment were less demonstrative than they would have been on some other day of the week.

And yet, we have to confess that on that day there was evidence that we were not all as pious or as strict Sabbath observers as we might have been. For, during the day, one of our men captured a well-bred spaniel dog at one of the railway stations and carried him on to New York. The owner followed on the next train and entered complaint. After proving property, the dog was restored and the forager was severely reprimanded by the colonel for laying in commissary stores on Sunday and before we were out of Puritan New England.

Our route was over the Nashua and Worcester railway to Allyn's Point, where, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, the regiment left the train and embarked on the steamer *City of Boston*. The sail on Long Island Sound during the night was not an unpleasant one, but there were many heavy hearts, for our men were beginning to realize, some of them keenly, that every hour increased the distance between them and scenes and faces the dearest of any on earth.

Not far from four o'clock in the morning, November 24, we reached the dock in East river, New York. A biting northwest wind told us plainly enough that we were not yet in the sunny south, and we felt that we had not taken with us the comforts of our New England home life.

We were cared for during the early part of the day at the Park barracks, and at four o'clock in the afternoon were ordered to pitch our tents in Battery park. The weather a part of the time during our encampment there was piercing cold, and our cloth tents afforded a protection not the best, as one easily can imagine. Our stay in the city of New York, however, was not altogether devoid of comfort and interest. Our regiment was much praised by the people of the city, both on account of the excellent soldiery bearing of the men

and more especially for their uniform good behavior. Sometimes the boys complained, but not without reason, of accommodations and especially of rations, though on the whole the complaints were fewer than might have been expected. The most pronounced expressions of dissatisfaction were on Thanksgiving day, November 27. Indeed, it seemed for a while that downright and indignant protests would end in open revolt. The meat was miserable in quality and poorly cooked. The bread was heavy and sour, and some of our men, who had known from earliest childhood what a Thanksgiving day's dinner meant in New England, declared in no suppressed tones that they would make a "nigger" and Irish soup of the cooks if another such dinner was served.

The cooks, perhaps, were not altogether to blame. The mercenary contractors to whom had been let out the provisioning of the regiment, and whose sole or paramount object seems to have been to make as much money as they could out of their contracts, were blameworthy and ought to have been imprisoned and put on to the miserable fare they were serving to us. The yeomanry of New Hampshire can appreciate good usage as well as other men, and can endure bravely hardships that are inevitable, but they resent everything like imposition or ill usage, and never hesitate to give expression to such resentment.

Saturday, November 29, was for the regiment a gala day. The sons of New Hampshire residing in New York city, gave us what was called a Thanksgiving dinner. In the way of food supplies it was all that the name implies. It concluded, as such occasions usually do, with a round of laudatory and patriotic speech-making.

We may add that more than once during our stay in New York fruit and provisions of various kinds were sent to our encampment in quantity by gentlemen who had gone from New Hampshire to New York city, and who were kindly disposed and naturally interested in our welfare.

CHAPTER IV.

SEA VOYAGE.

AS early as Monday, December 4, orders were received to embark on the steamer, *Eastern Queen*. The regiment was in readiness to obey the order. Then followed counter orders. On Tuesday we again were notified to march to the *Eastern Queen*, and our tents were struck. Then the order was for the second time countermanded. But on Thursday, December 6, early in the morning, in the midst of a snow squall, our regiment really was on the way to the steamer. Seven companies, counting from the left, embarked, and, except for the emphatic protest of our officers, the other three companies and a New York battery besides would have been crowded on to a small, unseaworthy, side-wheel steamer, of only 700 tons register, which, even with a much smaller freight, was in no

way fit for such a voyage as was before us.

Friday, December 7, 1862, at three o'clock in the afternoon, our steamer weighed anchor, and slowly sailed, as we supposed, for our destination. But when about four miles from her last anchorage, much to the surprise of all and the annoyance of some, she was slowed down and stopped, and the anchor was cast into the sea. To all our questions put to the officers of the steamer, no satisfactory explanation was given. The regimental officers supposed, however, that her captain was following secret orders. But we had reason afterwards to suppose that the sailors' superstitious dread of beginning a voyage on Friday had taken possession of our captain, and had led him to defy the explicit orders that had been given, and, in utter disregard of any disastrous consequences that might result, he took the matter of sailing into his own hands, and anchored until daylight the next morning.

The first day out was one of interest to some of our men who never before had been on the broad Atlantic, whose lives, rather, had been passed among the peaceful and beautiful landscapes of New England. From the squalls of the night before, the Jersey coast was covered with patches of snow, that to us were not an unfamiliar sight; and during the day we encountered several snow squalls, as if Winter was not to part company with her Granite State boys without giving them, as reminders, a parting salute or two.

By afternoon and evening of this first day out, seasickness became an epidemic. Poor seasick and homesick wretches! Thoughts of the fireside circle, of food prepared by the hands of wives and mothers, the charm of the dining-room table, and all such visions floated before our minds, only to increase our misery. Nor is it to be wondered that many of us felt during that day and night that we were the most guilty criminals on land or sea, and deserved severe punishment for ever having complained of anything in our home life, and that we had been fools and idiots for enlisting in the army, even to save the Union!

Seven o'clock, Sunday morning, the sealed orders were broken. There had been many speculations as to the destination of our regiment. Almost every place on the Southern seaboard had been mentioned, but the orders were that the steamer should proceed direct to Ship Island, at the mouth of the Mississippi river, unless it became necessary to re-coal at Tortugas. We thus were being taken to a much greater distance from home than had been expected when the assignment of our regiment was made to the Banks expedition. This news added a fresh gloom to the already accumulated woes of our boys. Sunday and Sunday night were as dismal as cold, biting winds, rolling and heavy seas, downright seasickness, and homesickness, could make them.

On waking Monday morning, it was discovered that the sun was rising on the starboard side of the steamer, instead of on the port, where it should be shining if we were sailing south. It was evident, therefore, that the course had been changed during the night. Explanations followed, and we learned that, in the heavy seas of the night before, the boat had sprung a leak; and during

the early morning the report was circulated that she was filling three times as fast as she could be pumped, and that the water already was nearly up to the furnace fires. These reports proved to be yarns. But that the steamer was disabled was evident enough, for she listed badly, and labored heavily and perilously amidst those stormy and rough seas that were breaking upon and over her. The facts were, that the strain had loosened the planking, above the water-line, fortunately, and at ten o'clock the night before the sheathing of the guards of the paddle-wheel and some of the paddles on the starboard side had been smashed into fine kindling, and the steamer was in great danger of having the wheel twisted on the shaft to such extent as to prevent its revolution, or else broken completely, and we should then be left helpless and at the mercy of the stormy Atlantic. In this condition the steamer had been headed for Fortress Monroe, about forty miles north of the point she had reached the night before.

At half past ten o'clock Monday morning, December 8, we cast anchor near Fortress Monroe and repairs were begun. This was a brief respite from seasickness. No one of the regiment, however, was allowed to go on shore or to speak to any persons who came near in boats, or even to send letters or telegrams to anxious ones at home. The destination of the Banks expedition was to be kept a profound secret. And yet, some of the ship's crew who went on shore for help and materials for repairs, reported that our destination was well known at Fortress Monroe. This, we presume, is a specimen of the way army secrets at that time were kept. Anything known in the city of Washington was said to be known almost the same day in the city of Richmond.

The dread of putting to sea again was keenly felt by most of our men, and not a few declared they would gladly face death on the field of battle or anywhere else, but could not again endure seasickness. "I would give," said a poor fellow, while looking wistfully at the beach, "a month's pay for a handful of that sand to carry along with me."

Late in the afternoon of Monday, December 15, the repairs were completed, and the miserably unfit craft weighed anchor and headed out to sea again.

On the way down the bay we met the steam transports *Robert Morris* and *John A. Warren*, loaded with troops coming into port, for what reason we did not know, and as our exceptionally fine band played its greeting to these comrades, cheer after cheer in acknowledgment rose from about three thousand throats, echoing far over the waters of the beautiful Chesapeake bay.

The next few days were pleasant, with a constantly rising temperature and a comparatively smooth sea.

As the boys under these favorable conditions began to improve in health, they also became more and more pugnacious. As a result, there were two rebellions on the same day, December 10. The first was a determination on the part of several of the men to resist the general order to have all the soldiers vaccinated. Some of the men who did not believe in vaccination said they would be shot first. After a while this insub-

ordination, through the persuasion of the regimental officers, came to an end. But later, a report being circulated that the vaccine virus was not pure, some of the men actually cut and dug it out of their arms with their jack-knives after the surgeons had done their work.

The second mutiny was in consequence of the rations issued. For dinner of that day the men were served with pork and bread. For supper there was doled out to them a half dipper of coffee, four spoonfuls of half boiled rice, and a tablespoonful of molasses. Think of that kind of fare for sick, also for convalescent and well men! Some of the boys *almost* swore that they would make an attack on the ship's stores unless they were better served. This rebellion was so pronounced that the officers of the boat, who seemingly were trying to make a handsome thing out of their contract to supply the men, became alarmed and asked for a guard to defend the stores against an attack. After this mutinous demonstration the boat attempted no further imposition and nonsense of any sort during the rest of the voyage.

The sense of justice in the men, however, had become so outraged that they did what more honest men would not have done; that is, though the ship's stores were under guard, a barrel of extra fine syrup somehow was on tap and was used freely during the voyage. Three or four of the men found the fresh meat locker and discovered a way into it, tipped the cooks of the boat who, on a single day, cooked for the boys an entire hind quarter of fresh beef.

And this was not all. One of the boys of Company H, feeling that the sutler was taking advantage in over charging for tobacco, which, however, was probably not the case, when the doctrine of chances and risks is taken into account, removed the hinges of one of the chests of the sutler, and filled his boot-legs with plugs of navy tobacco; and after that every man, including the guards, who wanted a chew, had one.

It was during these days that the boys of Company K, who largely were from Portsmouth, being, therefore, somewhat familiar with sea sailing and life, and with the yarns of sailors, were merciless enough to tell the farmer boys and others from the interior of the state the most harrowing stories of shipwrecks, of boats springing leaks, of tempests, West India tornadoes, and other perils and prognostications that had some grain of truth, but were told out of pure mischievousness. Those men of Company K deserved severe reprimand, but, so far as we recollect, they never received it.

At eight o'clock, Saturday morning, December 14, we passed Cape Sable, the extreme point of Florida, to the south, and a few hours later saw the wreck of the *Marion Sanford*, one of our fleet of boats bound, as we were, to Ship Island. She had struck on the reef of San Key, and was well out of water. At the time we passed, the wreckers were stripping her of whatever of value could be taken. We afterward learned that the troops that sailed on her, including the Fifteenth New Hampshire regiment, were taken off in safety and forwarded by other transports. There is always a kind of "mute eloquence" in a wreck like this, and the sight of

the *Sanford* did not tend to calm our fears, and certainly did not inspire confidence that we ourselves were out of danger, though we were in the Gulf of Mexico.

Sunday, December 14, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, we were piloted through a serpentine passage to Fort Jefferson, on Dry Tortugas, a coral island, not far from the Florida coast, and used during the war as a station for furnishing supplies of coal and naval stores to the Gulf squadron. A vast amount of money had been appropriated by Southern members of congress to make this place impregnable, though when we were there everything had the appearance of incompleteness, except the climate; that seemed marvelously perfect. It was like summer. The shade-trees, cocoa, date palm, castor-oil, and other trees and plants, were in their leafage and fruitage. This was a new experience for most of us, and we wondered at seeing summer in the month of December. During the day, our men were allowed on shore, and not a few of them patronized the sutler of that post, and nearly cleaned him out. There were some things not paid for, but "drawn," a mild term used in the army in the place of the word stealing. This came about, however, from a sense of New England justice. The sutler was so exorbitant in his prices that some of the boys, only a few of them, however, thought they could even up a little, and then he would make, as they reckoned, at least 200 per cent. profit on what he sold. Among other property taken during this wicked raid on the sutler was a huge cheese. How the privates managed to secure it was not generally reported, though the cheese was generously distributed, and some of the officers were remembered, even while protesting against such acts of vandalism.

The steamer, having taken her supply of coal, which was put on board by the wheelbarrow load, headed out soon after daylight into the Gulf of Mexico. The day, December 15, was everything that could be desired; the water was smooth, the sea-gulls were calling or scolding, the porpoises were sporting, and the whales occasionally were spouting. The night following was the same in quietness as the day had been; and there were glowing stars in the sky, and the surface of the Gulf was luminous with phosphorescent animalculæ.

"All this is a weather breeder," said the Portsmouth boys. We of the interior winked the left eye and laughed; the cry of wolf had been heard too many times to alarm us any more. But Tuesday morning everything was ugly. We were in a "norther" on the Gulf of Mexico. The boat was headed towards the storm, and for the first forty-eight hours we made a distance of scarcely a mile. For three days and nights we were in what the apostle Paul would have called a howling euroclydon. The waves several times washed the decks and poured volumes of water down the hatchways. The sheathing was again torn from the guards, the boat listed, and we were, for a second time, in imminent danger of being swamped; and there is every reason to suppose we should have been, had the boat been loaded as was first proposed. It was during these tumultuous hours that the captain called upon the men to keep the boat trimmed. They were ordered

first one side, then the other. After a while they became weary of this business and did not respond with becoming alacrity to the captain's orders, whereupon he quite astonished them by shouting, "Well, go to hell, then, if you want to; I have as many friends there as you have."

Thursday night the "norther" had spent its fury, and nine o'clock Friday morning (fortunate day!) a low strip of land was discovered, which proved to be Ship Island, near which we anchored not far from the noon hour of the same day. We had made, as an average, but five knots an hour in the entire distance of five hundred miles from Tortugas to Ship Island.

Here was our expected destination, and we were soon in readiness to land. But, a little later, orders were received to sail to New Orleans. As our stores of coal were nearly exhausted, the steamer took on fresh supplies, and in consequence did not leave Ship Island until evening.

The next morning, having taken on board during the night both harbor and river pilots, we were over the bar and sailing up the river. The lower Mississippi is impressively uninteresting, the shores on either side are low and boggy, but the day will come when these lands, raised by yearly overflows, will be among the most fertile in the world.

Soon the flags of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, on opposite sides of the river, came in view. A gun from Fort Jackson brought us to, and a boat came alongside to receive our report. These forts are the key to New Orleans, and are the scene of Farragut's brilliant naval fight, the recollection of which was an inspiration to us, and it was a comfort to feel that the grand old commander was on the river above us. The partly water-covered wreck of the federal gunboat *Verona* received our cheers and rightly so, for after having sunk several Confederate boats she was run ashore in a disabled condition, though still flying the stars and stripes, firing her last gun just as her deck sank below the water. A little further up the river the smoke-stack and framework of the wrecked Confederate steamboat, *Governor Moore*, were passed. We did not sneer or hiss, but had respect for the courage displayed during that celebrated fight by her officers and men. As it seems to us, the silencing of those forts and the destruction of the Confederate fleet, the capture of New Orleans by Farragut, and the subsequent complete subjugation of that city by General Butler were among the most brilliant achievements either by land or sea, of the entire War of the Rebellion.

As we continued our course up the river the scenes became more and more interesting, at least more and more novel to our men. The soft Southern sky, the mild temperature, the rich plantations with their orange and lemon groves laden with fruit, the fragrance of which filled the air, were all in such contrast with the distressing experiences of the voyage, the seasickness, and the ten hundred and one bad odors of the steamer, that some of our boys thought we were not far from the gateway of Paradise.

Within sight of the lights of the city of New Orleans, after a day packed with interest, December 19, the anchor of the *Eastern Queen* was

cast for the night. Not a few of the men from Merrimack county ever will forget the emotions that came to them as their eyes rested upon the large steamer *Kearsarge* anchored near by, some of whose timbers were said to have been cut on the mountain bearing that name, under whose shadow these men had passed their boyhood and young manhood.

As we stood on the deck of our steamer and looked upon the city of New Orleans, the thoughts that most vividly came to mind were of the brilliant fight, just below the city, between General Jackson and Sir Edward Packenham, in the War of 1812, and also of the fights in which we expected to be engaged, within how few days we did not know.

In that fight under Jackson the metal of the American soldier shows to such advantage that we shall be pardoned for pausing in our narrative long enough to recall a few of the leading facts of that famous battle.

General (Sir Edward) Packenham was in possession of the river and the territory just below New Orleans. He had under his command 12,000 veteran soldiers and 4,000 well trained marines and sailors. To meet this force General Jackson had but 5,000 troops, only 1,000 of whom were regulars. With the exception of this 1,000, his men were undisciplined, having been brought together hurriedly from Tennessee, Mississippi, and Louisiana. On the morning of the fight, January 8, 1815, they were posted behind a breastwork of cotton-bags and earth, thrown up hastily on learning of the enemy's approach.

It was early in the morning when 12,000 of those bronzed and thoroughly drilled British troops, fresh from their recent victories in Spain, where they had been led by Sir Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke and Lord Wellington, were seen advancing, "with solid step and measured pace," against these raw recruits, commanded by Jackson. "Their compact and perfect squares, faultless in their alignment as on dress parade, extending far away, right and left, in columns of regiments, their arms glistening in the sunlight, and the scarlet of England, the green of Erin, and the plaid of Scotland commingling," were said by an eye-witness to have been "superbly magnificent."

The Americans, being insufficiently armed, some of them without uniform, others from the penitentiary, released on condition they would fight, were ordered by Jackson to form in two ranks; the first rank was to do the firing, and the second, the loading. As the enemy drew near our lines Jackson's men were perfectly cool; they took deliberate aim; each man covered his man with his deadly musket, reserving his fire till the foe was in easy range. The critical moment came. The enemy was about to fire and then charge. At that instant the command, "Fire!" was given by Jackson; and when the smoke cleared, the space in front of the parapet and cotton bags was covered with heaps of the enemy's dead and dying. The British leader, Packenham, fell at the first fire, and was carried from the field, mortally wounded.

The troops were again rallied by General Gibbs, and advanced, but he was killed by those deadly marksmen from the West and South. The next

cast for the night. Not a few of the men from Merrimack county ever will forget the emotions that came to them as their eyes rested upon the large steamer Adventure anchored near by, some of whose timbers were said to have been cut on the mountain bearing that name, under whose shadow these men had passed their boyhood and young manhood.

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It was early in the morning when 12,000 of those bronzed and thor-

in command, General Keane, was likewise killed.

A fourth general, Lambert, then took command, but, after several ineffectual attempts to rally his men, a retreat was ordered, and those haughty battalions, that never before had met such disaster, and who easily had conquered the famous legions led by Soult on the Peninsula, now fled from these undrilled Americans, and from the field which they thought and said was to be a highway for their triumphant march upon the "booty and beauty" of New Orleans.

Two thousand of the British were killed and wounded, according to the historian, D. B. Scott, though Edward Eggleston gives the British loss as 2,600, and the American loss as only eight killed and thirteen wounded.

Such was the famous Battle of New Orleans. And they are the descendants of the men who gained this brilliant victory whom we were then in Louisiana to meet on the field of battle.

And what may be expected when men from New England, the descendants of the men who met the flower of the British army under General Gage at Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill, shall meet in battle the sons of these men who under General Jackson sent death and defeat into the ranks of the best soldiers in the world. It will be Greek meeting Greek.

Returning to the narrative, we find, on consulting our journal, that it was nearly noon Saturday, the day following our arrival at New Orleans, before we could get word from the authorities what disposition was to be made of our regiment. No one seemed to know who we were or where we came from, or what to do with us. At length an order came to move up the river to Carrollton, a place about six miles above New Orleans, and there select a camp ground for ourselves. This was done, and the colonel, quartermaster, and adjutant, proceeded to obey orders. The grounds were selected and we were on the point of landing, when the order that had been given was countermanded, and we were told to go up the river two miles further to the Beauregard parapet, which had been thrown up under the direction of General Beauregard, as a defense of New Orleans. This was done, and there, in mid-afternoon, we disembarked, all being thoroughly glad once more to set foot on what was supposed to be solid ground, though several of our men failed to understand what the trouble was, and declared the whole state of Louisiana when they walked reeled like a drunken man, and that when they stepped the ground rose to meet their feet. The bad boys of Company K, who were well acquainted with "sea leg" experiences, explained to those who were not that Louisiana was formed something like the so-called floating islands of Mexico, and that the waves of the Gulf were forced up under the soil, causing the undulations. This explanation, however, carried no weight. Indeed, the boys of Company K were no longer believed even when they told the truth.

We should be remiss if we did not speak a word at this point in praise of the aged government pilot who navigated our unseaworthy craft from

New York to the mouth of the Mississippi. He had but one eye, yet he could see with that many times as far as the most of us with two. During bad weather he never left the pilot-house, and while we were in the "norther" on the Gulf that faithful man was for seventy-five hours without closing his *eye*, and he stood at the wheel until his feet were so swollen that neither boots nor shoes could be worn. Dead or alive, he has our thanks and this expression of our appreciation.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP LIFE IN CARROLLTON.

DECEMBER 20, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the boys began pitching their tents. Fences and timbers from deserted negro huts were borrowed (?) for fuel and for tent floors. Headquarters were provided in a deserted plantation house, surrounded with shade and fruit trees.

The next day, December 21, was also a busy one, as we were arranging everything for comfort as far as possible, building cook-houses and setting things to rights. Few realized that it was Sunday until late in the afternoon, when the regiment was called together to listen to a sermon by the chaplain, the first we had heard since leaving Concord. The sermon was appropriate and well received, as were all the sermons of our scholarly and thoughtful chaplain.

Here at Carrollton were flocks of singing birds, fragrance of orange and lemon trees, beautiful cultivated and wild flowers, and green grass plots instead of bare, leafless trees and snow-drifts; and yet more than one in our regiment said, "Oh, for the quiet of a New England Sabbath!" "But for us," as a writing in our journal says, "there is to be no Sabbath until New England is reached again, and by many of us New England has been seen for the last time."

Here in Carrollton began our death-roll. Lieut. Prescott Jones, Company E, was the first to answer the summons. He was a brave-hearted and zealous soldier, greatly beloved in his company and by all in the regiment who had made his acquaintance. He died January 11. Here, too, at Carrollton we began to breathe a poisoned atmosphere, and our food for the most part was poor in quality and poorly cooked, proving an irritant and poison to some of the men, who, having keen appetites after the sea voyage, overate, notwithstanding the unfitness of the rations issued. A Northern man in a Southern climate, among these swamps where the germs of fever and ague, of dysentery, and the whole brood of malarial ills, poison the air, should not only fear that he is going to be sick, but should feel that he is sick until acclimated. Our men did not realize this, and our Northern surgeons, who knew nothing, or but little, of tropical and swamp diseases, did not warn us, or if they did in a general way, we gave no heed to their admonitions. Hence our men hourly became vic-

tims of various forms of disease. Our muster-roll, December 31, shows that one man in every seven of our regiment encamped at Carrollton was on the sick list.

We now return to the three companies, C, D, and F, that had been left in New York, with Major Davis in command.

On the same day that the other companies sailed, these three were removed to the Franklin Street barracks, where the accommodations were none too good, and the rations very unsatisfactory. Two weeks later these companies were ordered to embark on the ocean steamship *Mississippi*.

The orders reached Major Davis in the early evening. The companies were quickly in readiness, and the lighter, with the men on board, was alongside the steamer at about eleven o'clock at night. All the gangways, however, were closed, the winds were howling, and the thermometer was at nearly zero. There stood the shivering, homeless vagabonds, for such they seemed, trying at that nearly midnight hour to get the attention of some officer on board the *Mississippi*. Our men had been ordered there, but the officers of the ship knew nothing of any such order, and had been notified that their ship already had its full complement of troops. The captain of the steamship was merciful, however, and allowed our men to go on board out of the biting cold. The Forty-seventh Massachusetts and the One Hundred Seventy-fifth New York were already in possession, and had availed themselves of the best accommodations they could find, as most certainly, under similar circumstances, we should have done. Our men, bent upon securing the next best, if they could not have the first choice, took possession of the saloon, but, as this was contrary to the rules of the ship, they were obliged to give up these accommodations, and each man bunked as best he could, and thus passed the remainder of the night. After that experience, however, which was one of decided discomfort, arrangements were made that proved on the whole very satisfactory.

The voyage of the *Mississippi* was almost continuously pleasant, therefore uneventful and without peril. These three companies joined the regiment, January 1, 1863, amid hearty cheers, together with other friendly greetings and congratulations such as befit a reunion of that kind.

From that date to near the close of January our camp life was a busy one, but not particularly laborious. Daily drills, frequent regimental reviews and inspections, dress parades, guard mounting, guard and picket duties, and target practice occupied the time, but we have to add that, after a week or more, the days dragged. Our men wanted to fight, end the war, and return to their homes.

January 3 there was a regimental drill under the eyes of Gen. W. T. Sherman. He complimented the movements of the regiment in flattering terms. Subsequently similar compliments were paid us by Gen. George L. Andrews, in whose brigade we served for a time.

January 23 we received what are

called "heavy marching orders," and with the other troops of the brigade, under Colonel Ingraham, marched a few miles out on the famous shell road to Lake Pontchartrain. This active campaign was a short one, and we returned to camp in early evening, and were made almost wild by reports that the Mississippi river had been opened, that Vicksburg and Port Hudson had fallen. But later, like many other camp rumors that originate no one knows how or where, this one was found to have not the slightest foundation; still it had given us a bit of cheer, and we continued to hope during the next few days that there might be a grain of truth in it, or that it might be a prophecy of what was to happen.

Under date of January 25, the journal of the adjutant reads thus: "Our men continue to sicken, and are destitute of proper hospital conveniences and care. Our improvised hospital is a commodious plantation house, but as yet the sick have under them only a rubber blanket and the bare floor, with an army blanket for their covering. Each room in the hospital has from eight to twelve patients. Colonel Pike and the ward master are both down with fever. Lieutenant Burnham, Lieutenant Wilkins, Captain Bosworth are also very sick, and seventy or more of our men are in the hospital." Frequently all our surgeons were sick and off duty, and our regimental hospital was left in care of the hospital steward. The most seriously ill were sent to the Marine, Charity, and St. James hospitals in New Orleans, where they were very well cared for. But it should be borne in mind that sickness, even in the best equipped and best ordered hospitals of a "conquered rebel city," like New Orleans, did not receive the attention bestowed in the hospitals further north, and on the borders between the two sections. Here in Louisiana there were no gifts of flowers and delicacies from the women of the city; there was hate instead. There was no careful nursing by patriotic and devout women who were in the service of the Christian commission and other Northern charity organizations. Doubtless many a man died in these Southern hospitals who would have lived had a few encouraging words at a critical moment been spoken in his ear, or had a little tender care been bestowed. And, as already hinted, it must be confessed that our Northern surgeons at the outset did not know how to treat the forms of sickness that prevailed in the South. We shall also be pardoned for saying that personally we received more valuable hints in talks with the "old colored mammies," on matters of health and hygiene, than from any and all other sources.

It was during these days that our regiment and the brigade to which we had been assigned were kept constantly under marching orders to answer an expected call from General Weitzel, who was pressed at Berwick Bay by a considerable force of the enemy. But that splendid officer was able to hold his ground without reinforcements.

The reason, up to this date, that our regiment had not been ordered to the front was, that the muskets with which we were equipped were unfit for use. Both Generals Sherman and Emory had made to General Banks essentially the same report, that "the

Sixteenth New Hampshire Volunteers had the material for a better regiment than ever stepped on Louisiana soil from the North," but "they ought not to go into active service with the guns they now carry."

January 28 our regiment was ordered to move back to Carrollton, and to encamp on the ground that had been occupied by the Fifteenth regiment of our own state, and that regiment was ordered to take our position at the parapet. All that there seemed to be to this move was an exchange of places. After beginning to pitch our tents, the order was countermanded, and another was issued that we should move towards the parapet one mile.

The day following, the men were busy putting in order their tents, preparing kindling-wood, and building cook-houses. Where they borrowed their lumber was a mystery then and is so still, but *they* knew. They always had orders, on reaching new camping grounds, not to destroy or use any private property. But the orders, strange as it may seem, though passing through the adjutant's tent, did not usually reach the men till all mischief had been done.

Occasionally the order would read, "Only the top rail is to be taken from the fences." Usually there were five rails in a plantation fence. After the *top rail* had been removed, four were left. The fourth was then the top one, and could be taken by the next man. In this way the fence lost the top rails until only the bottom ones remained, and even these sometimes were taken and sometimes left, as circumstances and the needs of the regiment seemed to require.

What sense was there, anyway, in protecting a hickory rail fence belonging to a Confederate general, when the comfort and health of our men were imperilled? We sometimes longed for a return of the days of General Butler, who decided that everything needed, even slaves, were contraband of war.

To those who were acquainted with the men of our regiment, we hardly need say that all those preliminary thefts to which we have referred, those at Concord, those on board the steamer, and those at Tortugas, were never approved by the officers of the regiment or by the majority of our men; yet when we reached the enemy's country, our officers without exception had no conscientious scruples as to foraging, and under cover of international military law the officers helped the boys whenever they could, and were willing at any time to share in their plunder. And yet, from a poor and destitute Southern family we never knowingly allowed anything to be taken.

The clemency shown the Confederates by General Banks gained nothing for the Union cause, and his policy before the campaign ended was largely modified. International law declares that an army, when in a hostile country, may even save its own commissary stores, and live on what it can forage. This law seems to have been better understood, or at least better recognized by privates than by some of the officers who commanded them. We are not able to say how many classical scholars there were in our regiment, but many of the men, so far as foraging is concerned, knew perfectly well how to interpret and apply the saying of the

old Romans, "*Inter arma leges silent*"—in time of war the laws are silent [or take a recess].

It appeared during our encampment at Carrollton that foraging was not the only accomplishment of the men of the Sixteenth. Indeed its members could turn their hand to almost anything in the mechanical arts. They could build railways; they could take in pieces and put together locomotives. If an encampment continued in one place for several days, there were those who built ovens and baked fresh bread. Others set up barber shops, and repaired watches. In fact, as already said, we could do anything and everything at the outset except to fight according to the rules of war. All this civil business could be begun and carried on within five minutes after our tents were pitched. We had in our regiment a dentist, a gunsmith, and a cobbler, who had with them their kits of tools and were prepared on short notice to engage in their several callings.

One easily can believe if the men of our own and other New England regiments were thrown into the enemy's territory and were told to shift for themselves that in fewer than ten days they would establish an independent commonwealth. All quartermasters, commissaries, and sutlers could be dismissed and a full equipped community speedily would be organized. Better than this: give the boys an easy chance and in less than forty-eight hours they would have a slaughter-house, provision and grocery stores in full operation, fresh beef, veal, pork, poultry, eggs and milk for sale, and the men assigned for "light duty" would be making butter and cheese.

An instance that is almost pathetic in some of its details is illustrative of what we are saying. The first private to die at Carrollton was a member of Company B. There was no coffin, or box even, in which to bury him. Nor was there any lumber except unplaned fence boards. His comrades could not endure the thought of an interment without a coffin. Two men of his company, who were carpenters, borrowed a saw and hammer of a negro, took in pieces a black walnut wardrobe found in one of the deserted houses, and made a coffin that would have done no discredit to any undertaker's warehouse anywhere in the States, and in this the dead private was decently interred.

February 2 was the date of our first division drill under General Emory, and certainly our regiment in looks or movement was not inferior to any other in the division. Ours at that time was ranked among the fighting regiments, and we were in readiness for any move that might be ordered.

While still encamped at Carrollton our assistant surgeon, Sylvester Campbell, was the second of our commissioned officers to die. He was a Christian gentleman in the truest sense, and a skilled physician. His death was a great shock to those of us who knew him best.

From this date on, deaths in our regiment were of such frequent occurrence that we cannot take time to enumerate them separately, but mention of them will be made in the closing pages of our history. We make an exception, however, in the case of Lieut. George T. Wilds, of Company K, who died April 20. A truer patriot, a more faithful friend, and a

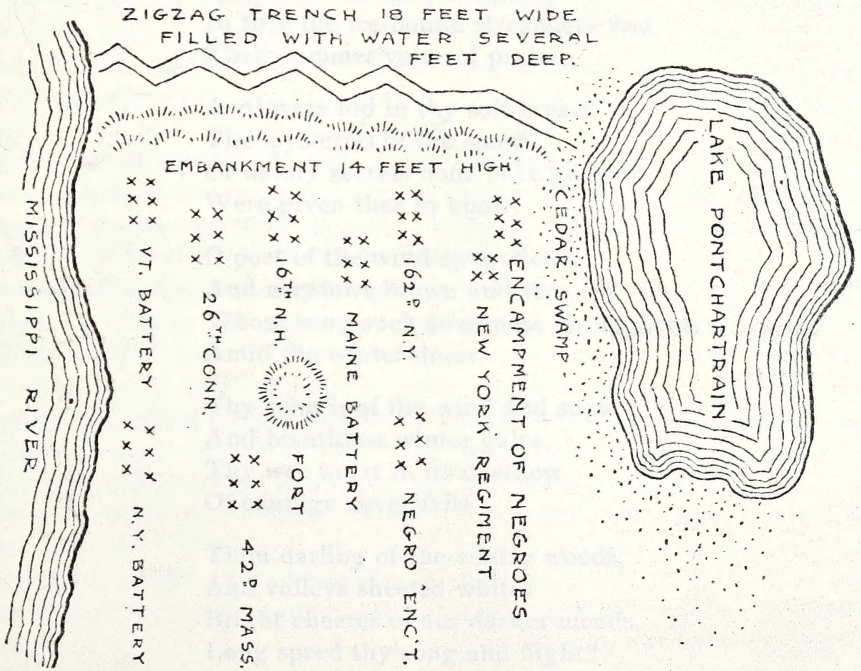
more devout Christian could not be found in our regiment or any other. His death cast a gloom over his entire company and over all the officers of the regiment.

As already suggested, this sort of campaigning in which we were engaged at Carrollton was not only unsatisfactory, but demoralizing. Debilitated by the climate, and half sick from poor food and exposure, some of our men became despondent. Others, tired of the merely mechanical round of duties, began to think too much. They saw imaginary perils, greater, perhaps, than ever would come to them on the field of battle. Home and friends became idealized, and in consequence homesickness was on the increase. Unless soon called into active service, the danger was that the courage of our men would be less than when they left home, and less than that of those who had nothing comparatively at stake, as we had. And it were better, too, if our men had enlisted for the war, for there were those, only a few, who already were counting the months and weeks that remained to complete the time of their enlistment.

All the more were they thinking these unpatriotic and unsoldierly thoughts because nothing aggressive was doing. The expressions were freely indulged, that if we were to move against the enemy at all, it should be before the heat became more oppressive, and before death made any further inroads upon our ranks.

Such were the closing days of our encampment in this malarial region, which, beginning in December, extended through the wet and disagreeable months of January and February.

The accompanying sketch will aid the reader in getting a clearer idea of this encampment.



There were occasional changes in the positions of the regiments, and at times the Thirty-first Massachusetts, the Fifty-third Massachusetts, and the One Hundred Seventy-fifth New York were encamped near us. As will be seen, we were surrounded by water, swamps, and low land. This low and wet plain was ditched in every direction, and the surface of the Mississippi was from ten to fourteen feet above the ground of our encampment. There was a liability during our stay there of a break in the levees which would have deluged the flats and made of them boating rather than parade grounds. Contrabands were kept constantly busy with their hand-barrows fighting this dangerous enemy.

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[*To be continued.*]

TO A CHICKADEE.

By Lisa A. Fletcher.

I list that bright and cheering strain
From yonder leafless tree,
And know that thou art here again,
My winsome chickadee.

Though winter be to thee unkind,
And chill and dark the days,
In thee the ice-bound streamlets find
Their summer voice of praise,

As if were hid in thy soft breast
The mysteries of the snow,
Or dainty secrets none have guessed
Were given thee to know.

O poet of the wind-swept fields
And meadows brown and sere,
Whose song such sweetness for us yields
Amid the winter drear,

Thy song is of the wind and snow,
And breathless winter gales,
Thy wee heart in its overflow
Of courage never fails.

Thou darling of the wintry woods,
And valleys sheeted white,
Bright cheerer of our darker moods,
Long speed thy song and flight!

AFTER MANY YEARS.

By Lou D. Stearns.

SHE raised her eyes from the letter in her lap,—such grave, beautiful eyes, full of a half-wistful, half-questioning light,—and then she dropped them again and again scanned the written words.

There was no need to read them. It seemed to her they had danced almost incessantly before her eyes since the letter came yesterday morning, and yet there was nothing remarkable about them. The letter, or note, for it was nothing more, contained only a few words,—merely a request that the writer might call.

It was no unusual request: nothing to bring such a strange look to the face of the woman who sat there, with the glorious summer sunshine about her, and the warm summer breeze lifting lightly the soft, luxuriant hair from her brow and stirring the rare old lace upon her gown.

She had received hundreds like it before and would, perchance, receive hundreds more in the years to come, only—she had waited for *this* one for *ten long years*; had *hoped* for it, but now it was here she *shrank* from it.

She glanced about the room with its elegant belongings, and down at her dress of softest shimmering silk, and then she sighed, and her mind went back to the years when she, a small, slight girl, had known Earland Ray.

It had been an easy matter for him to win her love, and then, growing weary of it, he had thrown it one side, and one night,—how well she remembered it,—he had come to her and asked to be free.

She could feel even now the great wave of pain that rushed over her as she pushed back the curling hair from her brow and looked into his face to read the truth of what he said, and even now she seemed almost again to hear his words,—the deep, full voice with the note of impatience in it.

"I mean what I say, Bird. It 's the only way and better for us both. We should never be content. *You* are a mere child and *I* a man who would better have a wife nearer my own age than a child to pet and love."

Child was she? Perchance she *might* have been when he began, but when he ended, her childhood had ended, too, and she stood before him a woman.

It seemed somehow to stun her. She could not take it in, only tried in a dazed way to realize that *somehow* her life had come to an end, and her face, as she turned quietly away, was as white as it would be when it bore the stamp of death.

Mechanically she moved the books and papers about on the stand beside her and placed them, one by one, in order, then she came and stood before him, holding out his ring.

"Take it," she said, "I give it to you gladly. I would give far more were it in my power to render you happy by so doing, and now, good-by."

He looked at her in amaze.

"Don't feel badly, Bird," he said. "It's best for us both."

"I understand." She said the words listlessly, and then, of a sudden, her face quivered and with an impatient gesture she cried:

"But *I* shall go away—*far* away. How can I stay another moment, knowing what you say is true?"

Her white face seemed to move him. The pain in her voice and eyes reproached him and he took her hands in his.

"Bird," he said, "I am sorry. Perhaps I have been wrong. I didn't intend it."

She drew her hands away. The passionate fire and pain faded from her face and only the tired, white look remained.

"Never mind," she said, "it's over now. I only want to say good-by."

He bent his head and the impatience died from his voice.

"But we can still be friends, you know,—can we not?" he said.

Her lips quivered and her voice broke.

"I hope so, only,—we will be so far apart, it may be, and *you* will have a wife."

He smiled. "And you will have a husband and will forget *me* and that you ever cared."

A sudden protest rose to her lips, then she checked it, and her face grew even whiter as she said, half under her breath,—

"Will you say good-by? I can't go without it."

That was years ago, but her cheeks even now grew hot at the remembrance and at thought of the bitter pain which had followed.

It had driven her to work and the latent powers and possibilities of her nature awoke, and life, which, had it been passed as she would have chosen, would have been passive, stagnated, it may be, by the very happiness of her love, had now blossomed and grown rich and full.

She had graduated from a young woman's college and had finished a course at a business school,—not with any intention of going into business but simply for the experience it gave,—she had discovered in her soul a love of art and most exquisite pictures bloomed under her touch, and when her health began to fail she had paused and for a time had tried to rest a bit, but the old unrest of her heart urged her to work, and so she turned to her pen and the world with one accord "paused for awhile to hear," read her books and ended with loud cries for more, and so riches, success, and fame came to her.

In her heart she knew she owed it to him, and she often wondered,—ought she not to be thankful to him?

The question came to her to-day and her intellect answered *yes*, but her woman's heart drew back and questioned,—was it worth the price she had paid? Then he was announced.

He had been trying to picture her to himself and thinking of the girl with the sad, white face and great, sorrowful eyes, who would not leave him until he had said "*good-by*," and he said to himself, he would be very careful *this* time for she was always emotional and undoubtedly

the woman was much as the girl *had* been, and then,—he was announced.

He stepped forward with outstretched hand, then drew back, doubt and amaze struggling for the mastery in his face.

Surely this woman, with her rich, glowing beauty, her graceful ease and half conscious air of power, could have naught in common with the slight, pale girl he remembered so well.

"Pardon me," he said, "I think there is some mistake. I expected to find an old friend. Surely *this* is not Miss Lee?"

A low, rippling laugh interrupted him.

"*I* lay claim to a better memory," she cried, "and am pleased to see you, neither do I doubt your identity. Yes," and a sudden, indefinable change came to her voice, "*this* is Miss Lee, or it may be better proof if I use my childhood name and say, *this* is Bird, only a woman, whereas the Bird *you* knew was but a child. You seem surprised. Did you not realize that years leave us not as they find us?"

He smiled. "Pardon me," he replied. "I *was* surprised. I think I had expected to find my little friend of a few years ago, slightly older perhaps but still the same, but I find instead—"

"Spare me," she interrupted with a half impatient gesture. "Do you not know women dislike to hear of past charms?"

"*Past* charms! Listen, Bird. I find the most beautiful woman the whole world holds! The most—"

"Hush!" There was no impatient gesture *this* time, only a grave earnestness in her voice. "Do you think such words are pleasing to me? Sit down and talk to me if you will of the news of the day, of the theatre last evening, the lecture this, or the concert to-morrow, but do not try to tempt me with sugar-plums, for I do not care for them."

There was a moment of silence. Beatrice Lee leaned smilingly back in her chair and, folding her hands idly in her lap, waited.

"Bird," he began at last, "for the sake of the old times shall we not be friends?"

She caught her breath quickly and a sudden fire leaped to her face.

"For the sake of the *old* days!" and an unutterable scorn was in her voice. "Do you know what the old days did for me? They took my happy girlhood from me; they changed me in a day from a girl to a woman; they took all faith, and love, and trust from my nature and taught me suspicion and bitterness instead, and yet you ask me for *their* sake to be friends. Ah, if you *would* be friends, speak not to me of those days, else I tell you frankly there shall be no vestige of friendship between us."

She had arisen and stood before him, her eyes bright as stars and her cheeks flushed as the rose at her belt. The sunlight streamed in at the open window and falling across her hair turned it to gold, and spite of the fire in her eyes her face was cold and proud. There was nothing about her to remind him of the young girl who would not leave him without a *good-by* and yet it came vividly before his mind with a sudden regret.

His cheek crimsoned. "But, Bird," he began, "you are a woman. Can you not forgive?"

She laughed lightly. The sparkle died from her eyes and the flush from her face and left it quietly beautiful once more.

"Forgive? *I* have nothing to forgive. Could you find the girl of ten summers ago you might well plead for *her* forgiveness, but that is as nothing to me. I live in a beautiful world of fancies and dreams. I love it and it makes my life. I care not for the past, even as much as that," and she snapped her finger and thumb carelessly as she reseated herself. "What broke the heart of the girl is no more to the woman than the disappointment that interrupts her for five minutes in the midst of an interesting book. It angered me that you should presume it was."

He leaned forward eagerly.

"Then we may be friends,—not on any past footing, but simply from to-day?"

She drew her brows into a half frown. "Beatrice Lee is not accustomed to give her friendship in *that* way. We are hardly acquaintances, remember. As the days go by you may not care for my regard, but should you, it must be won as by any other,—simply by showing me you are worthy. Now tell me of your wife and children. Are they well?"

His face clouded. "My wife is dead. Did you not know? I have one child, a little girl of eight years."

The woman's face softened. "I love children, girls especially," she said. "Will you bring her to see me? That is, if you are stopping here for long,—I have not asked you and until receiving the note did not know you were in the place."

"We shall be here for the summer, I think. Yes, I shall be more than glad to bring Helen to you. The child misses her mother."

"Poor child!" The woman's voice was low and sweet and her eyes grew wonderfully tender, but for a second only; the next, she had arisen. "Pardon me," she said, "I have an engagement at this time."

He, too, arose. "I have lingered unconsciously, and it is I who must beg pardon," he said. "Do I have your permission to come again soon?"

Again the white brow was drawn into almost a frown.

"I neither give nor withhold my permission," she replied. "Come if you like, but I do not promise to see you. I have not much time to spare except for my dearest friends. I give you fair warning,—you won't gain much if you win my friendship. I am selfish and, they say, a creature of caprice. Good-by."

For a second her hand lay in his; the next, he was walking down the street with bent head and downcast face, and *she* was standing before the window, a look on her face which would have been hard to interpret, as she watched him on his way.

* * * * * *

"What is that, Grace?" and Beatrice Lee turned her head slightly and for a second her fingers rested from their rapid movement. "Mr. Ray again! It is certainly too ridiculous; human nature has its limit and *mine* has been taxed to the utmost; this is the *third* time this week! I'll not see him."

"But, my dear, you *must*. I told him you were in."

"So much the better! He'll understand in that case that I have *other* things to do besides talking with his royal highness. You are full of resources, Grace. Make whatever excuse you like and I'll stand by you."

Grace Lee smiled and bending down looked into her sister-in-law's face. She was a tiny bit of a woman, whose life was bound up in her husband and the tiny occupant of the nursery upstairs, and whose admiration for her beautiful sister-in-law was unsurpassed.

"Don't you know, Bird, the man *loves* you?" she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nonsense!"

"It's not nonsense, Bird. It's sense and truth."

"Well, what then? Other men have professed to do the same. It's strange, I admit, but nothing so new as to alarm you, is it Grace?" and she laughed softly.

Grace Lee sighed. "*Have* you a heart, Bird?"

"Heart, oh, yes. Justnow it is buried here," and she laid her hand on the closely-written pages beside her. "But go quickly, Grace. Mr. Ray will be sadly impatient."

Mrs. Lee turned slowly. "I'm quite sure I shall have to ask him to tea," she said, as she closed the door.

In a moment, however, she reappeared. "The man won't take a refusal, Bird," she said, "and the child looked really heartbroken."

"Helen? Ah, if *she's* there it's another story!" and the writing was pushed aside, the wayward curls brushed hastily back from her brow, the withered rose at her belt changed for a fresh one, and she ran hastily down and a moment later was bending to receive a kiss from the child.

"I'm so glad, dear Miss Lee," she cried, "I thought you were not coming."

"Ah," she said playfully, "but I had no idea my little Helen was waiting for me."

Then she turned and held out her hand to the gentleman who stood gravely waiting. "Pardon me," she said, "but I most certainly should have come at once had I known little Helen was here."

He smiled and frowned in almost the same breath. "Shall I be jealous of the child, or grateful to her?" he queried.

"Just as you please," came the prompt response, "it makes no difference to me. I wonder how it would work if I were to adopt Helen and keep her here altogether. Would you come, dear?"

The little girl looked first from one to the other, and then, drawing nearer and slipping her hand into her new friend's, asked softly:

"Would you keep papa, too?"

The man smiled and looked triumphantly into the lovely face opposite.

"Oh, dear, no," she said. "It wouldn't be convenient and besides, it would be too much bother; little girls are nicer than men."

The child, however, was not to be convinced. "Papa is very nice," she pleaded, "I'm sure it would n't be a bother. You would like it, would n't you, Papa? Then we could all live together, you know."

The man looked out of the window. "Yes," he said, "if Miss Lee is willing."

"Helen," said Bird gravely, but

with flushed cheeks, "little girls shouldn't talk so much. I've changed my mind. I'll not adopt either you or your papa at present."

At present. The man noticed the words and a sudden gladness came to him. For a moment he let his eyes wander to the bright, beautiful face, the flush on her cheeks, the half smile on the red lips, and the dark eyes aglow with love for the child who leaned against her knee, then he said,—

"Suppose we change the programme and you let *us* adopt *you* for a bit? Have you seen Black Rock during the last few weeks? Helen has been teasing me for weeks to take her there, and it's well worth seeing; will you go with us to-morrow?"

"Most gladly," she replied, while her eyes glowed with pleasure. "I was scolding myself only yesterday that I had not been there. How very kind of you to think of it!"

"Does it make me one point nearer the goal?" he asked.

"The goal?"

"Your friendship. Do you not remember? It has been many weeks since I began to work for it; have I gained a bit in the race?"

She smiled half teasingly. "You are Helen's father, you know, *that* gives you great advantage." Then, a moment later she arose and with just a touch of shyness crossed to his side with outstretched hand.

"I offer you my friendship," she said. "You have made the weeks very pleasant."

How his dark face brightened, then grew as tender as a woman's as he took her hand closely in both his own.

"My *best* friend," he said, "God bless you, dear." A second the dark eyes looked into his and something in their depths reminded him of the girl of long ago, and a passionate fire sprang to his face. How he had thrown her love away! What a brute he had been! He said to himself that, please God, for the remainder of his life he would strive to atone, for what did the soft light in the dark eyes mean except that he had won his way into her heart?

The days flew by and lengthened into weeks and still he lingered, and not a day but found him by her side. Together they rowed up the river in the still, summer evenings; together they rambled over the hills or down deserted lanes and byways in search of wild flowers, or when the evenings were too hot, together they sat out on the porch, he reading aloud and often pausing for a second to let his eyes wander to the bright face of such rare beauty near by, with eyes of such wondrous depths, now full of fire and shining like stars, again soft and tender, full of an almost pleading light.

There was power in every line of her face, the power of one who had attempted much and succeeded.

He loved to sit and watch her. He loved her with a love he had never felt before. It became a part of his life. Right gladly would he have endured any hardship, even death, for her sake and as he saw the light come to her eyes at his approach, saw her face grow eager and glad at his words; he felt his love was not in vain.

The writing was sadly neglected these days. Her magazines lay for weeks with uncut leaves upon her table. The outside world at last held an interest for her, and the outside

world looked on and smiled,—wondered if she would bury her talents in a quiet home life after all,—and shook its head with a sigh, while old Black Rock out beside the throbbing, restless sea, where the three passed many an hour, smiled, or would have smiled had it had eyes to see the beautiful woman, fair as the summer day itself, with a light in her eyes that had not been there for many a day, and the dark-faced, handsome man and merry child, both of whom showed in every word and act how dear the woman was to them.

Thus the summer passed and autumn was bringing close the time for farewell.

Beatrice Lee sat by the open window, her eyes dreamily smiling, her hands clasped idly in her lap as she watched, or *seemed* to watch, the autumn leaves, golden and brown, as they dropped from the gaunt old trees and lay in little crimson heaps by the roadside.

Her sister Grace, book in hand, sat near by. At last the book was laid one side.

"Bird," she said, "be careful, Earland Ray loves you."

"Well, and if he does, what then?"

"Oh, nothing, except probably wedding cards and cake."

"What!"

The woman laughed. "It's time you awoke to reality, Bird. You've written up numberless heroines and made them fall in love all properly and in good time, but I told John last night I was quite certain you did not understand the way you yourself were going. Every one else knows it, my dear. There is but *one* thing in all the world that brings the same look to a woman's face. Ah, Bird, Bird,—stop a bit and ask yourself how you will feel when it comes time to say good-by."

Beatrice Lee turned, and the smile was gone from face and eyes. She reached up one white, jeweled hand and drew the window down, and she shivered a bit.

"It's growing colder," she said. "What gave you such insight into my heart, O wise sister mine?"

Grace smiled. "It's a familiar path, my dear, but confess, am I not right?"

There was a moment's silence and Bird let her eyes wander again to the window. "*Could* it be?" she questioned. Up the street came a tall, straight figure, grown very familiar in these last weeks, and a sudden glow came to her cheeks, a sudden thrill of gladness to her heart, and she was answered.

On the opposite side, came a man equally tall, but he stooped a bit, and his hair and beard were quite gray.

She turned away, a sort of indecision on her face.

"General Graves is coming," she said. "You know, as well as I, the question he comes to ask. What shall I say to him?"

"Say to *him!* You can't very well say *yes* to *two* men, child."

She laughed. "I have not said it to *one* yet."

"But, Mr. Ray—?"

"Will not ask me to say it, most likely."

"Ah, but he will, and *then*, my dear, I think you will not need to ask what your answer shall be."

For just a moment there was silence, then she leaned forward and opening the window again leaned her

head against it, as she said, wearily,—

"It has been a beautiful day, Grace,—a beautiful summer, too, and I did not understand there was anything to make me so happy except God's beautiful world. What made you rouse me to the fact?"

Grace Lee crossed over and rested her hand on the bowed head.

"How strangely you look and act, dear," she said. "Why should your love make you unhappy, child?"

"General Graves is in the parlor asking for Miss Bird."

It was the servant's voice and Bird arose. At the door she turned, and there was a dull red in her cheeks—a restless fire in her eyes. She came back and stood by her sister's side.

"You are right, Grace," she said. "I love him. For ten long years, since a child of nineteen, I have loved him, and lived for him, and worked for him. Never a picture have I painted, never written a line, but I have thought,—*He* will see it some day and know it was mine. I determined to make him own my power. *Now* it is done and I have nothing more to work for because,—I am a woman, you know, with a woman's heart that will not risk being broken for a moment of joy. Do you understand? Good-night."

She went noiselessly from the room and down to General Graves. He met her with outstretched hands.

"You are very good," he began, "I wanted so much to see you, to know the answer you have for me. Is it to make me happy?"

She drew her hands away and sat down. "I thought I had decided," she said, "but I find I have not. Will you give me another day? I was going to tell you I did not love you, but,—would you wish me to marry you, knowing that?"

A moment he hesitated, while he stood looking earnestly into the flushed, beautiful face, and the eyes that seemed all on fire to-night, then he answered her gravely.

"Yes," he said, "for love might come by and by, and, in any case, I should have you near."

"Then," she said, and there was a certain hardness in her voice, "give me one more day in which to decide."

He took her hand. "And if your answer be *yes*, will you marry me at once, Bird? I have business that calls me across the water and must be off inside of ten days. I wish I might take my wife with me."

She caught her breath quickly and her face grew suddenly white.

"Yes, she said, "*if* I marry you it shall be as soon as you like."

* * * * * *

"But, Papa, aren't you going to take me, too?"

"Not to-night, dear," and Mr. Ray bent and kissed his little daughter. "Papa wants to see Miss Bird alone to-night.

"Tell me about it, Papa. What are you going for?"

A moment the man hesitated, then he sat down and took the child in his arms.

"Do you love Miss Bird, Helen?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, very much; and you do, too, don't you Papa?"

A sudden light came to the dark face. "Yes, little one," he replied, "I love her very dearly. She and my little girl are the whole world to me, and Helen dear, I am going

to-night to ask her if she will come here and live with us and be your mamma. Would you like it?"

"Oh, yes! O Papa, are you *sure* she'll come?"

"I think so, dear."

"Papa," and the little face grew very earnest, "I will kneel just here and ask God to make her come and I will ask Him all the time you are away until you come again."

He held her very closely. "God bless you, my darling," he said, "but your little eyes must be closed fast in sleep before papa comes back Now kiss me and I will go."

She kissed him, then slipped on her knees by the chair, as he left her.

As he walked along the street he heard the glad sound of wedding bells and he smiled. "Some one is happy to-night," he mused.

He had sent a note to Bird in the afternoon, telling her to expect him and the question which he should come to ask, and as he rang the bell and stood for a moment in waiting, all his heart sprang to his eyes.

The door opened.

"Is Miss Beatrice in?" he asked of the servant who answered his ring.

The girl smiled, then a strange look of half pity came to her face.

"Miss Beatrice she be gone," she said, "but she said as did Mr. Ray call to hand him this."

He took the envelope from her hand with a little disappointed look. Of course, he said to himself, it was better to get a *written* yes than no answer at all, then he opened it as he turned away and then,—how the light fled from his face! how white and old it grew!

The merry laughter of the children playing opposite sounded strange and afar off, as he listened to them a moment, then, with her wedding-card in his hand, turned and walked wearily up the street, while in the old church yonder a woman, with rarely beautiful face, from which every trace of color had fled, stood before God's altar and at that very moment was promising in clear tones to "love, honor, and obey" until death.

Her eyes wandered to the window opposite just as Earland Ray turned from the door, her card in his hand, and a sudden break came to her voice, a strange look crept into the beautiful eyes, and over the white face an ashen grey, like the shadow of death, settled, as she turned from the altar—a wife.

TWO QUATRAINS.

By Willis Edwin Hurd.

THE SNOWFLAKE.

Like a murmur of peace to the earth below,
O'er shadowing the ground,
Falls the pure emblem—the heaven-born snow—
In crystal flakes around.

LAUGHTER.

When laughter speeds o'er hill and dale,
And scents the far-off old year going,
It smiles more sweetly for the hale
And ruddy new year freshly glowing.

REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

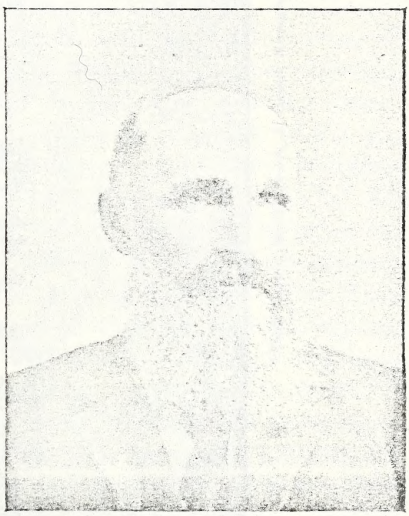
By H. H. Metcalf.

ALFRED J. GOULD, NEWPORT.

In the northwestern portion of the town of Newport, four or five miles distant from the village, on the road from Northville to Cornish Flat, is the Gould homestead, now known as "Fruit Farm," originally settled by Nathan Gould of Hopkinton in 1790, and now the home of his grandson, Alfred J. Gould, who has long been regarded as one of the most prosperous and successful farmers in the town. Here were reared the ten children of Nathan and Betsey (Goodwin) Gould, and here their eldest son, Gideon, lived and died at the age of more than fourscore years.

Alfred J. Gould, only child of Gideon and Sally (Ward) Gould, was born at the old homestead, January 18, 1840, and here has always had his home, succeeding to the estate upon his father's decease. He was educated at the district school and at Newport academy, but with a natural inclination for the occupation of his ancestors, has devoted himself closely to agriculture throughout his life, and by thorough cultivation has maintained the fertility and increased the productiveness of the farm, which, originally embracing one hundred and fifty acres, now includes about three hundred and fifty, extensive additions having been made from time to time by his father and himself. From fifty to seventy-five acres are in mowing and tillage, and the annual hay crop averages about seventy-five tons.

Mixed farming has always been pursued on this farm, though it had a reputation for the excellence of its dairy products half a century ago and more, and has been known, particularly of late, for the excellent quality and large variety of its fruit. From twenty to thirty head of cattle, four horses, and about fifty sheep are usually kept, and the raising of milch cows for sale has been quite a feature in the recent management of the place. So, also, is the maple sugar product, sent to the Boston market largely in the form of superior syrup,



Alfred J. Gould.



"Fruit Farm" Buildings—A. J. Gould, Newport.

of which some four hundred or five hundred gallons are annually produced. He raises annually from a ton to a ton and a half of pork for market, believing it to be far preferable to the purchase of commercial fertilizers.

Mr. Gould has a natural taste for fruit culture, and, his soil being peculiarly adapted to the thrifty growth of the apple, he has taken pains to graft to the best varieties all apple-trees springing up on the place, and has set many more, so that he has now on his farm over 1,000 grafted apple-trees. Many of these have not come into full bearing as yet, though his average product is from one hundred and fifty to four hundred barrels, which will be largely increased in a few years, the Baldwin being the leading variety. He has also about one hundred and twenty-five plum and as many pear-trees, and many bushels of these choice fruits are also marketed in bearing years.

Although with characteristic modesty refraining from any active demonstration in the political field, Mr. Gould, who is a Republican, is interested in public affairs, and has served four years as a member of the board of selectmen, and was a representative from Newport in the legislature of 1889, serving as a member of the finance committee and taking an active interest in all matters of importance coming before the house. He is liberal in his religious convictions; is a member of Sugar River lodge, No. 55, I. O. O. F., and also of Sullivan grange, No. 8, of Newport, of which organization he has been several years treasurer. He is one of the trustees of the Newport Savings bank.

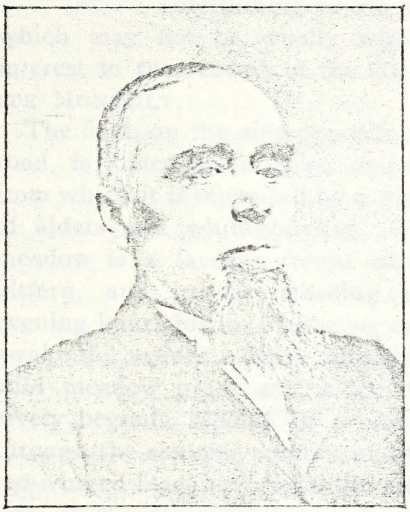
Mr. Gould married Sarah Jane Ayers, of Cornish, December 15, 1861, who died October 6, 1864, leaving one son, who also died at the age of five years. February 3, 1866, he was united with his present wife, Miss Orpha A. Honey, of Lempster, by whom he has one daughter, Mary Alice, born June 1, 1886, while two sons died in infancy.

PHILIP C. CLOUGH, CANTERBURY.

A prominent representative of the well-known Clough family of Canterbury is Philip Carrigan, son of Thomas and Hannah (Hazeltine) Clough, born February 19, 1835, upon the old homestead, now in his possession, and originally owned by his grandfather, Obadiah Clough, where he has ever had his home. Mr. Clough was educated in the district schools and at New Hampton Institution, and has devoted his life to agricultural pursuits, studying the best methods and doing thoroughly whatever he undertakes. The home farm, upon which is a substantial set of buildings, contains about 125 acres. In addition to this, he has about 200 acres more, in two other localities in town, mostly wood and pasture, one lot being the old Hazeltine place, formerly occupied by his mother's family. About 50 acres of his home farm are in mowing and tillage, and are thoroughly cultivated. In former years, wool growing was a specialty on this farm, from 125 to 150 fine sheep being kept for this purpose; but of late dairying has been a leading feature, and of the 25 head of cattle usually kept, about 15 are milch cows, whose production is carried to the creamery, a stock company which Mr. Clough was largely

interested in establishing, and the cream sold to H. P. Hood & Sons of Derry. The hay product is supplemented for feeding purposes by ensilage, for which about five acres of Northern corn are usually raised, and cut into the silo, ears and all, at the proper time. Three horses are also kept on the place.

The stock kept is mostly of the Holstein breed, and includes some



Philip C. Clough.

superior animals. Mr. Clough has been a successful exhibitor at the fairs, and at the last state exhibition, at Tilton, won a first prize on bull, and also on milch cow. A good amount of fruit is produced, and in bearing years several hundred barrels of apples are sold. Mr. Clough also buys apples quite extensively for the market, and owns a half interest in the Canterbury Store Co.; and here it may be said that he has also for many years sold agricultural implements of various kinds, being the agent of the well-known Boston firm of George Tyler & Co. Believing in the best tools of all kinds for his own use, he has thus been instrumental in furnishing superior implements to others.

Mr. Clough married, August 30, 1866, Mary E. Batchelder, daughter of Eleazer Batchelder, of Canterbury. Two children were born to them, but both died in infancy. About fifteen years ago they took to their home two children,—Katie and Henry Gleason—giving them a good, practical education at the town school and Tilton Seminary. Katie is now engaged in teaching, while Henry is still at home caring for the interests of the farm.

Mr. Clough is a member of the Congregational church, and in politics, Republican. He has been several times a member of the board of selectmen in Canterbury, and two years chairman, and in November, 1896, was chosen representative to the legislature by seventy-eight majority, though the town has ordinarily been Democratic. He is a member of Doric lodge, F. & A. M., of Tilton; was a charter member of Merrimack River grange, of Canterbury, of which he has been master, and a charter member and first steward of Merrimack County Pomona grange. He was an active promoter of the Grange State fair, and has been superintendent of different departments and a member of the executive committee. He is also president of the Canterbury & Boscawen Telephone company.

THE WINTER TENANTS OF AN OLD WELL.

By H. H. Hanson.

NOT far from my home is a field bordering the highway, which contains something quite entertaining to me, and which may not be wholly without interest to the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

The field, on the side opposite the road, is joined by a large meadow from which it is separated by a fringe of alders and white birches. This meadow is a favorite haunt of the bittern, and in the morning and evening hours his loud booming cries awake the echoes. Here among the wild meadow grass and sedge, the lovely begonia blooms in profusion through the summer months, and the red-winged blackbird scolds from the tops of the alder thickets. On the other edge of the field, near the road, is a row of large sugar maples throwing, in summer, a cool, delightful shade for the dusty traveler, and one giant elm reaching out his proud branches, eighty feet or more above the earth, and seeming to draw haughtily aloof from the more humble trees at his side.

But it is not the maples and their neighbor, the elm, that I purpose to talk about in this sketch, neither is it the meadow, but a den of snakes. Years ago, there was an old farmhouse with its accompanying barn in this field; but long ago they were moved away, and the cellar was filled up with rocks and dirt. Beneath the elm is the old well; but this, like the cellar, is filled up with rocks and covered over with dirt. This well is my snake den. Here they stay through the winter. Black snakes, striped snakes, green snakes, wood snakes, and adders; snakes, long, short, big, and little, live together among the rocks in the old well for nearly six months in the year.

They do not come out until the latter part of April; for the heat cannot reach them very early in their underground home. After the ground has been thoroughly warmed and the sun is shining bright, some warm day near the close of April or the first of May, I have seen three black heads sticking out of the ground from one hole. Go near them, and all disappear.

More commonly, one will appear at a time. First, with his nose just in sight he may lay all day, if not disturbed, not rising above the level of the ground. Next day, he is bolder and stays for hours, rising about six inches from the mouth of the hole, looking like a dried stick from the tree above him. Approach nearer, and the head sways slightly and he backs out of sight. But you cannot keep them long in the den after the warm days of summer have actually commenced. He will sneak out when you are not looking and escape.

The adder does not come out in the manner of the black snake. He may lay for a day or two with his nose just visible, in order to get warmed up, but when he gets ready to come out he does so without any reconnoitering. I have never seen an adder's head raised above the ground when they are ready to come out. In this den, the black snakes predominate, there probably being half a dozen of these to one of any other kind. Adders come next on the list, and last, a few striped, green, and wood snakes. These are smaller than their neighbors and quicker, darting back into the hole very suddenly when you approach. I have seldom been able to capture any of these, but nearly every spring I get some black ones and a few adders. The longest snake captured from this den was a black one five feet, four inches long. They will probably average about four feet.

I have never seen as many snakes here since as there were the first spring the den was discovered. Perhaps it is because I do not watch them as closely as I did then, but I do not think as many winter here now. I was quite young when we found these snake holes one day by accident, and not having much else to do, I watched the place very closely and killed a large number before they were warm and nimble enough to escape, for at first they are numb and stupid. Sometimes, impatient at the slow motions of some old fellow who did not seem inclined to show more than a few inches of his head and neck, I would creep as near as possible, unobserved by keeping behind the old elm, then, by making a quick rush, I would be able to seize him by the neck before he could back into the ground. Even then, they would resist so firmly as sometimes to allow themselves to be pulled in two pieces, rather than let go their hold from the rocks below. I have never seen a snake lingering around here in the fall, but they know some way how to find the den, for since the first spring the number has not seemed to diminish, and each spring after the snow has all disappeared and the surface of the ground is warm and dry, I expect to see a black head sticking out of the old well under the elm.

ON THE STAIR.

By L. Arolyn Caverly.

The sunshine through the casement
  Smote rainbows down the stair,
And such a haloed grace lent
  As pictured angels wear,
To crown the childish face bent
  To kiss me from the stair;

With hair like silk a-blowing
  Amid the bending corn,
When windy waves are flowing
  From out the sea of morn;
And cheeks like poppies glowing
  Amid the summer corn;

And eyes so loving-simple
  They won you unaware,
Twin bluets, by her wimple
  Foam-wreathed and doubly fair;
And one capricious dimple
  That won you unaware.

I conjure up the vision,
  While morn by morn shines dead;
The sunshine, in derision,
  Bemocks that radiant head;
Then straight the dream elysian
  Fades, and the morn is dead,

And I, alone with Sorrow
  Upon the haunted stair,
Some solace fain would borrow
  From dreams of Otherwhere,
Where we may kiss good-morrow
  On some celestial stair.

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER VII.

TUESDAY, January 10. Is it possible that it is almost three weeks since Mr. Ladd was hurt? He has been very patient during his illness,—but then, he has been Mother's charge, and her invalids always enjoy being sick. To-day, he seemed restless, and as if he needed to be entertained, so Mother said to me "Polly, I don't need your help about the house, and I want some flax spun; you had better get out the little wheel and chat with Mr. Ladd while you spin." Mr. Ladd was very much pleased, and declared there is no prettier picture to be found than some one spinning in front of a generous hearth fire. His books have been sent from town and he asked me, as I arranged the wheel, if I would like to have him read aloud as I spun. "Will you, really? Oh, thank you!"

I exclaimed, and rushed off to the attic to get the flax. When I returned, he had his books spread out on the table all ready to begin.

"What shall we read first?" he asked. "These are the works of Walter Scott, whose writings are so much talked about just now. Here is 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' this one is 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' and this one," taking up a third book, "is his latest poem, 'Marmion.'" After a moment's consideration, we decided upon "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which he at once began to read while I spun and listened happily, for a new book is a rare treat to me.

Sat., Jan. 14.

O my diary! I wonder if you can imagine how happy I am? I work with a will now, for I know that when all is tidy I can sew or spin or knit while Mr. Ladd reads! I am impatient to get to our reading again. Mother doesn't allow me to read worldly books on the Sabbath, so I must wait till day after to-morrow, I suppose. Mother has never let me read novels, as a rule, although there are some that she recommends as healthful in tone, and she listened to "Marmion" for awhile before she gave me permission to hear a number of books by the same writer; but since she has known something of the style of his works, I think she likes to listen to our readings as well as I do. I wonder, with everybody else, who this "Waverly" can be? Then, too, Mr. Ladd is a very fine reader. His voice is clear, and he reads in an easy, conversational tone that is restful to listen to and seems easy to use. To-morrow morning, we are to have a fire in the parlor to get it warm enough for us to go in there after dinner, for Mother says Major and Madam Sherburne may come down to see Mr. Ladd, and we had better be ready.

Tues., 17.

The Sherburne's did come down last Sunday, and when they found Mr. L. so much better,—able to be moved from room to room,— they at once began to talk about his going home.

I was frightened, for I thought, "Oh, dear! there is an end of all our delightful readings!" but Mr. Ladd said, "No, not yet. I have just begun to realize how pleasant it is to be useful, and I enjoy it too much to resign the experience right away. At home I have no special duties, but down here I am general overseer of the housekeeping, kitchen fire, and spinning. You could n't do without me, could you, Mrs. Tucker?" then turning to his aunt he added, "You know the splints are n't to be taken off my leg till Thursday, and even if they were off now, Aunt, you would quiver every time I took a step, until that limb is as strong as the other. Feeble old gentlemen like myself often find icy sidewalks to be treacherous places; so if they will let me, I think I will stay with our kind friends here awhile longer." "*Let* you stay," exclaimed Mother, "we shall be glad to keep you as long as you can be contented here," then to Madam S., "I really do n't know what I am going to do when Mr. L. goes home, for my special care will be gone. Do leave him with us as long as you can spare him —I am sure he is welcome," and

Father added, "Yes, indeed! the longer he stays the better we shall be pleased." "Oh, thank you both!" exclaimed Madam S., "You are so kind that I am perfectly satisfied to leave him in your hands, and can I say more than that? He is all we have, you know." "One is enough of this kind," announced Mr. L., laughing to hide the fact that he was really touched by the fondness which both these good friends had expressed for him.

"There, Mrs. Tucker," exclaimed Major S., "that remark is the result of your good work, I know. If he stays here with you long enough, he may get to be quite a sensible youth, yet. So, Alfred, you're afraid to go home for fear of tumbling down, are you? Ha, ha, ha! I don't know but what you are right, but it seems to me you are careful of yourself, *unusually* so, for you, but do as you like, do as you like, boy; you always have, and so I suppose you think you must in this case." He seemed to find a great deal of amusement in the situation, for he kept chuckling and laughing quietly as he sat watching Mr. L. with *such* a wise expression of countenance, leaving Madam S. to do the talking for them both. When he took leave of Mother he said, "Good-night, Mrs. Tucker; don't distress yourself about the care of that nephew of mine, for he don't need it. He seems disposed to take precious good care of *himself*," and he trotted off, followed by Madam Sherburne, who lingered only long enough to say to Mother in a manner that seemed as if she were trying to convince herself, "Yes, certainly he had better stay where he is for he *might* slip on the ice and *then*, dear, dear! Oh, by all means let him stay with you, Mrs. Tucker, let him stay, if you please."

Thurs., Jan. 19.

This morning Mother and I have hurried with the work, for Dr. Pierpont is coming down here to take Mr. Ladd's leg out of the splints, if he finds it well enough. We are all through now and are waiting, so I ran up here to you.

It looks like snow but I hope it won't come before afternoon, for the doctor may not come if it storms, and we are anxious to hear what he will say to his patient's progress.

Sat., 21.

Dr. Pierpont came Thursday morning in good season. He found the fracture in excellent condition, took the leg out of the splints and told Mr. L. that he might go where he liked, if he would be careful about falling and would use a cane for a week or two. "And now, Alfred," he said, as he was getting ready to leave, "if you have planned any more escapades of this kind, just postpone them till warm weather, for driving over Peverly hill in winter is pretty cold work. You should be a little more considerate of your friends' comfort when you select your amusements, young man," and the good doctor bowed himself out.

Presently Father came in to hear the verdict, and Mr. L. insisted upon appearing among us "clothed and on his own feet," as he said. So he soon came out into the kitchen, using a cane and leaning on Father's arm. It was a regular holiday to us all, for he was very gay and kept us laughing all the time with his lively sallies. Mother had a turkey dinner in honor of his first appearance at

table with us, and he declared it was worth one's while to break a bone or two, in order to find out how delightful the getting well could be made.

After dinner Mr. Ladd read aloud as I worked, but if my fingers had not gone on mechanically, the knitting would soon have come to a standstill. I was so much interested in the story that I did not even notice that it was snowing until Father came in from the yard, stamping the snow off his feet and prophesying a heavy storm. It grew dark early, and Mother insisted that Mr. L. should go to his room in good season, as it was his first attempt at sitting up all day; so we were soon quiet and the house closed for the night. The snow fell steadily all night and Friday, so this morning we opened our eyes upon a transformed world. Everything was buried in snow, the walls were out of sight, the trees were loaded until their tops bent heavily with their burden, and when Father opened the back door he found a drift to the very top of it. The rooms were so darkened by the windows being partly under the drifts that we had to burn candles until Father and Charlie had cleared some of the snow away. We who live in the country expect such snows sometimes, but they always produce a sort of excitement, as if Nature were in a reckless mood and one hardly knew what to look for next. Of course heavy snows occur in the city as well as in the country, but in the one place the snow is cleared away as it falls and in the other it just buries everything, almost the houses; and the people just have to tunnel their way into daylight. That is what Father and Charlie had to do all day, nearly.

Sun., Jan. 22.

The roads are so badly blocked with snow and the wind blows so hard that there can be no going to meeting to-day. Even Father had to give up and stay at home,—a most unusual thing for him to do. Of course there can be no reading nor working, and I was expecting that Mr. Ladd would have a dull enough time; but he is n't used to being snowed-in and the novelty of it seems to please him so much that I soon gave up worrying on his account. Early this morning, Father started a fire in the parlor, but the cold is something dreadful, so it was n't really warm in there till after dinner. Then Mr. Ladd and I thought we would go in there and have a sing. We sang together all the sacred music that we could get hold of, and then Mr. L. took my place at the spinet and sang and played some wonderful music such as I had never heard before. He told me afterwards that it was oratorio music; and his clear, sympathetic voice gave added meaning to what was a revelation in itself. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed it. I could only sit and listen with all my heart to such music as seemed to me must belong to the angel choir of heaven.

He sang for half an hour, closing with "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." Then the music ceased, and Mr. L., turning around to speak to me, exclaimed, "What! in tears? Did I sing so very badly? Pardon me, and I 'll try to do better with a lighter style of music."

I protested against Mr. Ladd's so misunderstanding my emotion, and begged him to go on. I really did not know that my tears were freely

falling, until he called my attention to them. I told him, while I was sure to like anything that he might sing, nothing could please me better than those grand, solemn selections which he had just sung.

He was quiet a moment, then turned to the spinet and struck into a different strain. The music was livelier in character, but the words were in a language that I did not understand. The music was bright and Mr. Ladd's voice as wonderful as before, but some way it jarred a little.

Following the other selections, this piece seemed almost as unsuitable as it would be if one came from an act of solemn consecration and joined in dancing Viginia reel. Very likely it was like that to me because the first music did, and this piece did not, harmonize with my mood.

Perhaps my being half afraid that Father and Mother would be shocked at such lively music being used in our house on the Sabbath had something to do with my lack of appreciation of it. If they heard it they didn't say anything, and pretty soon Mr. Ladd stopped playing.

He turned to me abruptly and seemed about to say something, but checked himself and proposed that we go back to the big fireplace in the kitchen,—his favorite resort,—which we at once did.

CHAPTER VIII.

Tues., Jan. 24.

I wonder what Mr. Ladd was about to say to me when he stopped so suddenly? Most likely I never shall know, but I wish I could. The reading goes on just the same, only not so rapidly as at first, as we oftener stop to talk over what has been read. Some of the characters are more admirable than others, of course, but my sympathies are with poor, foolish, pretty little Amy. I should object to these repeated interruptions to the story if the talks were not equally interesting to me.

Thurs., Jan., 26.

Major Sherburne rode down here to-day, to see Mr. Ladd. Since the storm, the traveling has been too bad to admit of his venturing so far on a country road; then he has heard from Dr. P. how nicely Mr. L. was getting along, so he has n't felt uneasy about him. "Well, Alfred, do you feel any more like going to town than you did the other day?" he inquired. "I can't for the life of me see that there is anything the matter with you now but want of inclination to go home. Why, boy! you ought to have a little mercy on good Mrs. Tucker. She didn't agree to *adopt* you,—do you think that she did?" "Oh, no, sir! I don't flatter myself to that extent," replied Mr. L. with a light laugh. "I wish she would, though,—I 'd like nothing better than to be under her care permanently, and I need training, no doubt. By the way, what does Aunt do for some one to look after and lecture a trifle, now that I am away?"

"Now do n't you be too inquisitive, you young scapegrace! If that inquiry was suggested by this big muffler around my neck, you have lost your guess this time. Your Aunt would have wrapped me in shawls

from head to foot, but the muffler was all that I would stand."

"No, sir," replied Alfred demurely, "I didn't notice the muffler before, but since you speak of it, I *do* recognize it as the one that Aunt is always lying in wait to wrap somebody up in. No, it was your anxiety to get me home, as well as your air of general depression and patient endurance, that called forth the remark,—and my sympathy."

"Stop, young man! If you say one word more, home you go this minute! Air of depression and patient endurance, indeed! Mrs. Tucker, if you don't take this youngster in hand and teach him better manners, he will have to go to sea as cabin-boy to learn how to treat his superiors."

We laughed heartily at their nonsense, for we all know that Madam S. is one of the gentlest of women, if she *is* just a little bit fussy, and the dear old Major is a most devoted husband. Major S. is fat and jolly, and he and Alfred appear more like brothers than uncle and nephew. When they begin a tilt, Madam Sherburne, who is rather matter-of-fact, at first looks helplessly from one to the other, and failing to understand their fun, just folds her hands and waits patiently until they have finished.

Jan. 31.

Mr. Ladd is quite well now, and still he remains here. Isn't it strange that he should like to stay in the country in winter?

Of course his presence is a welcome addition to our household, and he insists, much against Father's wishes, upon paying liberally for being here. When Father told him to stay just as long as he could be contented, he meant as our guest, and for a long time refused to hear of anything else; but Mr. L. declared that he would go to town at once, glad as he would be to stay a while longer with us, unless he was allowed, as he put it, "to make some return for the trouble of having him around," so Father had to submit. Of course we are glad of the extra income, but are unwilling for it to come in that way. It seems like being paid for extending hospitality, but Father was fairly forced into letting Mr. Ladd have his own way. Farmers have so little money to use that they have to count every cent; not because they are so greedy for gain, but in order "to make both ends meet," as the saying goes. All this is disagreeable to Father, for he is generous to the last degree. I suppose Mr. Ladd must be wealthy,—the Sherburnes are, and he is of the same family. I sometimes wonder if our way of living does not seem primitive to him. Well, it is his choice to stay, and as soon as he is tired of it he can go.

Monday, Feb. 2.

Such a wonderful thing has happened that I scarcely know how to tell you of it!

Mr. Ladd has asked me to marry him! *Me!* Only think of it! I can hardly believe, even now, that it is really true, although it was last night that he told his story to an incredulous listener. You see, we had been cracking nuts and roasting apples on the kitchen hearth. Father and Charlie were out, and Mother had gone to bed with a bad headache, so Mr. Ladd and I were alone.

Each had named the other's apple before we set them down in front of the fire to roast, and were laughing and chatting over our sport until we

came to count the seeds, when all at once Mr. Ladd became very quiet. His apple had eight seeds; mine, twelve. He looked at me steadily, without smiling, while he repeated the rhyme: "One, I love, two, I love,"—and so on, until he came to his number, eight; then he asked me who the apple had been named for. I told him for his cousin, Miss Deborah Wentworth. I had heard him speak of her sometimes, and I didn't know any other lady's name to give him.

He smiled, but made no remark, except to ask me how many seeds I had found. I told him twelve, and his face lighted up as he announced: "Twelve, he *marries*; and I named it for—who do you think, little Polly?—*myself!* You must know, little girl, why your pleasant home has been so attractive to me that I could not leave it. I admired you as a pretty, innocent child when I first met you; but during my stay here I have seen in you, besides that, so much genuine womanly character as to win my entire respect and warmest affection. Can you not care for me in return, and shall we not accept the prophecy of those blessed apple seeds?"

I don't know what I said, but somehow he did not seem cast down by the answer that he gathered from my confused sentences. Later I could see that I was a little bit jealous of that handsome cousin of his, though I was scarcely conscious of it at the time. I am half afraid to be so happy for fear something will happen! And to think that *this* is what he had almost told me that Sunday, but had stopped for fear that I might not be ready to listen to him then!

Saturday, Feb. 4.

Alfred wishes to tell Father and Mother how matters stand between us, but I don't want him to just yet. I think it will be nicer to have this strange happiness all to ourselves for a while. They may not—of course will not—feel as we do, and it seems to me I could not endure a rude interruption to my dream. For the same reason, I have begged from him the promise not to tell the Sherburnes at present, though he pleaded hard to be allowed to do so.

Monday, Feb. 13.

Yesterday Alfred went to meeting with us. From my perch in the singing seats I watched him to see if he laughed at any of our oddities, for there are plenty of them, but he didn't laugh, and his manner was very respectful. I wondered how our old meeting-house would look to him, coming to it from that fine new church at Riverside, of whose beauty we hear so much.

So I tried to look at the familiar old meeting-house with a stranger's eyes. I saw a bare-looking place with staring windows, through which the sun pours in summer and which now but partially checked the entrance of the chilly winter wind. A plain, painted pulpit with faded cushions, and the huge sounding-board, that always seems to me ready to fall down on the head of the minister. From the centre of the blue ceiling hangs a chandelier, suspended by a painted rope. The great square pews, some of which have a chair in the middle, are varied only by the two long pews, one on either side of the main aisle with a rack for books in front of the seats, where the singers once sat. Every

square pew has its pole with branching pegs for the accommodation of the coats and hats of the occupants of that pew; and for the first time it occurred to me that perhaps those poles may look odd to a stranger. The chair in a pew is the seat of honor, reserved for the oldest woman of the family, and I have heard Mother tell of an old lady who once came to church, to find her chair occupied by an interloper. She motioned for him to vacate it, but he refused to move; so she promptly took from her shawl a long pin which she thrust with no gentle hand into the arm of the intruder, who at once fled from the chair and pew, while the determined old lady, with a sigh of satisfaction, settled herself calmly to the undisturbed enjoyment of the privileges and services of the hour.

There are three galleries in the house, and in the end one, directly opposite the pulpit, is the choir, and Abel Locke with his bass viol.

I suppose the old house must look queer beside modern ones, but my fathers have worshiped here and loved it, and so do I,—no matter who laughs at, or who forsakes it; so I was ready to join in good old Nettleton, which was our first hymn, and the words, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise," found a ready echo in my heart. I didn't think the sermon was so very interesting and I noticed that Alfred began to look decidedly sleepy, when all at once Parson Potter lost his place in his sermon, a common enough occurrence with him, and coughed and ahemmed, so long and loudly before he found it, as to wake everybody in the house. Then I knew by the desperately solemn face which Alfred turned to me for a moment, that he was doing his best to keep from laughing. Parson Potter is a good old soul, but he can't keep his sermon straight if nothing else would save his life. The congregation rise and join the choir in the "doxology" at the close of the service, and every one turned and looked to see who sang such a fine tenor. Of course I knew whose voice led all the rest and I just gloried in its strength and sweetness, but he did not seem to be at all conscious of the effect of his singing. As soon as the service was over he had a number of our friends and neighbors around him, each inquiring for his health and expressing pleasure at his recovery—inquiries as sincere as if couched in the best English in the world. He remembered and was glad to see all, which quite won their hearts.

Sat., Feb. 18.

Alfred has gone back to Riverside. He went to-night with Major S., who drove down from town to take him home. Alfred had intended going on Friday but waited to finish "Marmion," which he was reading to me. I am lonely so soon, although I know it is only proper that he should go, for he is quite well and has n't a shadow of an excuse for staying any longer. Not for the world would I let any one know how silly I am,—him, least of all; but I believe if anything should separate our lives now that he cares for me and wants my love in return, I should pray God to let me die, for life would be too empty and barren to be endured. You are a great safety-valve for my foolishness, my diary. What should I do without you, I wonder?

Mon., Feb. 20.

Alfred was here to-day, and if Mother does not know of our fondness for each other, I think she must have suspected something of it from our meeting. Not that either of us was demonstrative, but he looked *so* happy as he whispered in greeting me, "Is it years since I saw you last, little Polly? It seems as long as that to me and I am thankful to get back to you." I felt so, too, though I did not tell him so.

He came in in such a bright, boyish way, as if he were delighted to get back to us! Mother was thoroughly glad to see him and made him sit down and tell her how he had been every hour that he has been away from her care. She seems to think that leg is likely to snap again, though she knows that it is quite well.

Alfred wants me to accept an invitation which he brought me from his aunt, to attend a party which she is to give at her house one week from to-morrow night,—the twenty-eighth, —in honor of his return to social life. I want to go, but I am afraid of the fine company that I should meet there. Suppose I should do some dreadful thing and make Alfred ashamed of me? I don't know what would become of me if such a thing happened. Then what shall I wear?

Tues., 21.

I was too perplexed about my dress last night to tell Alfred whether I would go to the party or not. To-day, Major Sherburne came down to talk with Mother. He said he had come especially to urge her to allow me to accept Madam Sherburne's invitation and to beg Mother's acceptance of a box which he had brought from his wife. He told Mother that he thought it was her duty to let me get a glimpse of the outside world, for my entertainment and amusement, he kindly said, and probably thought, for my improvement, as I did. Mother opened the box and found a lovely brocade dress pattern, with slippers, gloves, laces, ribbons, and fan,—everything needed for a party outfit! These were on top and marked with my name; below was an elegant black silk for Mother, while a dainty note "begged our acceptance of the accompanying parcel as a slight token of appreciation of our tireless care and kindness to a beloved member of her family from his grateful aunt, Margaret Sherburne."

Mother turned to thank Major S., but he had fled. I am so happy, for now I can go to the party,—only I had rather wear a simpler dress which we had bought, than this lovely gift.

Wed., Mar. 1.

The great event is over, and I am half glad it is! Madam S. wanted Mother to let me go to Riverside and visit her while the party dress was being made, but Mother would only consent for me to go to town to have the gown fitted and tried on. I wonder why. It was finished and pronounced a great success by Madam S. last Saturday, and on Tuesday afternoon Alfred came down and took me to Riverside to be arrayed in style for the great party. I sat still while Madam Sherburne's own maid curled, plaited, and twisted my hair into an indescribable mass on top of my head, and when all was finished and the new gown on, I was bidden to look at myself. I started

back in surprise, for surely the finely dressed figure who looked at me out of the long mirror could not be simple little Polly Tucker! The French maid flattered me a good deal, and I must confess to a queer feeling of exultation. I thought, "*Now*, I shall see the fashionable world, Alfred's world," and I was glad to go among its people suitably dressed and curious to measure myself in my finery with those whose life of ease I know of only by report. In the midst of these vain thoughts Madam S. came into the room to look me over and take me with her down to the drawing-room. She was very much pleased with my looks and said that I was "a perfect wild rose of a lassie."

CHAPTER IX.

I blushed at her words of praise and wondered if she meant that she detected thorns as well as some beauty. I fairly caught my breath when we entered the drawing-room, it was so grand and more beautiful than anything that I ever saw. Great banks of flowers filled the corners of the room, vines wreathed portraits and windows, and flowers were scattered everywhere; and when the company assembled in such lovely gowns as I never dreamed of, my amazement was complete. I had begged Madam S. to allow me to look on for a while and not introduce me to many people. She was kind enough to give me in charge of a nice old gentleman, who was quite grandfatherly in his talk to me,—calling me "little girl," and "my child,"—so I had a good chance to look on and not feel obliged to talk much. The portrait of a stately dame in a shimmering pink silk gown hung right opposite me, and, try as I would, I could not look away from it. Whichever way I turned, those beautiful but haughty eyes seemed to follow me and to my excited fancy ask by what right I dared aspire to a place beside one of her kindred. My attention wandered, and I was just wishing that I dared run away and hide from those scornful eyes when Alfred came to me, looking so bright and happy that all sense of discomfort fled at his approach.

"What! you 're not moping—eh, little Polly? I am just at liberty from receiving guests, and have hastened to engage you for the next dance. I am not expected to dance to-night, on account of my lameness," he laughed, "but I must have just one with you."

I like so much to dance that a less agreeable partner than Alfred would have been welcome, but when we had made our way to the broad hall where the dancers were assembled, I was half afraid to take my place in that brilliant throng. However, I soon forgot everything but the dance, which was glorious! The sweet music, the brilliantly-lighted room, and the lovely costumes of the ladies, and, lastly, the most delightful of partners, made motion poetry and the scene a glimpse of fairy-land. When at last it was over and we sat behind some tall palms to rest, I drew a sigh of delight because we were quite

alone for the moment. Somehow, in the crowd, he seemed to belong more to them than to me, but here he was my very own friend again. I specially enjoyed watching the people from our retreat, and some of them I shall never forget. There were two old gentlemen who were together nearly all the time and who would occasionally get away from the other guests and converse earnestly. Alfred told me they were Major Gardner and Captain Manning, brothers-in-law, both men of sterling worth and warm friends of Major Sherburne, but strong partisans of the liberal political party.

Of course it was out of the question to discuss politics at a social party, so they solaced themselves by getting off in a corner and talking around the edges of the forbidden subject. A young man with a round, rosy face next attracted my attention, by his genial, kindly expression which seemed to proclaim him everybody's friend. His name was Burroughs, and the Episcopal society hope to secure him as rector for their beautiful new church just above here. But the person who attracted more attention than anybody else present, the one most sought and whose conversation was listened to with closest interest, was a large, powerful young man, not more than twenty-five years of age, with a broad, dark face, rather heavy-looking black eyes, and black hair. The general expression of his countenance in repose was *heavy;* not really dull but certainly not brilliant. He impressed me as having a great deal of power physically and intellectually, and as one who would be a dangerous opponent in argument. In conversation that dull face was transformed by a perfect play of expression, while a smile of pure kindliness displayed teeth of dazzling whiteness and lighted up the dusky eyes. I was too far away to distinguish words, but by listening I could catch the tones of his voice, which was of peculiar depth and flexibility as well as of great sweetness.

Alfred told me that he is a young lawyer, whose fine presence, strong personality, and rare mental gifts have already given him a commanding position socially and at the bar, and great things are prophesied for his future by those who are wise in such matters. He was accompanied by his bride, a beautiful, fragile woman, to whom he was devoted.

This man's name is Webster—Daniel Webster; and Alfred charged me to remember it, as he is sure to be heard from in the future.

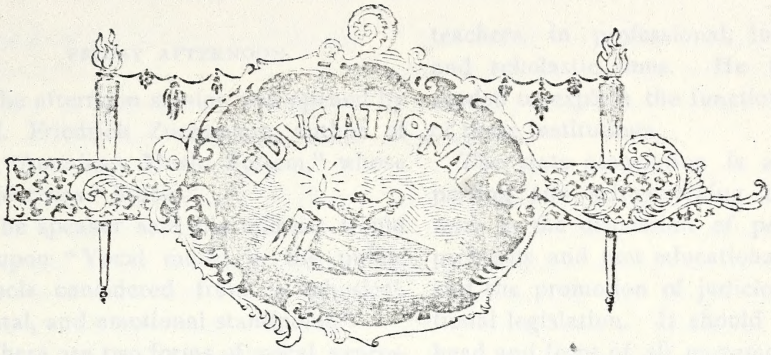
[*To be continued.*]

POINT OF VIEW.

[From the French of M. de Gasparin.]

By William Shannon.

Splendor! Immensity! Eternity!
Grand words! Great things! Ah me!
A little definite happiness
Would more to the purpose be.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

FORTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.[1]

By Clara E. Upton, Secretary.

The forty-third annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Teachers' association was held in the Opera House at Dover, October 30 and 31, 1896.

The meeting was called to order by President C. L. Wallace, of Lisbon. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. E. Robins, of Dover. This was followed by singing by the pupils of the public schools of Dover, under the direction of Mr. Whittier, supervisor of music.

Hon. William F. Nason, mayor of Dover, extended a cordial welcome to the members of the association, and granted them the freedom of the city.

Following this was a business meeting. It was voted that the secretary's report be accepted without reading. The following committees were appointed by the chair: On nominations, Mr. Whitney of Dover, Miss Tuttle of Nashua, Mr. Day of Plymouth, Miss Ham of Portsmouth, Mr. Montgomery of Somersworth; on resolutions, Mr. Spaulding of Manchester, Miss Mudgett of Lisbon, Mr. Allen of Farmington, and Miss Drew of Laconia.

The first speaker was Mr. Ross Turner of Salem, Mass., whose subject was, "Art in the School-room Through Decoration and Works of Art." Mr. Turner said that the object of decorating the school-room was not to make amateur painters and sculptors; but that each pupil, from the kindergarten to the high school, might have a comprehensive idea of art. This must of necessity elevate both teachers and pupils. No attempt at decoration should be made without consultation with persons who know art.

The speaker mentioned different schools in which the decorative idea had been carried out, and referred to places where copies of the world's masterpieces in art might be obtained. He said that the first steps must be taken by the teachers themselves, who must interest the people in the subject; and hoped that New Hampshire teachers would be awakened to the importance of art decoration in the school-room as a factor in education.

[1] Held at Opera House, Dover, Friday and Saturday, October 30 and 31, 1896.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON.

The afternoon session was opened by Prof. Friedrich Zuchtmann, author of the "American Music System," whose subject was "Music."

The speaker said his address would be upon "Vocal music in the public schools considered from a physical, mental, and emotional standpoint."

There are two forms of vocal expression, speech and song, the latter being developed from the former, and used especially to voice the emotion. Certain conditions are common to both. These are recognized by the teacher of elocution and the teacher of vocal music. The first condition is a good voice; the second, good method. A good voice depends upon good health, therefore he would correlate music to general health. The speaker emphasized strongly the importance of the care of the body. Free vocal utterance is obtained by practice of the vowels, first alone, then with consonants prefixed and suffixed, and the vowels prolonged (singing tone).

Under no circumstances should the voice be forced beyond its natural capacity. Breathing exercises should precede each music period.

Properly taught, there is nothing better to cultivate the heart, soul, and mind of the child than music.

The association was next addressed by Hon. Fred Gowing, state superintendent of public instruction, Concord, upon "Unification of the Educational Forces of the State."

The speaker said that the subject did not mean the unification of all the institutions of learning in the state, but the unification of all the various forms of education in the state that tend to the advancement and improvement of the teachers in professional, intellectual, and scholastic lines. He then proceeded to explain the function of each of these institutions.

The state association is a self-supporting and self-governing body. Its work is the discussion of pedagogical problems and new educational thought, and the promotion of judicious educational legislation. It should be at the head and front of all movements to advance education in the state.

The different county associations are also self-supporting and self-governing. Their function is discussing in detail different methods and leading educational questions. The teachers derive help from each other; therefore the county association is the place for the teacher to grow.

The institute serves wholly a didactic end, by presenting knowledge to teachers through experts, and showing the best ways of conducting public school work. An institute is not the proper field for the discussion of mooted questions in education, but a place for teaching and instruction by the speakers.

The plan of conducting institutes now is to hold many single day sessions in different parts of the state, thereby carrying inspiration to those dwelling in the smaller towns. These conventions serve two purposes, instructing the teacher and, by the means of the evening lectures, causing the people to see schools and educational forces as we educators see them. Occasionally, the institute and county associations combine, and educators from abroad are furnished by the state department.

These institutes are supplemented by a two weeks' school of instruction, held during the summer vacation.

High school teachers have institutes

which combine the didactic and discussional elements.

Academy principals and teachers have an association somewhat apart from the organizations of public school teachers. There are also local teachers' clubs in different towns in the state.

The several forces are operating for the same end,—each with a little different purpose; therefore their unification is desired to the end that each may develop closer and more vital relations with the other.

Local associations should send delegates to the county organizations, and they in turn to the state. Each society has its own work to do; but every teacher in the state should feel that he is a part of the state association.

It is difficult to work in masses; for this reason the speaker recommended that a select body of professional experts be organized. Members of this body, which may be called a council, must have a certain professional status. Such an organization should represent not a part but the whole of the state. Its function would be the discussion of such educational questions as are of vital interest to the state. It might also, now that state examinations are held, put its stamp of approval on certain teachers by granting certificates of professional standing.

Mr. Gowing closed by saying that the state association can best help itself by helping others; and that its one constant aim and purpose should be to improve the schools of the state.

This speaker was followed by L. Walter Sargent, supervisor of drawing, North Grafton, Mass., whose subject was "Drawing."

He claimed that drawing is a practical study, since those studies are practical which make life richer.

He would correlate drawing with other work, so that the seed sown in the primary school may blossom in the high school.

The speaker gave pedagogical reasons for the different phases of the work in drawing, emphasizing the culture side; and said children should be led to see and express the way things look, to notice beauty, and to use taste. The study of drawing should create an art atmosphere.

Miss Flora E. Kendall, superintendent of schools, Athol, Mass., was the next speaker, and her subject was "The Teacher of the Twentieth Century."

Miss Kendall said that the teacher of the twentieth century must be imbued with the principles of true patriotism, and must foster a love for our country and its institutions in those under her charge.

The steady progress of education in the present century points to one conclusion, namely, the demand for a broader education of the men and women who are to mold the thought and guide the affairs of the coming century.

Many questions relating to the present and future teachers might be considered. Some are being earnestly discussed in the educational world to-day, while others are mere suggestions. But vital as these questions are, and may be, they depend upon something more vital, the moral power, the scholarship, the training of the teacher. All these must be the possession of the twentieth century teacher.

The last period of the afternoon was occupied by State Superintendent Gowing, who spoke upon "How can Teachers best Prepare Themselves for State Examinations?"

The speaker stated that thirty-nine

took the examination last June, and that eighteen of these were granted certificates.

He said that the syllabi sent out last spring were prepared with a great deal of care, and explain, as clearly as the English language can, the requirements.

Extensive study was recommended on the professional side and intensive on the scholastic. Teachers should have both breadth and accuracy.

Questions in such studies as arithmetic will be upon methods of presenting certain subjects as well as upon the subjects themselves.

He advised teachers to study in groups, and each teacher to prepare written matter. This should be short, ten lines upon a given topic. In preparing written work it is well to prune and beautify. In this way the writer secures facility in expressing himself.

The speaker said that it is his sincere desire that every teacher in the state shall possess a certificate. He hopes teachers who have been long in the field may take the examination because of their loyalty to the profession, if for no other reason.

FRIDAY EVENING.

President William J. Tucker addressed a large and appreciative audience upon "Modern Types of Greatness."

An informal reception was held at the close of the lecture.

SATURDAY MORNING.

The association assembled at 9:30. The nominating committee made the following report: For President, Charles W. Bickford, of Manchester; vice-president, William N. Cragin, Laconia; secretary, Clara E. Upton, Nashua; treasurer, Channing Folsom, Dover; executive committee, Isaac Walker of Pembroke and Elizabeth Averill of Concord. These officers were unanimously elected.

Mr. Spaulding, of Manchester, for the committee on resolutions, offered the following:

The members of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association, appreciating the royal reception given us at our annual meeting at Dover, October 30 and 31, 1896, do hereby

Resolve, That the thanks of the association be tendered the mayor and his associates for a cordial and hearty welcome, the musical director and the children for the inspiring musical selections, the officers of the association for the excellent programme, and especially Superintendent Channing Folsom and the teachers of Dover, who have so generously contributed to the expenses of the meeting, so kindly received and hospitably entertained us.

Firmly believing that the New Hampshire State Teachers' association has a mission, we do further

Resolve, That the plan of collecting the fees for membership in advance of the meeting is approved. And,

That the teachers of the state are urged to respond to the notification of the treasurer, to the end that the officers of the association may know their resources when making a programme for the annual meeting.

Acknowledging the results accomplished by our present educational system, realizing that the education of her youth is a protective policy on the part of the state, and the need of more advanced educational legislation, we do further

Resolve, That we endorse the intelligent efforts of the legislative committee of this association. That we commend the energetic and well directed labors of State Superintendent Fred Gowing in advancing the professional standing and the training of the teachers.

That we regret the attitude of a state administration which fails to pass educational appropriations as a first step in retrenchment.

That we recommend the consideration at the next session of the legislature of measures regarding state aid to the public schools, a longer required term of attendance, and more stringent truancy laws.

That the suggestions of State Superintendent Fred Gowing, relating to a unification of the educational organizations of the state, meet with the approval of this association, and that a committee be appointed at this meeting to take into consideration a plan of carrying into effect the ideas advanced, and we recommend a more cordial and active coöperation on the part of teachers to the end that opportunities for education to all our youth may be equally enjoyed.

[Signed] F. L. SPAULDING, *Chairman*,
For the Committee.

These resolutions were adopted, and a committee was appointed to consider the suggestions of Superintendent Gowing, relative to the unification of the educational organizations of the state. The committee consists of the following members: State Superintendent Gowing of Nashua, Superintendent Folsom of Dover, Superintendent Simpson of Portsmouth, Mr. F. L. Sutcliffe of Manchester, Mr. Tucker of Laconia, Miss Peirce of Portsmouth, and Miss Snell of Plymouth.

The committee is to report at the next meeting.

President Tucker then presented the following resolution:

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to consider the question of preparation for the scientific schools and for the scientific course in the colleges, to report at the next meeting of the association.

The resolution was adopted and the following committee appointed by the chair: Chairman, President William J. Tucker, Hanover; President Charles S. Murkland, Durham; John F. Kent, Concord; Lemuel S. Hastings, Nashua; Mr. Morrison, Milford; W. H. Cummings, Meriden; E. H. Lord, Wolfeborough.

The treasurer, Mr. W. N. Cragin, reported a cash balance of $138.87 in the treasury.

Mr. Folsom said that as there had been no session of the legislature since our last meeting, the legislative committee had no report to make.

Mr. Gowing moved that the same committee be continued in office. It was so voted.

After the business meeting Mr. G. T. Fletcher, of Northampton, Mass., agent of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, addressed the convention upon "Rural Schools."

Mr. Fletcher spoke of the rural schools of the past and of the powerful influence they had in forming the nation. He referred to the decrease of population in the rural districts, and urged the necessity of state aid. He advocated the combination of small schools and need of skilled supervision. He concluded by saying that it is the duty of the state to see that none living amid its mountains, forests, and fields lack the best educational advantages the state can give.

The last topic was "Desirable Educational Legislation." The discussion was opened by Superintendent Folsom of Dover.

Mr. Folsom spoke of what was accomplished at the last session of the legislature, and said he looked upon this as a long step toward improving rural schools. He urged the necessity of state aid, a more just distribution of the literary fund than is obtained under the present law, and minimum school year.

Mr. Folsom introduced Professor J. W. Sanborn, who pleaded the cause of the rural schools, and gave statistics to show that the products per acre are

measured by the intelligence of the people.

Dr. Harris of Keene spoke on "Compulsory Attendance." He said that people in his part of the state desired a longer school year, and are able to pay more than they are now paying. He believes that parents should be made to see that their children enjoy the privileges they are supposed to. Laws in regard to the employment of children should be strengthened and enforced, as should the truancy laws. New Hampshire has no law fixing the minimum length of the school year. Such a law should be enacted.

Superintendent Simpson of Portsmouth followed, speaking upon "School Buildings." He said these were constructed oftentimes without method, and that it would be well if plans were submitted to the state department for suggestions. Every means should be taken to keep school buildings in a cleanly and healthy condition, in order that the best results may be secured.

School boards of cities should have control of school buildings. Such a law was passed at the last session of the legislature, but was vetoed. This should be represented to the coming legislature.

The last speaker was W. N. Cragin, of Laconia, who spoke on "Truancy and Desirable Truant Legislation."

He called attention to the fact that the law which gives the towns the right to make by-laws regarding truancy is not compulsory, and expressed his belief that but few towns avail themselves of the right. He urged that the law be made compulsory; and that towns be required to appoint a truant officer. He advocated truant or parental schools separate from the industrial school and its atmosphere of crime, for the education and reform of children unfit to be in the ordinary public school. He claimed that it is for the interest of the state to reform these children before they have actually become criminals.

The convention then adjourned.

It is estimated that between seven and eight hundred were present.

NECROLOGY.

HORATIO HALE.

Monday, December 28, 1896, Horatio Hale, the ethnologist, died at his home in Clinton, Ont. He was born in Newport, May 3, 1817. He was the son of the well-known author, Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale. On graduating from Harvard, in 1837, he was appointed philologist of the United States exploring expedition under Captain Charles Wilkes, and was thus enabled to study a large number of languages of the tribes of the Pacific Islands, as well as of North and South America, Australia, and Africa. His investigations of the history, traditions, and customs of the various tribes form the seventh volume of the expedition reports, and are spoken of by Dr. Robert G. Latham, the English philologist, as comprising the greatest mass of philological data ever accumulated by a single inquirer. On the completion of this work he spent some years in travel and in literary and scientific studies, both in Europe and in the United States. Subsequently he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in Chicago. In 1856 he removed to Clinton, Ont., where he devoted his time in part to the practice of his profession, and in part to scientific pursuits. He was a member of many learned societies, both in Europe and in America. In 1886, as vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, he presided over the section of anthropology. Among his noted works are: "The Origin of Language, and Antiquity of Speaking Man," "Indian Migration as Evidenced by Language," "The Iroquois Book of Rites," and a "Report on the Blackfoot Tribes."

CHARLES S. FIFIELD.

Charles S. Fifield, of the firm of C. S. Fifield & Co., No. 53 High street, Boston, died at Waverly, Mass., January 21, aged 53 years, after a lingering illness. He was widely known among the boot and shoe trade as the inventor and manufacturer of machinery for making boots and shoes. He was born in Belmont, and at an early age learned the trade of a machinist at Manchester. After serving his time, he, in connection with his brother, established a general machine business at Waltham, Mass. After a few years they were burned out, and he removed to Boston. There he formed a partnership with C. H. Morse, and devoted his attention to manufacturing and selling boot and shoe machinery. Mr. Fifield resided in Revere, and was one of the largest real estate owners in that town.

JONATHAN BLANCHARD.

Jonathan Blanchard, one of the oldest residents of Haverhill, Mass., died December 26, 1896. He was born February 27, 1810, at Nashua, and came to Haverhill early in the thirties. He was for many years a successful shoe manufacturer, but retired from active pursuits fifteen years ago.

ISAAC S. MORSE.

Isaac S. Morse, one of the oldest and most favorably known lawyers at the Massachusetts bar, died at Boston, December 27, 1896, at the age of 80 years. He was born in Haverhill in 1816, the son of Bryan Morse, a noted physician, and was educated at Dartmouth, graduating in 1857. He went to Massachusetts almost immediately and studied law, being admitted to the bar on the same day as General B. F. Butler. For eighteen years he was district attorney of Middlesex county.

WYZEMAN MARSHALL.

Wyzeman Marshall, widely known as a player of the old school, manager and dramatic reader, was born in Hudson on September 26, 1816. He went to Boston with his parents when he was 8 years old. When 19 years old he made his first appearance at the Lion Theatre, taking the part of Vibulanus in "Virginius." The next autumn he became a member of the stock company of the old National Theatre, Boston. There he remained for several seasons, steadily advancing, until in 1839 he made his first appearance as manager, and in 1840 he opened a theatre of his own in that city, the Vaudeville Saloon, which proved successful. During the next two seasons he was again at the National, but in 1842 opened the Amphitheatre. Later he starred in the British provinces, and after two seasons in Philadelphia as acting and stage manager at the Arch Street Theatre he starred in Baltimore, Washington, Albany, and New York, meeting with great success. In the autumn of 1851 he returned to Boston and assumed the management of the Howard Athenaeum for the season of 1851–'52. In February, 1863, he took the Boston Theatre, then in a bad way financially, and made a success of it. He retired in 1864 and devoted himself to teaching elocution and fitting pupils for the stage. For the last ten or twelve years Mr. Marshall had been in poor health and he died on Christmas day, 1896.

ALFRED L. TUBBS.

A. L. Tubbs, president of the Tubbs Cordage Company, who died at San Francisco, December 26, 1896, and who had been identified with many of California's most noted commercial institutions, was born in Deering in 1827, and voyaged to California in 1849. Mr. Tubbs had served in the legislature and made an honorable record.

BENJAMIN L. CULVER.

Benjamin Lyman Culver died at Suncook, December 6, 1896. He was born in Norwich, Vt., 67 years ago, and in 1856 engaged in business as a photographer at Suncook. Later he went into the millinery and fancy goods trade. He was prominent in secret societies and one of the most esteemed residents of Suncook.

HENRY A. BUELL.

H. A. Buell, head of the wholesale grocery firm of H. A. Buell & Company of Lawrence, Mass., died December 27, 1896. He was born at Newport, in 1839, and came to Lawrence about 1861, where he became a member of the firm of Eastman & Buell. Later he formed the present firm, which was the largest in the city.

SAMUEL M. YOUNG.

Samuel M. Young, the oldest railroad director in the world, died at Toledo, January 1, in his 93d year. The deceased went there nearly three-quarters of a century ago from Lebanon, where he was born. The late Chief Justice Waite was a law student in Mr. Young's office and received his first legal training under his direction. Mr. Young was also president of the Toledo National bank for a quarter of a century. He was one of the projectors of the Cleveland-Toledo railroad, now the Lake Shore. In late years he helped to build the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo railroad. Mr. Young also built a number of grain elevators, and for years was the leading grain dealer, railroad builder, banker and capitalist of Toledo. He abandoned the practice of law in 1860, and from that time to 1895 devoted his energies to business enterprises. The deceased leaves a large fortune to be divided among his three children.

JOHN T. SPOFFORD.

John T. Spofford, for 32 years Manchester's assistant postmaster, died in that city January 23. He was born in Londonderry, April 29, 1821, and went to Manchester at the age of 21. He was appointed to a position in the post-office July 19, 1862, and served continuously until May 11, 1894.

NATHAN G. WOODBURY.

Nathan G. Woodbury, one of the most extensive pail manufacturers in New England, died at Keene December 28, 1896. He was born at Rindge April 16, 1823, and when 24 years of age began business life as the proprietor of a sawmill at Richmond. In 1870 he returned to Keene, where at the time of his death he owned three large and fully equipped pail factories. His business methods were unique, in that he kept no books, but they were highly successful.

DR. WILLIAM T. MERRILL.

Dr. William T. Merrill, one of the most wealthy and prominent citizens of Hampton, died in that town January 22, aged 73 years. He was a native of Hampton Falls, but since 1854 had practised medicine in Hampton. He was, for a long time, president and treasurer of the Hampton school board and had been a trustee of Hampton academy since 1861. He founded the town's public library, built the largest public block there, and had done much in general to promote Hampton's interests. He was an especially zealous advocate of temperance.

DANIEL R. HENDERSON.

Daniel Rodney Henderson was born in Francestown August 22, 1863, and died in that town December 26, 1896. He lost his hands by a premature explosion in 1886, and the plucky and ingenious manner in which he conquered his misfortune won the admiration of the whole state. He was a justice of the peace and a deputy sheriff, served as doorkeeper of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1893 and 1895, and would have been sergeant-at-arms in 1897 but for his death.



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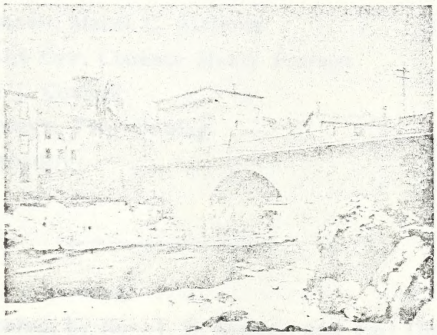
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A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



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THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1897

MARCH, 1897.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend 135

'MONGST THE HILLS OF MERRIMACK, Alice Greenwood 153

A SKETCH OF HILLSBOROUGH, Prof. Isaac Copp 154

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT," Fanny H. Runnells Poole . 184

THE MODEL OF THE PIERCE STATUE, Col. J. W. Robinson . . . 185

DAWN, DAY, AND DARKNESS, Caroline M. Roberts 186

A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH, Mabel C. Andrews 186

WHEN GRAMPER SUGARS OFF, Clarence Henry Pearson . . . 187

POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 188

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, Fred Gowing 193

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 199

The Town of New Boston, by Rev. J. E. Wildey, and Part One of A Naval Officer's Trip to Jerusalem, by Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N., will appear in the April GRANITE MONTHLY.

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CONTENTS

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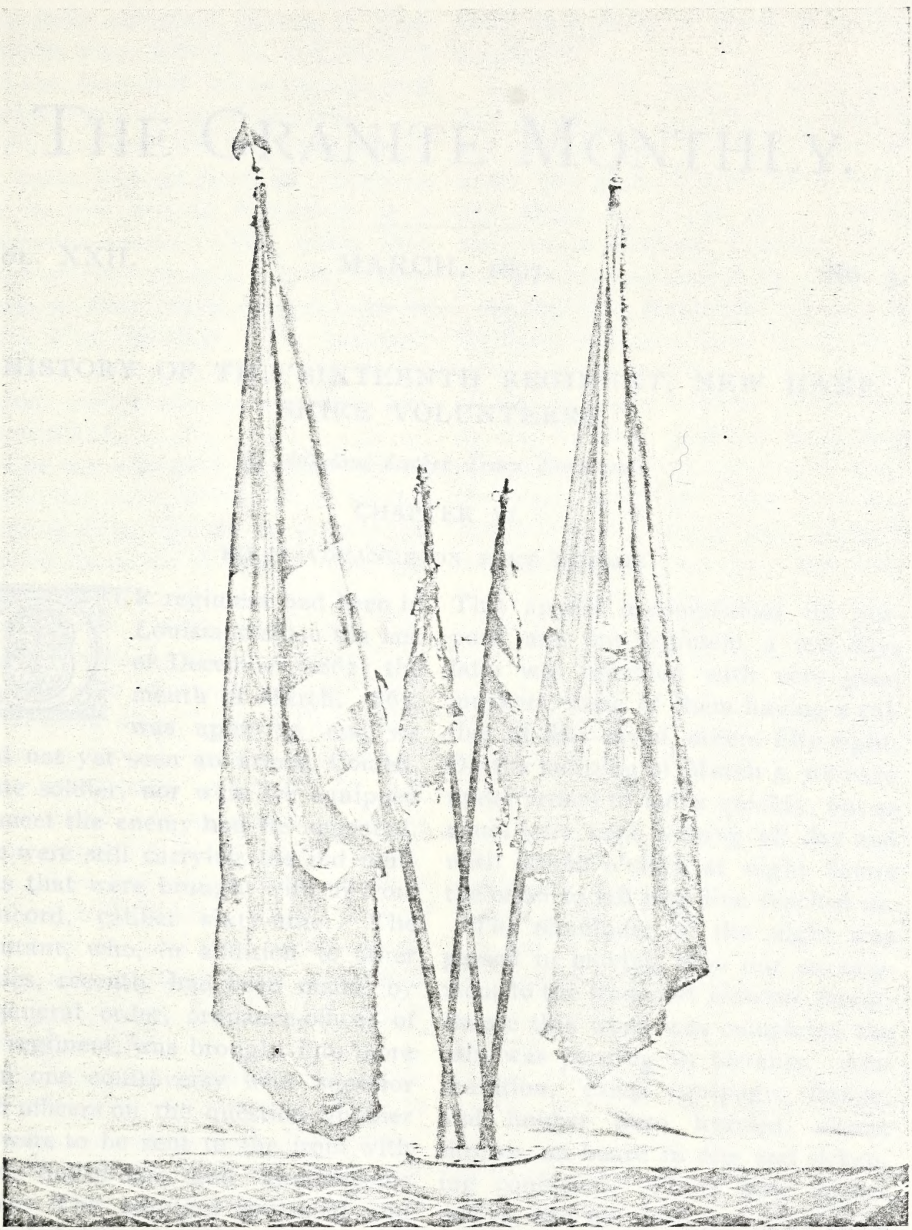
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII. MARCH, 1897. No. 3.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER VI.

FIRST ADVANCE ON PORT HUDSON.

OUR regiment had been in Louisiana since the last of December, 1862; the month of March, 1863, was upon us and we had not yet seen an armed Confederate soldier, nor were we equipped to meet the enemy had he appeared. We were still carrying the old muskets that were brought with us from Concord, caliber sixty-nine. The adjutant, who, in addition to other duties, recently had been made, by a general order, ordnance-officer of the regiment, was brought into more than one controversy with superior staff officers on the question whether we were to be sent to the front with these out-of-date and cumbersome arms. The adjutant protested and appealed in vain to the ordnance-officers of the department, and at last broke through all red tape and made a personal appeal to General Emory, who, quite to the adjutant's surprise, received him graciously. This appeal accomplished its purpose, and our regiment a few days later was provided with very good muskets, some of them having a caliber of fifty-seven, others fifty-eight. On the morning of March 5, we were under orders to move quickly, but as usual were kept waiting all day and until eleven o'clock at night before the order to fall into line reached us.

The remainder of the night was passed in moving from our encampment to the transport *General Banks*. Before this work was completed the rain was pouring in torrents. Ammunition, camp equipage, forage, and lumber were hurried, almost thrown, on board in dire and sickening confusion. There were farther delays, and not until past ten o'clock the next day did the steamer head up the river, to what place no one except the officers of the boat knew. Twelve hours later, the boat, owing to a dense fog, tied up for the night, and our regiment detailed pickets to

patrol and guard the shore against a possible attack. The fog lifted in the early morning, March 7. Our pickets were called in, and we had for the most part a comfortable and pleasant day on the Mississippi.

Our transport reached Baton Rouge at dark, and we received orders to be in readiness to disembark at a moment's notice. The order that next reached us was not to disembark at that point, but a mile or more down the river. The transport dropped down to the point designated, where we disembarked and bivouacked.

The one who gave this order either could not have known where he was sending us or else he must have intended harm, for it was a villainous place. It was a swamp with so much underbrush, rotten wood, and decayed vegetable matter that early in the day the boys very appropriately named the place "Camp Dunghill." It was a sort of outpost, beyond any lines previously occupied by our forces, and was supposed to be in close proximity to the enemy's pickets. The first night there we slept without tents, under an open sky, on soft beds of mud and swamp grass, with only a blanket for protection and mosquitoes, lizards, and snakes for companions.

On the next morning, the ninth, about daylight we received orders to provide ourselves with three days' rations, which was no very easy thing to do, and a hundred rounds of ammunition. Forty rounds were placed in the cartridge-boxes, which was their full capacity, and the rest was distributed in haversacks, pockets, and knapsacks. This seemed to us then, and seems to us still, a merciless order; why load the men down with this weight of ammunition when there were plenty of mules in the department?

It should be borne in mind also that the soldier, in addition to rations and ammunition, has his canteen of water, his plate, dipper, knife, fork, and spoon, his towel, soap, woolen and rubber blankets, overcoat, gun, and other accoutrements to carry.

At the hour designated we were in readiness to move, but as before there were vexatious delays. We waited all day for more specific orders, and in the evening received word that probably we should not march until the next morning. The morning dawned amid a heavy rain, showers continuing all the day, and still, though unprotected, we were kept waiting. We presume that no soldier will dispute the statement that delays like these amid great discomfort, wear men out faster than vigorous movement, even into the heart of the enemy's country.

The night of the tenth was passed like the night before. Another day came and went as the others, under orders to march, but still no marching and no suitable protection against our uncomfortable exposures.

The morning of the twelfth found us still on the ground of our miserable encampment in readiness to march, and still we were kept until five o'clock of the afternoon of the next day before any specific order to move reached us. It then came in this form,—"You will march in ten minutes." We immediately formed in line, but waited until dark before any move was made.

Is it surprising, after these repeated experiences, that our men be-

gan to have their confidence shaken in the executive ability of our superior officers, or in the thorough organization of our army corps? Nothing ever seemed to be done at the time designated. And thus early in our experience we reached the unmilitary conclusion that an order to move to-day meant to-morrow or the day after.

Much to our relief, and after the stars were out, on the evening of the thirteenth, we found ourselves in motion for *somewhere*.

The march was first through Baton Rouge and then on for six miles from that city towards Port Hudson, where we pitched our shelter tents, turning in about midnight.

During this advance the following was the order of march: General Grover's division, consisting of five brigades, took the lead; General Emory, having three brigades, followed; and General Auger with four brigades brought up the rear, affording support and protection for several batteries and for ammunition, forage and subsistence wagons, ambulances, and other army appendages.

The Sixteenth regiment was in Emory's division and was brigaded with the One Hundred and Tenth New York, the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York and Fourth Massachusetts, Colonel Ingraham of the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts commanding the brigade.

General Emory was in command of our division, having under him in all twelve regiments.

A little past three o'clock on the morning of March 14, our division was ordered into line, and there we stood or sat or laid down on the ground until seven o'clock, when the familiar orders, "Attention, battalion! Shoulder arms! By the right of companies into column, forward march!" were given and obeyed.

At eight o'clock, we were halted for breakfast. The rations issued consisted of half-cooked and not half-freshened salt beef, hardtack, and coffee. Rations of such issue sometimes led our men to appear before the quartermaster's quarters in the guise of serenaders. The quartermaster must not be held responsible personally for the poor rations issued; he was a victim of circumstances. This was the principal song indulged in on such occasions:

> "Old horse, old horse, how came you here?
> You ploughed this earth for many a year;
> You 've lived alone for man's abuse,
> Now salted down for soldiers' use."

We ought to say, however, that some of us, on the morning in question, had for breakfast fresh beef, chickens, and turkey which our skilful pickets who were well versed in the principles of international martial law, had captured the night before and brought into camp.

Between nine and ten o'clock General Banks and his staff, on their way to the front, passed us, receiving cheer upon cheer given with such enthusiasm that the general must have been thoroughly gratified. We were at that hour about twelve miles from Port Hudson. The line of march was continued over a dusty road and under a hot sun, with a halt of ten minutes every hour until three o'clock in the afternoon, at which time we were within, perhaps, four miles of Port Hudson. Here we were ordered to encamp for the remainder of the day.

Our men, as usual, had an eye to business and comfort. There were sheep and young cattle in the fields near by, and there were butchers and meat dealers in our regiment. There were men, too, who could build fires and cook meat, and all our men were by this time, as already suggested, lawyers enough to know what ought to be done when in an enemy's country. The only barrier in the way of this business at that time was an explicit order not to forage and not to take any live stock. The adjutant's writing materials had been misplaced by the sergeant-major or some one else, and, in consequence, valuable time was lost before copies of the order could be issued to the several companies. The officers, meanwhile, were viewing with conflicting and apparently distracting emotions the vandalism going on. At length the orders were ready and issued. All foraging ceased immediately, but, as if Providence had taken a hand in favoring us, there was a store of meat at our disposal sufficient to last the regiment a half week at least, nor was there anything left in sight on which to forage.

Towards the night of this same day, April 14, word was passed to our headquarters that ten thousand of the enemy were moving out of Port Hudson to make an attack on our lines. Let them come! was the feeling of most of our men though we did not, perhaps, realize fully what such a movement might mean for us. Still, we had become so thoroughly tired of the humdrum of a soldier's life in camp, such as we had been leading, that we thought anything for a change would be for the better. Soon after dark we were ordered to strike tents and be in line in five minutes. This was done. A few minutes later a counter order came to break ranks, but to be ready to reform again on short notice. What did all this hubbub mean? Nobody seemed able to say. Perhaps it was a part of our discipline. Perhaps, too, the trouble with us was that we wanted to know all the inside plans of the campaign, nor could we understand why General Banks did not take each one of us into his confidence.

After the last order reached us we waited a little time to ascertain what might come next. But as no new move seemed contemplated for the immediate present, we proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

During the afternoon and evening there had been considerable irregular firing by Admiral Farragut's fleet on Port Hudson, which, however, was not sufficiently disturbing to alarm or keep us awake. But at ten o'clock in the evening began as tremendous and magnificent a cannonade as ever was heard by mortals. Hundreds of guns were flashing their lightning into the darkness; columbiads, howitzers, rifled pieces of all calibres, were belching forth their thunders from both fleet and fort; mortars were filling the air with their shells, whose graceful curves could be traced by the trails of fire that followed them till the moment of explosion.

At this juncture, we were again ordered into line of battle. The hours that followed were of intensest excitement and interest. Expecting momentarily an attack, we waited and watched the progress of the fight between the warships and Port Hud-

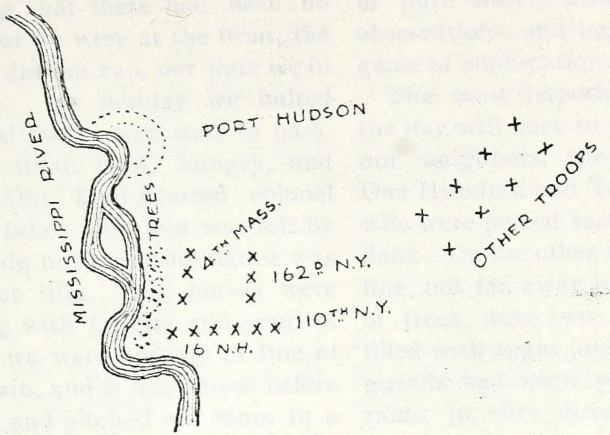
son. Not long after one o'clock the next morning, April 15, a light of considerable brightness was seen in the direction of Port Hudson. Our first thought was that the inflammable buildings of that fortress had been fired by the shells of our fleet; but as early as three o'clock the light was seen to be moving down the river towards the position we then held. The cannonade still continued, though less heavy than before, and was approaching nearer and nearer. A fierce fight, as it seemed, was going on. Our fleet was retiring; the enemy was following it down and fighting it. We were sure of all this. We could hear the discharge of musketry and other small arms; shells were in frequent explosion. There would be, as it seemed, an occasional broadside. The brilliancy of the light was constantly on the increase. The fighting, apparently, was not much farther than a mile or two from the extreme left of our line, though hidden by a belt of trees that skirted the river. The excitement and anxiety among our troops, on the increase from the start, had almost reached fever heat. The next move of the Confederates, and before morning, perhaps, would be in our rear, and our retreat easily and certainly would be cut off. In this excited state we stood in line until a little past five o'clock in the morning. At that hour, while every eye was watching the supposed fight, there was first a deep, lurid flash of light, then a glare and brilliancy something like a distant flash of lightning; then there was the flying into the air of dark masses of planking and timbers, followed by a dismal, heavy boom that made the earth tremble; the atmosphere seemed to strike us as with a blow that quite stopped the breath. Then there was silence, and after that the gray of early morning filled the sky. What did it all mean? A part of the fleet certainly must have met disaster.

Withdrawing our eyes from what had been riveting them for hours, we began looking into one another's faces. There were sick faces, for some of our boys had been eating, the evening before, too freely of fresh killed mutton that had been less than half cooked and was eaten without either pepper or salt; there were tired faces, and faces with bloodshot eyes, but they were resolute faces, more ready that morning to meet the enemy we expected to appear any moment or more ready to move against the enemy's strong citadel at Port Hudson, if need be, than to go back to the filthy camp at Baton Rouge or to "Camp Death" at Carrollton.

Of an attack we felt certain, whether in the front by fresh troops from Port Hudson, or in the rear by the troops that we supposed had passed down the river during the night, we could not tell.

As late as nine o'clock that morning, word was passed quietly along the line that an attack was imminent any moment. Had the attack come from the south, as seemed most likely, our regiment was in the most exposed position as will be seen by the accompanying diagram, which also indicates the position of regiments nearest us.

Not far from ten o'clock, our brigade was called to listen to the reading of an order by Colonel Ingraham, which was to the effect that "the object of the expedition had been accomplished," a phrase that afterward became a byword among the troops



whenever a movement of any considerable magnitude was made that resulted in nothing, or next to nothing, like the famous "march up the hill and down again." The "object of the expedition" subsequently was more fully explained as being a demonstration on our part against Port Hudson to aid the fleet in passing its batteries.

The announcement of Colonel Ingraham was in every way reassuring to our troops, but we could not see that the land forces had contributed in any considerable measure to what had been accomplished. We had not fired a shot that reached the fort, nor had we seen an enemy except a few scouts in the distance.

For the fleet, however, it was an expensive victory. Only two of Farragut's gunboats, the *Hartford* and *Albatross*, had run the batteries of Port Hudson, while one hundred and thirteen of his men had been killed and wounded, four boats of the fleet had been disabled, and the war-ship *Mississippi*, which had run aground, was set on fire, and after having been abandoned floated down the river, discharging meanwhile her loaded cannon and smaller ordnance as the flames touched them; when the flames reached the magazine the final explosion, which had almost appalled us, followed, causing the excitement of the early morning hour.

Next came the order for our troops to retreat. The reason of this order was not generally understood, and, in consequence, the teamsters of the quartermaster's department, especially those who were some distance from the front, became panicky. Two of the infantry brigades and a part of the artillery that had been well in the rear were also a good deal disturbed, as the word reached them that there had been fighting all through the night, that our troops were defeated and were in full retreat. The hubbub of mule teams under such announcements, and the swearing even of officers who were not accustomed to swear, the anxiety and confusion of the men in the ranks, cannot easily be described. And we saw with how little difficulty a panic might be started that would render troops quite uncontrollable. Had the enemy really come upon us that morning, likely enough there would have been another famous Bull Run disaster.

Knowing that there had been no fighting, for we were at the front, the Sixteenth did not run, nor were we in any haste. At midday we halted for General Banks and staff to pass. We were tired, faint, hungry, and thirsty. Our kind-hearted colonel had been taken sick and was left by the roadside until an ambulance was secured for him. Our horses were staggering with fatigue and want of food, but we were quickly in line of march again, and it was sunset before we halted and pitched our tents in a cane field for the night. This hardly had been done before a terrific tropical and typical Southern thunder storm fell upon us. Our cooking fires, which had just been lighted, were quickly extinguished. Our shelter tents were torn from their fastenings and trailed in the mud, and the weary, hungry troops were left without protection from the torrents of rain falling upon them; the men stood it bravely, though wondering what would come next.

At length the shower ceased, almost as quickly as it had come upon us; fires from fence rails were again built; poor rations were distributed and ditch water was our beverage. Later, the rain commenced anew, and when we laid down, some time between nine and ten o'clock at night, we had from two to four inches of water under us, and, though it may appear strange to others but not to soldiers, we slept the sleep of the righteous and we slept it soundly till break of day.

March 17 was a day of rest so far as active campaigning was concerned; but before the morning hours were passed our boys had dried their clothing, found a spring of pure water, made several other observations, and began the familiar game of confiscation.

The most important find during the day will have to be accredited to our neighbors, the pickets of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, who were posted just beyond our left flank. On the other side of this picket line, not far away but behind a belt of trees, were two storehouses well filled with sugar and molasses. The guards had been posted to prevent raids in that direction, but under pretext of going to the spring for water the boys in twos appeared before the guard with flasks and haversacks; they winked. The situation was taken in and the guard winked back, and received their pay a little later in sugar and molasses. Before three o'clock nearly every man in the Sixteenth and in the One Hundred and Tenth New York had been well supplied with the products of these storehouses.

Later in the afternoon a detachment was ordered out to arrest any soldiers who were found in the sugar house or coming from it with sugar or molasses on their person. Several belated men were arrested and marched into camp. But as they passed through the files of spectators, most of them by dexterous movements backed into openings made for them and in turn became innocent spectators, so that by the time the guard-house was reached nearly all the prisoners had disappeared. The officers were too busy at that time to inquire into this unsoldierlike behavior of both the guards and men.

It may be remarked in passing that for our afternoon dinner we had that day fresh mutton, stewed chicken,

and hardtack served in about fourteen different styles. We also had sweet potatoes taken from a field near by, and for our tea and coffee we had fresh milk from cows that were grazing in the field. This need occasion no surprise, for not a few of our boys understood the fine art of coaxing a strange cow to stand while the last drop of milk is taken from her. There is scarcely need of saying that we had *sugar* in quantity for our tea and coffee, and sugar or molasses, as we chose, for our hardtack.

Having feasted, we prepared for the night, repitching our soiled shelter tents and making our beds out of fence rails, corn husks, and oat straw. About nine o'clock we turned in, having clear consciences and with a prospect of sound and uninterrupted sleep for the night.

But such expectations of the soldier are not always realized. At two o'clock the next morning the adjutant was roused from sleep and ordered to detail a lieutenant to act as quartermaster. At a little after three o'clock he was again called to send the regiment to the quartermaster for rations, and shortly before five o'clock he received orders to have the regiment strike tents without a moment's delay, as another advance toward Port Hudson was in prospect.

CHAPTER VII.

A MUD MARCH UNPARALLELED DURING THE WAR.

THE heading of this chapter certainly is a bold one, but it is written without hesitation, and in full knowledge of the celebrated mud march of General Burnside, and of others scarcely less difficult, that were made in the Peninsular campaign and elsewhere during the war.

It was while on one of the Peninsular mud marches that a soldier composed the following revised version of a familiar prayer, the fitness or point of which our men, after making the march we are now to describe, had no difficulty in appreciating:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
In mud that's many fathoms deep;
If I'm not here when you awake,
Please hunt me up with an oyster rake."

The morning of March 17 was delightfully ushered in with the mild breath of early spring. The forests surrounding our temporary encampment were rich in foliage, and the songs from a thousand birds added to the charm of the hour. In compliance with orders issued the night before, we were astir early, having been in readiness to fall into line since about five o'clock in the morning. But as usual, hour after hour passed, and still there was no specific order to move. The sun meanwhile became blistering hot. It was a little past the hour of noon, and while some of the boys were napping, having neglected to eat their noon rations, that the order came, "Fall in immediately," and quite to our surprise and almost in fewer minutes than it takes us to narrate it, we had formed our line, broken by "right face" into "fours," and were moving quick time towards the enemy.

There were indications that the Confederate troops from Port Hudson, having learned of our retreat two days before, had begun a move either to intercept or attack us. Our regiment, together with the Fourth Massachusetts and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, were sent over one road towards Port Hudson, and two brigades over another, either to reconnoitre or to hold in check the Confederates, if they really were advancing against us, until the main body of our troops could be brought into position to meet them. That we were sent to reconnoitre seems the more probable.

This movement tested the metal of the Sixteenth more, perhaps, than any other we had made. The mud was still sticky under our feet, and the sun was blazing hot over our heads. Our men, under the rapid advance, began to stagger; they dared not "fall out," for in that case they would be left in a deserted and desolate region, and likely enough all such stragglers speedily would fall into the hands of the enemy.

Soon the men began to lighten themselves of the loads they were carrying. First large supplies of sugar were thrown away. For a distance of a mile or more those in the rear hardly could step except on sugar mixed with mud. Haversack after haversack was emptied of that for which the boys, with a measure of peril, had run the guard the day before. Next, the men cast away their blankets, their shelter tents, and their knapsacks.

How could they do otherwise? Many of them were more than half sick, and nearly all were debilitated. Nor was there an ambulance, or so much as an army wagon, provided for this expedition.

It will be remembered, too, that each man had taken a hundred rounds of ammunition. That not a little of this, aside from what filled the cartridge-boxes, was thrown into the bushes and trenches by the roadway, need occasion no surprise. Some of the men were thoroughly indignant, and felt that this surplus of ammunition, as already suggested, should have been carried by mules, not by men. And what was worse, we had been misdirected, or at least we were led over a road with which the guides could not have been familiar. It was a roadway that appeared to have been in use only a part of the year, and was especially unfit during the spring months.

If this mistake had not been made we should have marched dry-shod over an excellent road, and have been spared the first instalment of our mud experience. As it was, we marched several miles out of our way for no other purpose that we could see than to go at least four miles on a cross road through mud nearly knee-deep. But all this was only preliminary.

There were with us up to this time four companies of the One Hundred Tenth New York, and the Fourth Massachusetts, the entire detachment being under the command of Colonel Walker. After reaching the Clinton road, which we should have reached two or three hours earlier, we were marched five or six miles further in quick time, to make up for the time we had lost in consequence of our misdirection, for which, however, we had been in no way responsible. On

coming up to the other detachments, we should have been allowed at least a brief rest; but the commanding officers gave no heed to our request, and, seeming to care nothing for the plight we were in, ordered the Sixteenth, with the four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, Colonel Sage commanding, to proceed without delay to the place for which we had started by the impassable road we had taken on first leaving our encampment at noon.

Whether New Hampshire and New York troops were intentionally discriminated against we cannot say, but the Fourth Massachusetts, that had started with us, was detached and permitted to pitch their shelter tents near the Clinton road. And more than this, there were several regiments that had marched that day scarcely more than five miles, while we had marched twenty, a larger part of the way being over difficult roads, and some of the way through mud knee-deep. And yet, without a moment's rest, we were ordered to proceed on a cross road that led us into one of the most dismal swamps soldiers ever were required to enter.

As we recall all these facts, the more provoking and heartless appears the treatment we received. We ought to have gone into a state of rebellion and have taken the consequences.

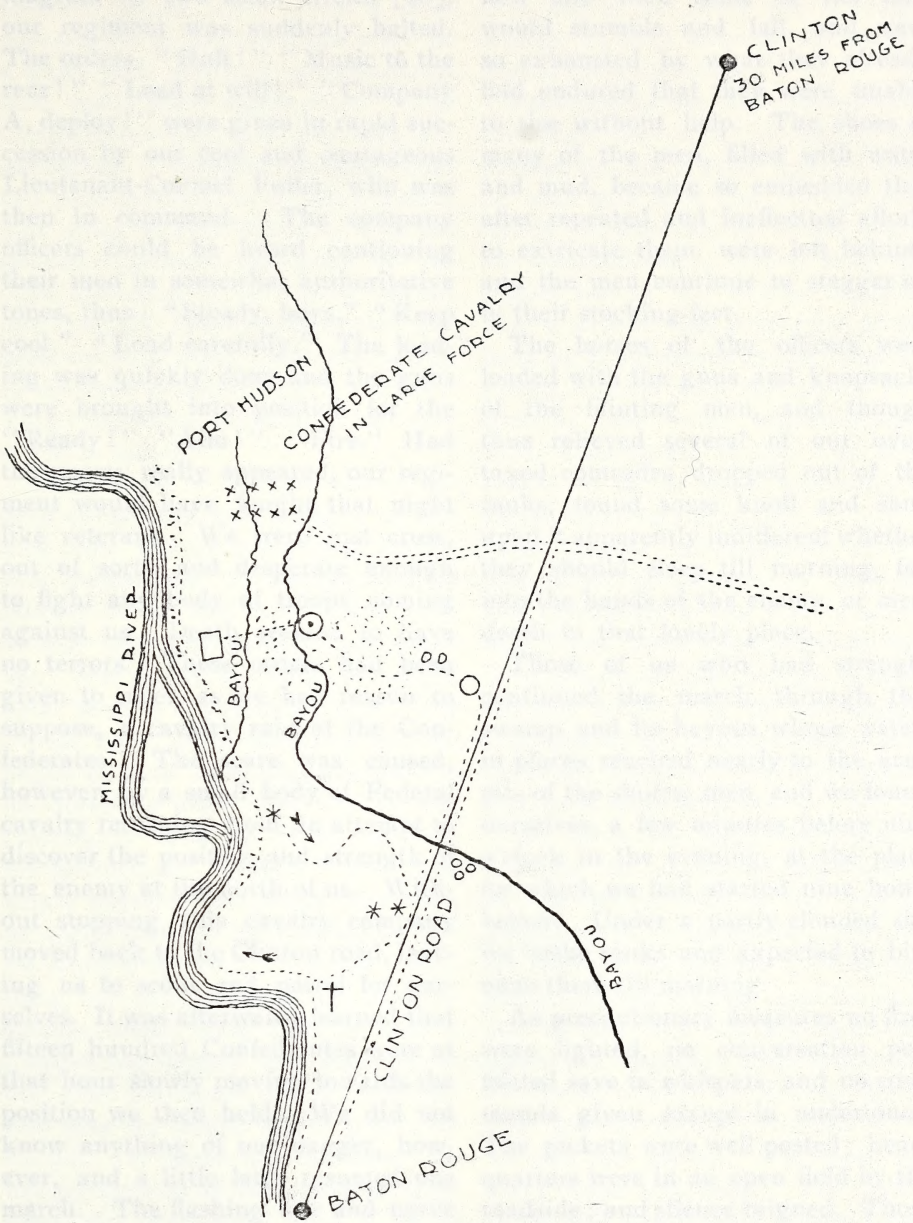
In confirmation in part of what we are saying, we copy a few lines from one of the regimental histories—that of the Fifty-third Massachusetts—which gives an account of their day's work, in contrast to that of ours:

"March 17," says their historian, "the regiment marched with two others on a reconnoissance up the Clinton road; proceeded five miles, and bivouacked for the night in a beautiful little opening in the woods, with a brook of clear water running through it, and surrounded with cornus trees in full bloom. It was a charming spot where we would fain have lingered, but we were ordered back the next morning, and again the object of the expedition was accomplished."

Why could not that regiment, or some other one equally favored, have plunged into the swamp, and we have been allowed to bivouac for the night or at least for a few hours in that "beautiful little opening"? Somebody certainly was pig-headed, bull-headed, thick-headed, or something else of the sort.

The accompanying diagram will give the reader an idea of what we have been saying.

The cane field, where we were encamped and from which we started, was at the point marked by an obelisk [†]. We filed to the left, following up the river to the point marked by the single star [*]. Here we filed to the right, going through two feet of mud a part of the way to the point marked by two stars [**]. Thence we were hurried on to the point marked by a circle [o]. At this place were several regiments, among them the Fifty-third Massachusetts, that had marched only five miles, that is, from the two stars to a point this side of the circle. Here also the Fourth Massachusetts was detached and allowed to rest. The Sixteenth and the four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York then proceeded towards the point marked by the square [□], the New York companies stopping at a point indicated by the circle with a dot in the centre [⊙], while our regi-



ment proceeded to the point indicated by the square [□]. In the space between the circle [o] and the square [□] were two bayous of considerable size and several small ones, also a cypress swamp, skirted with ponderous and dense trees extending nearly the entire distance between the two points indicated.

Soon after our start on this march, and before we had reached the swamp, at a point indicated on the

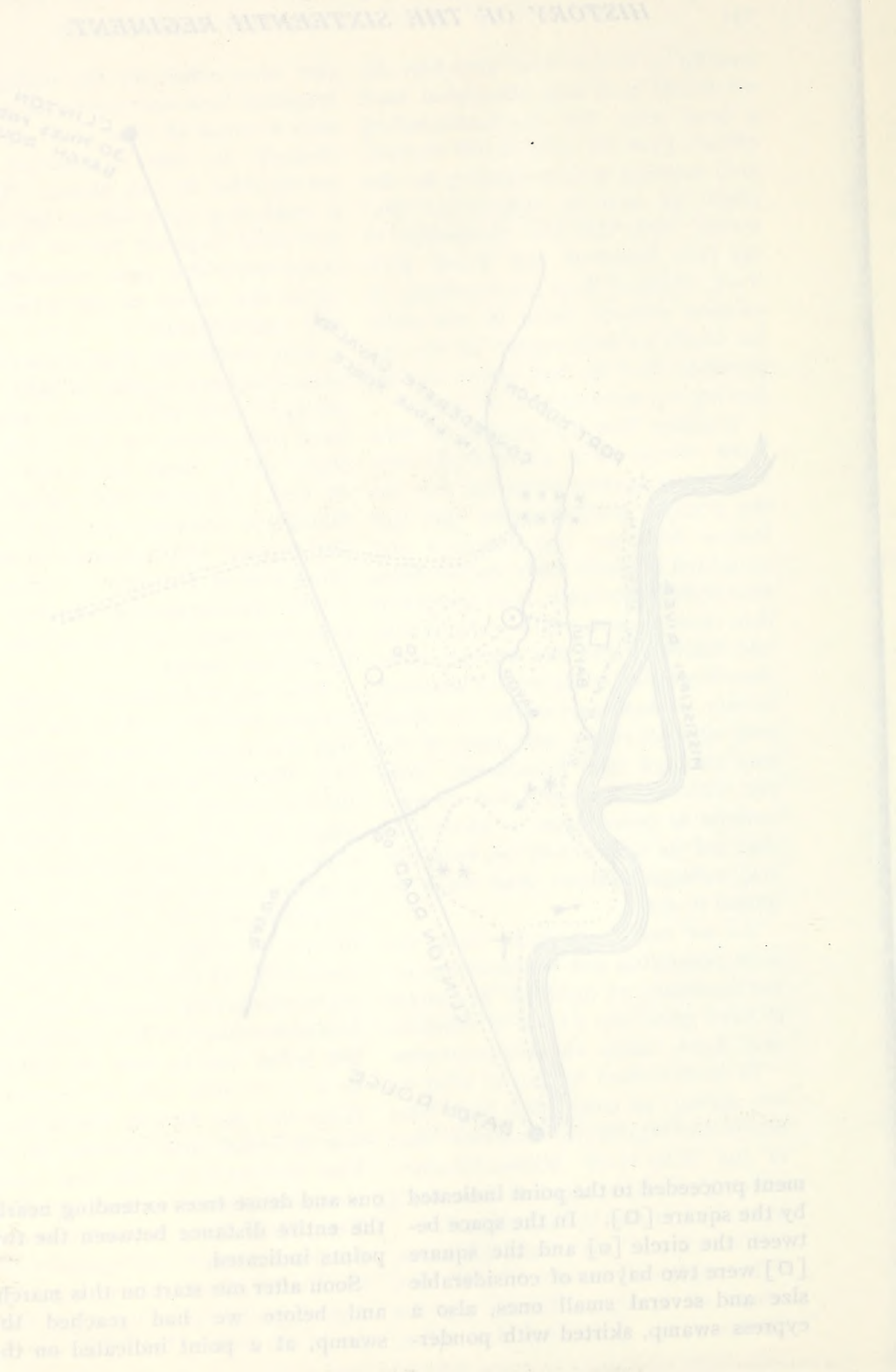


diagram by two small circles [oo], our regiment was suddenly halted. The orders, "Halt!" "Music to the rear!" "Load at will!" "Company A, deploy!" were given in rapid succession by our cool and courageous Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller, who was then in command. The company officers could be heard cautioning their men in somewhat authoritative tones, thus: "Steady, boys." "Keep cool." "Load carefully." The loading was quickly done and the guns were brought into position for the "Ready!" "Aim!" "Fire." Had the enemy really appeared, our regiment would have fought that night like veterans. We were just cross, out of sorts, and desperate enough to fight any body of troops coming against us. Death seemed to have no terrors. These orders had been given to meet, as we had reason to suppose, a cavalry raid of the Confederates. The scare was caused, however, by a small body of Federal cavalry returning from an attempt to discover the position and strength of the enemy at the north of us. Without stopping, this cavalry company moved back to the Clinton road, leaving us to scout and patrol for ourselves. It was afterwards learned that fifteen hundred Confederates were at that hour slowly moving towards the position we then held. We did not know anything of our danger, however, and a little later resumed our march. The flashing eye and nerve of our boys seen a few minutes before when a fight was in prospect, soon gave place to half-closed eyes, bent shoulders, and that long, loping pace that characterizes thoroughly tired men. The remainder of this march almost beggars description. Every now and then some of the men would stumble and fall, and were so exhausted by what they already had endured that they were unable to rise without help. The shoes of many of the men, filled with water and mud, became so embedded that after repeated and ineffectual efforts to extricate them, were left behind, and the men continue to stagger on in their stocking-feet.

The horses of the officers were loaded with the guns and knapsacks of the fainting men, and though thus relieved several of our overtaxed comrades dropped out of the ranks, found some knoll and sank upon it apparently indifferent whether they should sleep till morning, fall into the hands of the enemy, or meet death in that lonely place.

Those of us who had strength continued the march through this swamp and its bayous whose waters in places reached nearly to the armpits of the shorter men, and we found ourselves, a few minutes before nine o'clock in the evening, at the place for which we had started nine hours before. Under a partly clouded sky we broke ranks and expected to bivouac there till morning.

As precautionary measures no fires were lighted, no conversation permitted save in whispers, and no commands given except in undertones. The pickets were well posted; headquarters were in an open field by the roadside; and silence reigned. Those who were not assigned to guard duty, wet and covered with mud, gnawing a little hardtack to keep soul and body together, threw themselves in great disorder upon the ground for such rest as they could get.

Scarcely more than an hour could

have passed after we had taken our position for the night when a man was guided to headquarters, who, in a quiet and perfectly self-possessed way, made these statements: "The Confederates are near you and are advancing. General Dwight, who has reconnoitered to a point within four miles of Port Hudson, is in full retreat. [Dwight had gone by the road indicated by a double dotted line (::::::::).] The regiment that has been on your right [four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York] has been withdrawn and you ought to follow."

There were no written orders, indeed the man seemed to have no orders from any one, and after giving this information he disappeared as quickly as he had come. We tried to find him subsequently, but could not. For aught we knew he might have been a Confederate spy. He should have been detained and we ought to have been reprimanded for not detaining him. But we were too thoroughly used up to be efficient disciplinarians; besides this the man's manner completely disarmed us and it was too dark to make out his looks or uniform. Taking everything into consideration, the concluclusion seems valid that he was a Confederate picket but friendly to our side, and gave us this information that we might make good our escape. If these are the facts, we hereby express to that man, alive or dead, our gratitude. And if he is still living and this story of the mud march ever comes to his notice, we hope he will report his name to our regiment through the adjutant-general of New Hampshire, or in any other possible way.

If we are mistaken in this conjecture, and if the scout was a Union soldier, we shall welcome any correction of these statements.

Immediately on the departure of this man we were so deeply impressed by his manner and by what he had said that the officers were hastily summoned to headquarters for consultation. While thus engaged, one of the number reported that a woman had been seen at the back of a plantation house near by giving signals with a candle. Presumably she was communicating with Confederate troops who were known to be in close proximity to the position we then held.

On further investigation it was ascertained by our pickets that the four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York actually had been withdrawn, and that we were left without artillery or cavalry support and without any communication with the other troops of our brigade, who were four miles away.

We were not long, therefore, in reaching the conclusion that we were on the wrong side of the swamp. Hence, with no orders from any one, we decided to retreat. Word was passed as quickly as possible from man to man, and in a half-dazed condition our regiment soon was in line of march, headed for the two bayous and hideous swamp through which we had just passed. We made this move none too soon. The waters in the first bayou were slowly rising. Our conjecture was that the Confederates had turned the water of some other bayou into this one in order, if possible, to cut off our retreat. Then began a repetition of what we had experienced an hour or so before. It

was by this time too dark to pick our way, as at a few points we had been able to do when we entered the swamp on the other side. Our men soon were wading in mud that was waist-deep. Every now and then they would stumble over logs and one another. Many of them were too tired to utter a word; with bent forms and downcast eyes they struggled on. Some were swearing at every mishap and others in half prayer and half oath were saying, "O God! I cannot stand this any longer." The hooting of owls and splashing of reptiles, especially young alligators and moccasin snakes, added gloom to the darkness of the night. Why some of the men were not bitten by reptiles is more than we can tell. When hardly knowing which way the road led we would light a candle or two, and, having made our observations, continue to feel our way in the darkness, which at times was so dense that we scarcely could see the hand before the face. The most distressing feature of this part of the narrative is that some of our men, as we have reason to believe, who in this retreat had entered this doleful swamp never came out of it. We were while going and returning, thus beswamped for nearly five hours.

At a little past midnight, more dead than alive, we crawled out of this dismal slough and soon after reached the Clinton road. Here we had hoped to rest, but found that the other troops, who had been taking their ease since mid-forenoon the day before, already were forming in line to retreat, the report having reached them that an advance of the Confederate cavalry had begun. The Sixteenth was not given time, therefore, to make a cup of coffee or even to take breath, but was ordered to continue its march in quick time. Some of our men, however, could not do this and dropped in their tracks by the roadside. Had their lives depended on making this move with the other troops they would have remained, for a time at least, where they had fallen.

We do not know that any complaint or criticism should be offered at this point, for the enemy doubtless was following us up and the position then occupied was a bad one, at least an exposed one, had an attack been made.

The march was continued for an hour and a half more, until fairly good fighting ground was reached. A halt was ordered, the troops were properly arranged, and there was rest until daylight. The place assigned to our regiment was low and swampy, so much so that on rising at daylight the rubber blanket under the major and adjutant, who were bunked together, had sunk into the soft ground and was filled with a pailful or more of mud and water.

At this point in the narrative, we must go back for a few moments, for some of our comrades were left on the other side of the swamp when the main body of the regiment had crossed, or were crossing it. There were three groupings of these men. The first grouping were the pickets that had been stationed to the north and east of the regiment. In the hurry and confusion of the retreat the officer of the day, Lieutenant —— (we withhold his name) had forgotten to see that the guards were notified and called in. One of these guards, a private of Company

C, who was stationed nearest the road leading to the swamp, seeing that the regiment was on a move, grew uneasy. He felt there must have been an oversight or mistake on the part of some one, and therefore resolved to shoulder a measure of responsibility on his own account. Accordingly, he went to his nearest neighbor, telling him to pass along word from man to man to come at once to the place where had been the headquarters of the regiment. When all had reported, he said to them, "Boys, no doubt we have been left through some blunder. What shall we do?" After consultation it was the unanimous opinion of the men, though without orders, that they would better quit their post and follow on after the regiment rather than remain where they were sure to fall into the hands of the Confederates. Accordingly, they did about as unmilitary a thing as soldiers well could do,—deserted their post and followed the retreating regiment. They found, first of all, that the planking of the bridge over the first and deepest bayou had been thrown into the stream by the last of our men who had crossed it. Holding their cartridge-boxes above the water, they forded this bayou in safety. But the remainder of the march in the darkness was fearful and horrible. Once in the swamp, however, they were safe from the Confederates, for no enemy on earth would have followed them where they went that night. These retreating guards overtook some of the stragglers of our regiment who from sheer exhaustion had fallen behind, but by encouragement and help the most of them followed the guard until the main body of the troops was reached on the Clinton road.

The second grouping of our deserted men numbered six who had been stationed on outpost duty on the left flank of the regiment. They, too, had become uneasy. What indications of life they heard were on their front where the enemy was, and it was ominously and painfully silent in the direction where their regiment was supposed to be; and furthermore, the signal, an occasional rapping on the sword scabbard by the officer of the day, that had been agreed upon, with which to keep these pickets in touch with their regiment, was no longer heard. The men concluded, therefore, to investigate, and upon doing so found that the regiment had gone and that they were left apparently alone. There were, however, four comrades who were then soundly sleeping in a negro cabin near by.

These six men concluded, without further delay, that they would follow the regiment. There was between them and the ford a rail fence well covered with vines. On the south side of this they quietly crept a part of the way on their hands and knees in order not to arrest attention, for by this time the Confederate scouts were close upon them. The water in the first bayou still rising, having also something of a current, was then almost too dangerous to enter. But the men took the chances. How they ever forded it and found their way through the swamp beyond is an astonishment to every one who participated in that doleful night's adventure.

One of their number, in giving an account of his experience to the writ-

er, said: "We could not see and we went through that swamp solely by the sense of feeling. We could tell by the condition of the mud where the men already had passed, and this was our only guide." One of the number, after ineffectual efforts to keep along with the rest, fell behind, and for two days was reported as missing. It is a wonder that in despair he did not sink in the darkness and find his burial-place in the mud.

The other five reached the embankment on the side of the Clinton road but could go no further. To their dismay they found that the other troops, including our regiment, had some time before taken up their line of march, and where they had gone these five men did not know. While they were lying there [at the point on the diagram marked o], a company of Confederate cavalry scouts passed over the road within ten feet of them, and a few minutes later galloped back, having discovered, no doubt, that the detachments bivouacked at the points indicated in the diagram by the three small circles [,,,] were in good position to repel an attack. At daylight these five men followed down the road, keeping, meanwhile, a good lookout for the enemy, until the other troops were overtaken.

The third grouping of our deserted men, four in number, three of whom were members of the band and one a private, had sought the comfort and protection of a slave cabin near the position taken by the regiment for the night and had fallen asleep. Within a few minutes after the guards and pickets had gone, this cabin was surrounded and the four men were prisoners, and the next morning were marched into Port Hudson.

It is just to all parties to say at this point that it subsequently turned out that the conjecture of the private in Company C was correct. The lieutenant of the guard had not attended to one of his most important duties, which was to call in the guard and the outpost picket at the time the regiment moved. Though this remissness was known to the regimental officers, it was thought best to reprimand neither the lieutenant for his neglect nor the men on picket duty for their disobedience and desertion. Indeed, who was qualified to administer discipline? Those in command above us had failed in their duty, having left our entire regiment to shift for itself. Nor could our own regimental officers very well court-martial the guards and pickets, since without orders the entire regiment had taken the matter of retreat into its own hands.

It is perfectly manifest that the Sixteenth regiment, according to the rules of war, ought to have had its colors taken away, and have been disgraced. But, on the other hand, had we remained beyond the bayou one hour longer, there would have been for us no escape. We therefore have no regrets and feel not the slightest mortification in recording these unmilitary acts. In all probability under similar circumstances this behavior would be repeated by our men. And whatever may be thought of what we are saying, and while realizing the peril of the unmilitary conduct that by implication we are recommending, still we accord our praises to good judgment and common sense as well as to implicit

and explicit obedience to orders, especially when the ship is on fire or when confidence in the commanding officers is somewhat impaired. Casabianca was a brave, good boy, but we always have thought he was lacking somewhat in "horse sense" when he remained

> "Standing on the burning deck,
> Whence all but him had fled."

Returning now to the main narrative, we find our regiment, with most of the stragglers who had followed us, still bivouacked at the place we had reached between two and three o'clock in the morning. It was slightly foggy and not fairly light when our men were astir the next morning. Such looking men as composed the Sixteenth regiment when the light fully dawned, this world, at least in civilized countries, rarely has seen. Their features were pinched and haggard; their eyes bloodshot and sunken; their legs and feet stiff and swollen. There was scarcely a foot in the regiment but could show its blistered toes; there were ankle-joints completely peeled by the hard usage; some of the men had on but one shoe, others had both feet bare or bound up in rags. Some of the men while struggling and staggering in the swamp had bravely clung to all their accoutrements and the hundred rounds of ammunition, but others had been forced to throw away not only their ammunition but their guns, knapsacks, blankets, and for clothing had on little except coat and pants. There was not a man in the whole number who was not mudbesprinkled or mudbesoaked nearly to his waist, and not a few in the ranks, who, while in the swamp had stumbled over stumps, fallen timber, and each other, were a mass of mud from head to feet. As one of our regimental correspondents wrote,—"a sorer-skinned, stiffer-jointed, or more woebegone and bog covered body of men was never seen."

Our readers easily can infer that these were among the experiences that helped to sap the vitality of the Sixteenth, and, notwithstanding the natural vigor of its men, made them an easy prey to the terrible fatality that came to them a month or more later. There is no doubt that scores of our regiment never after that mud march knew a well day.

We find on consulting our journal that our rations that morning were reduced to coffee and hardtack. As soon as we had partaken of these the troops were ordered to fall into line, and after a march of an hour or so we reached the cane-field that we had left the day before. At the order, "Break ranks!" most of the men dropped to the ground completely exhausted.

We need not say, for it passes without saying, that the recollection of what we have just narrated, even after these many years have intervened, is sickening almost beyond endurance.

Pardon the recapitulation of what we passed through during twenty-four hours beginning on the morning of March 17.

First, We were kept waiting, most of the time in line, from five o'clock in the morning till midday.

Second, We made a needless march for miles on rough and muddy roads, in roundabout ways when shorter and well-made roads just as well might have been taken; and all this was in

consequence of the blunder or ignorance of those who had misdirected us.

Third, Our regiment and four companies of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, though already exhausted from a long and quick march, and while there were at command plenty of fresh troops, were sent, through a purgatory of mud and ditch water, to an outpost which was in close proximity to the enemy.

Fourth, There had been furnished neither cavalry to escort us nor artillery to support us, nor baggage wagons to help us, nor a solitary army ambulance to carry our sick and disabled men.

Fifth, There were no means of communication between our regiment and the remainder of the troops then on the Clinton road, nor any officer in authority to tell us why we were sent to this outpost, or what to do while there, or when to return.

Sixth, While we were in this perilous position and when, without orders, we made our retreat, the Confederates, in force at least five thousand, as subsequently learned, including cavalry and infantry, were within two miles of where we bivouacked and were cautiously feeling their way down the strip of land lying between the Mississippi and the bayous that we must cross before we could reach the other troops of our command. Had the enemy flanked us even with a small force of cavalry, we should have been bagged and marched to Port Hudson in the morning.

We do not care to say more, nor will we comment further on this whole miserable affair. Our indignation is too intense.

After reaching the encampment in the cane-field, we were notified that there still was danger of an attack, though seemingly not so great as the day before. Our men, therefore, measurably had to be kept in shape and position to form in line. The danger meanwhile was so great that General Banks wanted every available man to be brought to the front. The adjutant accordingly was sent during the day to Baton Rouge to look up those of the Sixteenth who had been left in the hospital and convalescent camp and to bring to the front all who were willing to accompany him. The men were called together, and after the adjutant had stated the case thirty-two volunteered to make the effort. Some of those who volunteered were too sick to march, and as the line was formed the adjutant's heart, almost for the first time in the campaign, gave way. Had the authority rested with him every one of those men except a half dozen professional bummers would have been sent back to the hospital. Poor men! Some of them marched until they sank in their tracks and were carried back in an ambulance; others never recovered from the effort to do their duty and not to appear to desert their comrades while in the face of the enemy. The adjutant may say that there is scarcely anything amid all his duties that he looks back upon with so little satisfaction as the using of his words and influence to induce those sick men to join the rest of the regiment, though none were required to accompany him except such as volunteered. And it was, in a large measure, this volunteering of these sick men to add their failing strength to the next

move that rendered the scene so pathetic that it never can be forgotten by the executive officer of the regiment to his dying day.

The next morning, March 20, we were ordered at ten o'clock to strike tents and be ready for an immediate move. In this condition of expectancy we remained hour after hour until near four o'clock in the afternoon, when the order came so suddenly that the line was formed while men were buckling on their knapsacks and other accoutrements.

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[*To be continued.*]

'MONGST THE HILLS OF MERRIMACK.

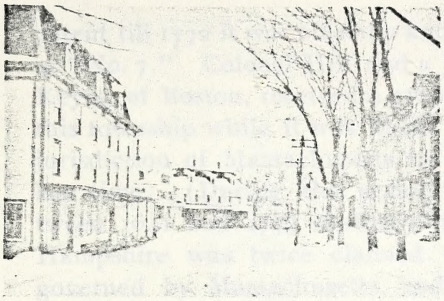
By Alice Greenwood.

'Mongst the hills of Merrimack—
Wish to heaven I was back!
Shet my eyes, and there they be,
"Just as plain as A B C."
Kearsarge, the old Minks, too,—
See 'em both from Waterloo.
Waterloo beneath the hill,
Sittin' there so calm and still,
With its houses, clean and white,
Smilin' at you day and night;
And the river, chucklin' low,
As it did long years ago,
When I trudged to school and back
'Mongst the hills of Merrimack.

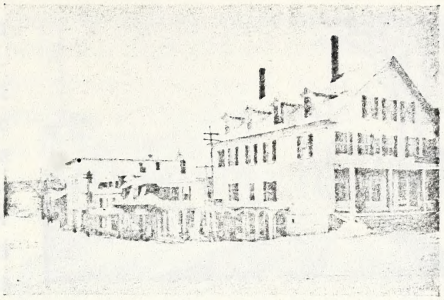
Warner river, do n't you mind
How it used to curve and wind,
How it twisted in and out
'Mongst the rocks where speckled trout
Played at "hide and seek," you know,
Or, that is, we called it so?
'T wa' n't no trick to ketch a mess
Them days in an hour or less.
Ah! my old mouth waters still,
And I s'pose it allers will,
When my tho'ts go wanderin' back,
'Mongst the hills of Merrimack.

'Pears to me the sun shone brighter,
Somehow, too, the snow looked whiter,
And the sky was twicet as blue,
And the days were shorter, too.
Then the girls were so much neater,
So much prettier, and completer,
So much truer, too, some way,
Than the girls are now-a-day.
Speakin' of the girls, and then,
How it all comes back again:
The old school-house down the road,
'Fore it birch and pine trees grow'd;
There 's the stone wall at the back,
'Mongst the hills of Merrimack.

'T aint no use to hanker, though,
Arter things that 's gone, you know;
But if I could just slip in
To the old home once ag'in,
When the lilacs, all a bloom,
Scent the little attic room,—
If I could wake up and find
All these years I 've left behind
Was a dream, a dream!—then I
Would be ready most to die.
Ah, well, if I 'm laid to rest
On these prairies of the West,
Hope my soul may wander back
'Mongst the hills of Merrimack.



Central Square, looking from School Street.



Depot Street, from Central Square.

A SKETCH OF HILLSBOROUGH.

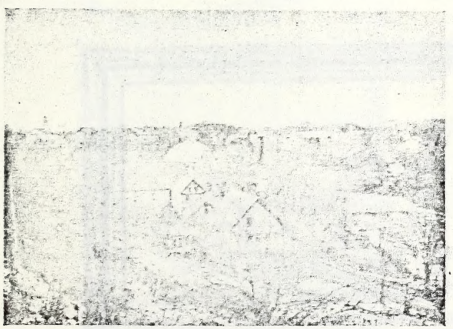
By Prof. Isaac Copp.

The Early history of Hillsborough runs much like that of other New Hampshire towns of the Colonial and Revolutionary periods. There is the same story of courage and perseverance, clearing and settling, or rather, settling and clearing, hardship and endurance.

Those towns, however, that were situated along the line extending from Dover and Rochester to Lake Winnipesaukee, thence through Boscawen, Concord, Hopkinton, Hillsborough, and Keene, to Charlestown, on the Connecticut, had experiences peculiar to themselves, incident to their frontier location. Here was the border line of civilization from the south. Here was the lurking-place of the ruthless savage from the north. The sequel needs no recital. This is hallowed ground.



Main Street, looking toward Central Square.



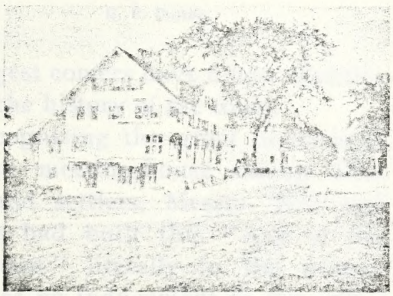
Business Portion of Hillsborough Bridge, looking West.

To one unacquainted with the etymology of the name Hillsborough, it has an appropriate suggestiveness of the physical features of the town. Hillsborough is indeed a hilly town, but its name is taken from its original grantee and patron, Col. John Hill, of Boston. Colonel Hill is said to have given Gov. John Wentworth about fifty dollars for his signature to the charter incorporating the town as Hillborough. The name has been corrupted to Hillsborough.

From the time of the original survey of the town under the Masonian

patent till 1772 it was officially known as "No. 7." Colonel Hill and a Mr. Keyes, of Boston, received a grant of this township while it was under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts for the last time. (During the period between 1641 and 1749 southern New Hampshire was twice claimed and governed by Massachusetts, and as many times reclaimed and ruled as an independent colony.)

These new proprietors, anxious to develop their grant, made preparations for a settlement within its borders. Consequently, in 1741, a small company of men and one woman made their way from the vicinity of Boston, through the wilderness to township "No. 7," on the Contoocook river. Of the members of this company, the names which have come down to us are, James McColley and wife, Samuel Gibson, Robert McClure, and James Lyon. There were undoubtedly others in the company, but their names have been lost.



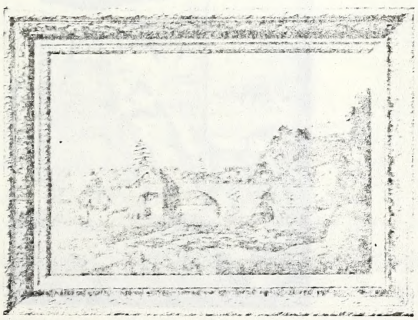
Marcy's Block, Central Square, looking up Main Street.



School Street, looking North.

On the eastern cant of the hill sloping to the Contoocook, by the side of a large boulder on the present site of Marcy's block, James McColley erected the first house in town. In this rude log hut, on January 18, 1742, was born to Mr. and Mrs. McColley, a son. This son, later known as Lieut. John McColley, was the first child born of white parents in the town.

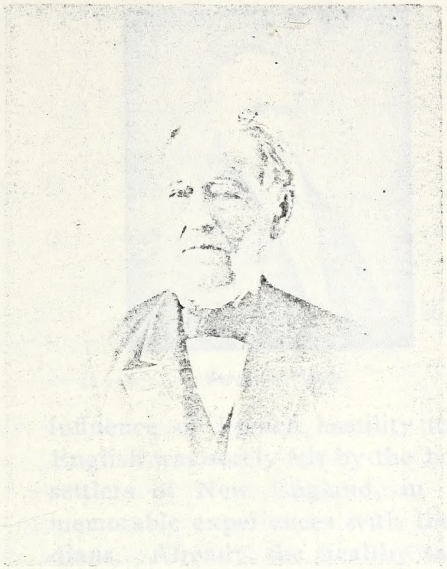
It appears that the wife of Samuel Gibson came to the settlement early in its beginning, for on May 19, 1742, was born to them a daughter, Elizabeth, the second child of the new community. The Gibson house was on what is now the Centre road, just above Freeman Adams's. These two



The "Great Bridge" and the Mills in 1852.



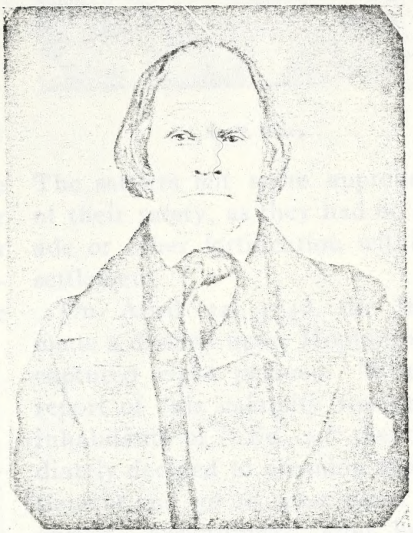
Part of Main Street, looking North.



E. P. Dutton.

youngest comers have a later identity with the history of the town.

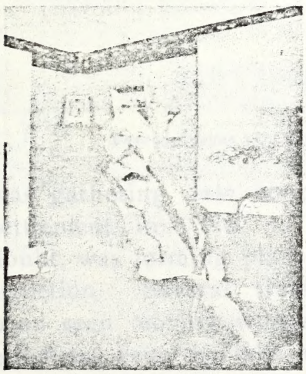
Recognizing the great importance of the meeting-house among New England settlers, Messrs. Hill and Keyes had built this "Ark of the Covenant" literally in the wilderness, as an inducement to the settlement of their grant. This, the first meeting-house in town, was built on the present site of the Clark brothers' barn, and a parsonage stood where their house now stands. Colonel Hill purchased a fine bell for this church, but owing to the abandonment of the settlement soon after his purchase, the bell was carried to Groton, Mass., where it has since done full measure of religious service.



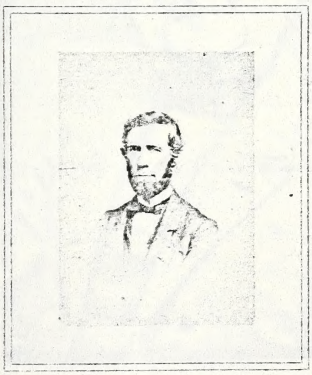
Joshua Marcy.

In about five years this settlement had a maximum of eight or ten families, which, with the exception of one or two on Bible hill, were scattered from the Bridge to the Centre.

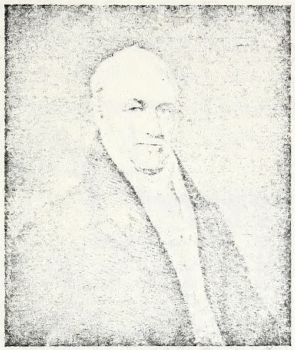
At this period in our history, the



Horace Marcy.



Joshua Marcy, Jr.

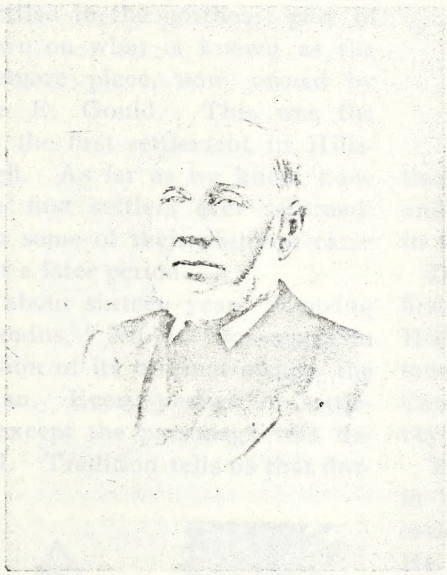


Benjamin Pierce.



W. S. Marcy.

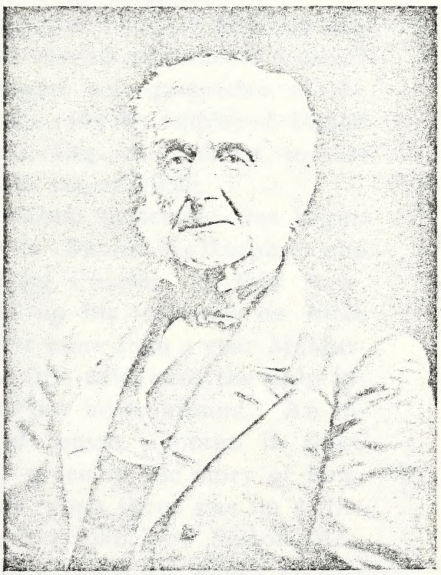
influence of French hostility to the English was sorely felt by the border settlers of New England, in their memorable experiences with the Indians. Already, the stealthy savage



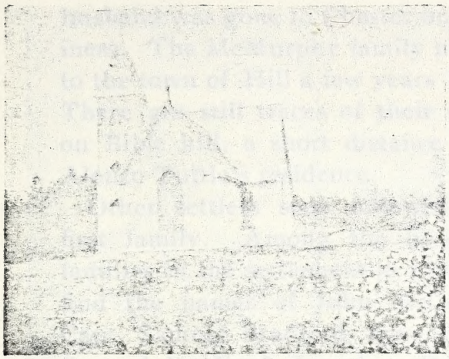
Deacon Charles W. Conn.

was gathering data concerning the settlement in "No. 7," and, no doubt, was forming plans for its destruction. Several times he had been seen moving with spectre-like quietness near the falls of the Contoocook, where the mills now stand. The settlers felt some apprehension of their safety, as they had no stockade or other fortification within the settlement.

On April 22, 1746, the Indians made a descent upon Hopkinton and captured eight persons. When the report of this calamity reached the inhabitants of "No. 7," they immediately decided to abandon their settlement and go to some place of security. Accordingly, after burying their heavier articles of furniture,



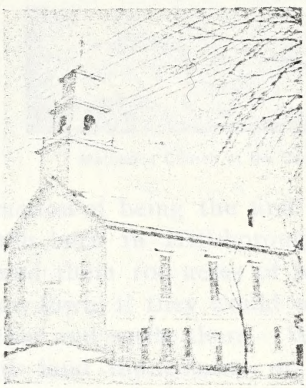
Abel Conant Burnham, M. D.



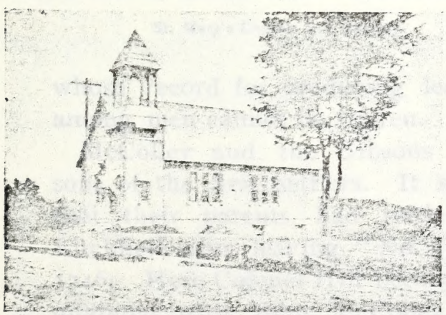
Congregational Chapel at the Centre.

they left the place, taking such of their possessions as they could carry, and driving their cattle before them. As they passed through Antrim they were joined by Philip Riley, then the sole inhabitant of that town. He had settled in the northeast part of the town on what is known as the Whittemore place, now owned by George E. Gould. This was the end of the first settlement in Hillsborough. As far as we know, none of the first settlers ever returned, though some of their children came back at a later period.

For about sixteen years following this exodus, "No. 7" was again in possession of its original owner, the red man. Every vestige of settlement except the parsonage was destroyed. Tradition tells us that during this interval the old church was maliciously burned by one Keyes, of Weare. It is supposed that he looted the glass, which at that time was rare and valuable, and then burned the building for amusement. No attempt at resettlement was made until danger from Indian depredations was removed by the termination of the French and Indian war, and the capitulation of the French in favor of the English.



Congregational Church.



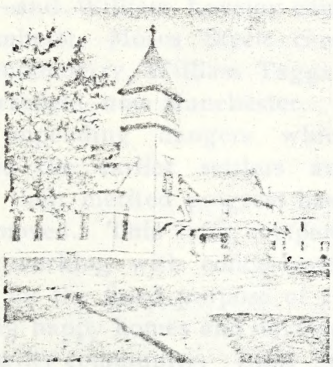
Lower Village Chapel.

During the interval between the first and second settlements, Colonel Hill became sole proprietor of the town. In 1763 he employed Daniel Campbell, Esq., of Amherst, to survey it into 100-acre lots.

The second settlement was begun in 1762 by Daniel McMurphy, who came from Chester, in this state. He took up his residence on Bible hill. For more than a year McMurphy and his wife were the only inhabitants for miles around. An instance of female courage in those times is given in the story of how, at a time when there was no settlement nearer than New Boston, Mrs. McMurphy remained alone in this wilderness for two weeks, while her

husband was gone to Chester on business. The McMurphy family moved to the town of Hill a few years later. There are still traces of their cellar on Bible hill, a short distance from Alonzo Tuttle's residence.

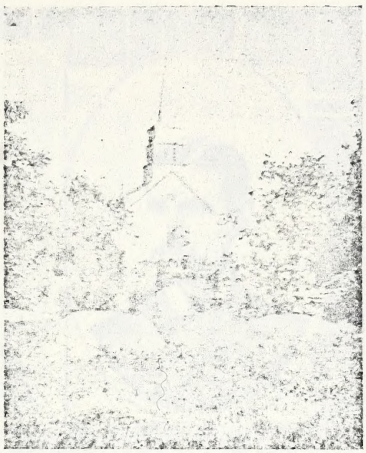
Other settlers soon followed this first family. Among the heads of families in the settlement in 1767, we find the names of John McColley, Capt. Samuel Bradford, Sen., Lieut. Samuel Bradford, Jonathan Durant, Joshua Easty, Timothy Wilkins, John Gibson, Samuel Gibson, William Williams, Benjamin Lovejoy, William Pope, Jonathan Sargent, Moses Steele, Isaac Baldwin, William Taggart, Isaac Andrews. This was the basis of the future town. These names have come down to us by direct descent, and, with later acquisitions, have given us a town



St. Mary's Church and Rectory.

whose record for producing leaders among men cannot be beaten.

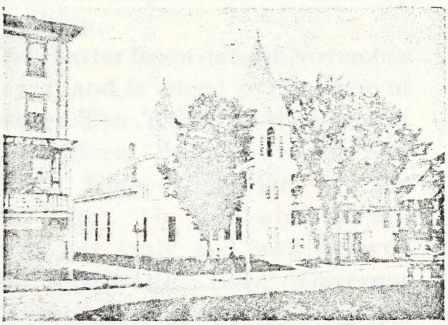
McColley and the Gibsons were sons of the first settlers. It seems that their parents had settled in Litchfield after leaving "No. 7," in 1746. Here Colonel Hill became acquainted with John McColley and Elizabeth Gibson, heirs to the dis-



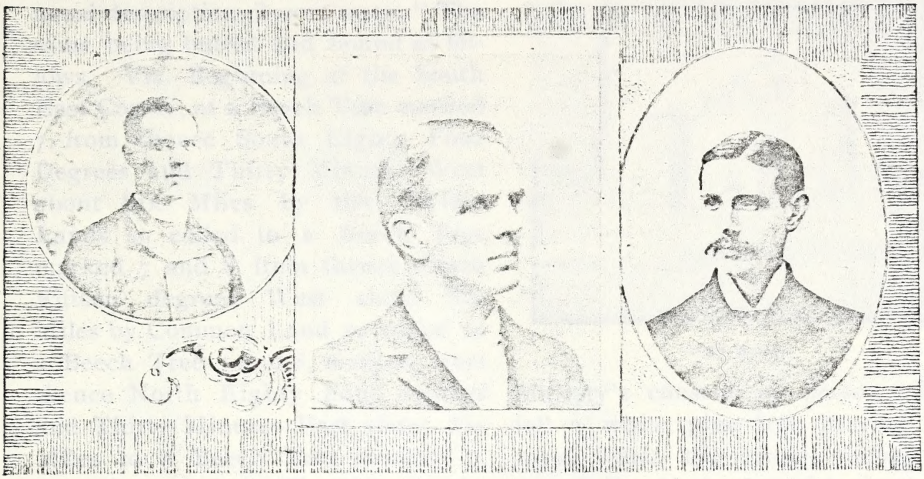
Methodist Church at the Centre.

tinction of being the first white children born in Hillsborough, and offered them 100 acres of land in his new town, if they would marry each other and settle there. Whether by the land inducement or their own natural inclinations, the Colonel's plan was successfully carried out, and early in the second settlement we find John and Elizabeth man and wife, happily ensconced on their new farm in the western part of the town, near Sulphur hill.

Capt. Samuel Bradford, Sen., settled on Bible hill, and opened the first tavern in town, where Alonzo Tuttle now lives. He built the first saw- and grist-mill in town, also, on



Methodist Church, Hillsborough Bridge.

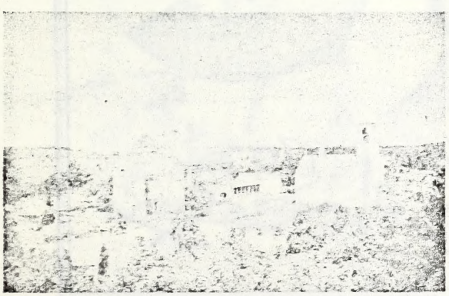


Rev. Fr. D. W. Fitzgerald. Rev. T. E. Cramer. Rev. F. W. Burrows.

the west side of the Beard road, just above the bridge at the "Old Foundry."

The greater part of these settlers came from Massachusetts. Lieut. Samuel Bradford—not related to the captain—and William Lovejoy came from Amherst, Moses Steele came from Londonderry, William Taggart from Derryfield, now Manchester.

The impending dangers which distracted the earlier settlers and checked their merited progress have been removed. This later company are now working with concentrated energies for the fixed purpose of establishing happy homes and developing a thrifty community. Bible hill is the centre of activity in this embryonic town. Here the first permanent settlement was made and here the first tavern was opened. Although we may not at this early period dignify the place by speaking of its "population," its numbers are rapidly increasing. In 1772, there are twenty-two freeholders. There is now systematic progress. The need of organization is being felt. Consequently the inhabitants, through the agency of Isaac Andrews, Esq., petition the governor for a charter of incorporation. We are told that "'Squire" Andrews employed Rev. James Scales, the first established minister of Hopkinton, to draw up the petition.



Old Town House and Congregational Church at the Centre.

The charter bears date of November 14, 1772, and is issued in the name of "George The Third, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," etc., "by and with the advice of our truly and well beloved John Wentworth, Esq., Governor and Commander-in-chief of our province of New Hampshire." After the

usual description, it continues, "The same being butted and bound as follows. Viz. Beginning at the South East Corner, at a Beech Tree marked 7, from thence South Eighty Four Degrees and Thirty Minutes West about Six Miles by the Society Lands so called to a Beech Tree marked 7 and 8, from thence North Fifteen degrees West about Six Miles by Common Land so called to a Beech Tree 7 and 8, marked, from thence North Eighty Four degrees and Thirty Minutes East about Six Miles to a Beech Tree marked 7, from thence about Six Miles by the Town of Henniker to the bounds first mentioned; be and they are hereby declared to be a Town Corporate by the Name of Hillborough."

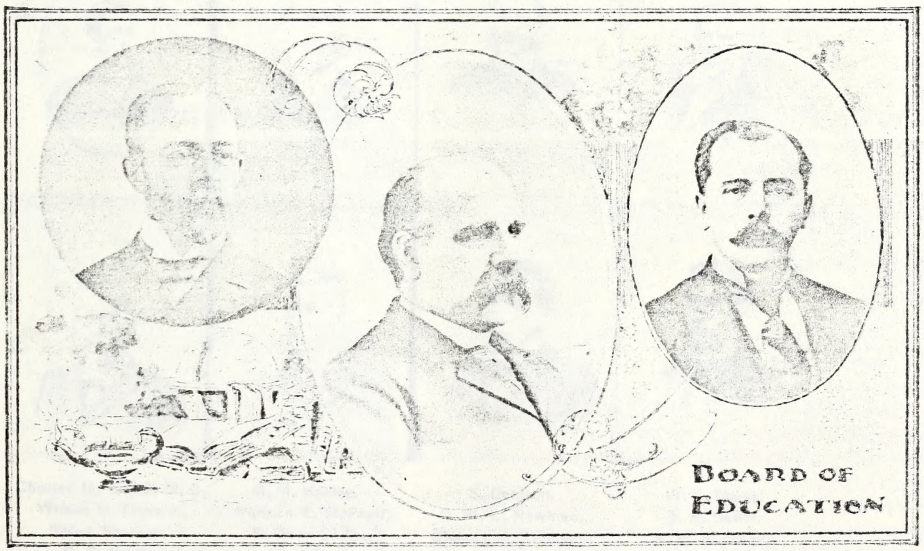
This instrument made the same reservation of "all White Pine Trees that are or shall be found being and growing within and upon the said Tract of Land fit for the use of our Royal Navy," as was made in other New England towns. Without His



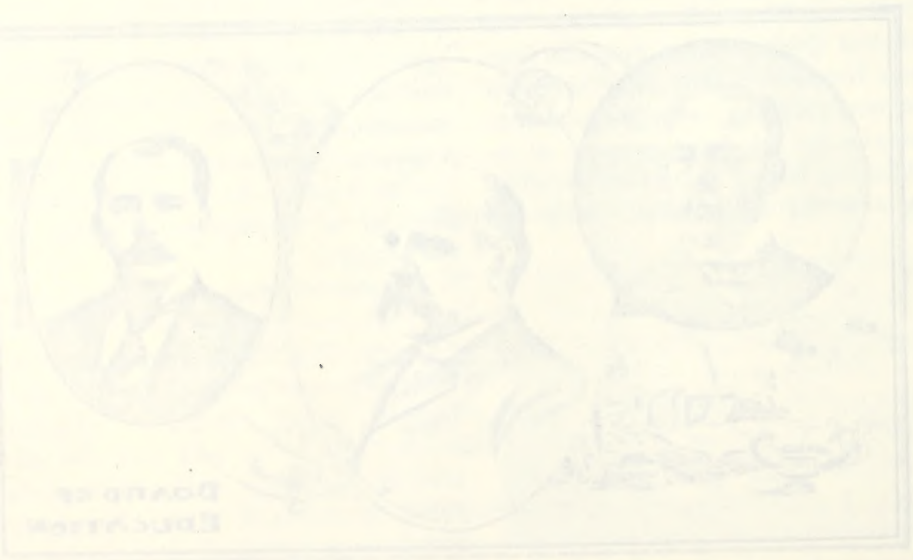
High School.

Majesty's consent no person might fell a white pine tree bearing the royal mark, the arrow, though he owned the land on which it stood. This was another of those imprudent and unpopular acts of George III which helped to precipitate that great strife in which the mettle and patriotism of our Hillsborough fathers stood the highest test.

By the provisions of the charter Isaac Baldwin was appointed to call the first town meeting. It was held in Captain Baldwin's tavern on Bible hill on November 24, 1772. Follow-



G. W. Haslet. M. H. Felt, M. D. F. E. Merrill.





Chester M. Gould, M. D.
Wilson D. Forsaith.
Solon Newman.
C. C. White.
W. T. Whittle.

M. M. Hadley.
Norman E. McPhail.
Ruthven Childs.
H. J. Gage.
Alden P. Farrar.

S. Denison.
D. W. C. Newman.
Charles M. Freeman.
James W. Grimes, Esq.
Frank Parker.

W. S. Marcy.
S. H. Baker.
A. M. Burnham.
J. H. T. Newell.
W. P. Prescott.





Ex-Gov. J. B. Smith.

ing is a part of the record of that first meeting:

"*Voted*, To accept the charter.

"*Voted*, Isaac Baldwin, town clerk.

"*Voted*, The selectmen serve for no pay this year.

"*Voted*, Isaac Andrews, John McColley, Daniel McNeil, Isaac Baldwin, William Pope, selectmen.

"*Voted*, Daniel McNeil, William Pope, William Taggart, William Clark, surveyors of highways.

"*Voted*, Capt. Samuel Bradford, town treasurer.

"*Voted*, Capt. Samuel Bradford, tything man.

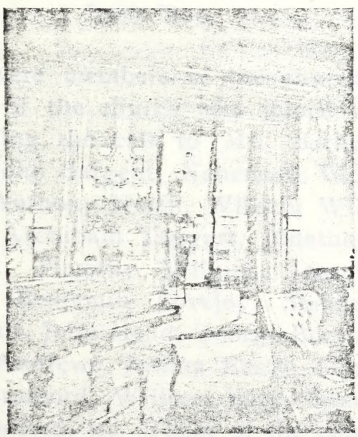
"*Voted*, The selectmen, fence viewers.

"*Voted*, William Jones, Joshua Easty, hog constables.

"*Voted*, William Pope, sealer of leather.

"*Voted*, Isaac Andrews, clerk of the market.

"*Voted*, To renew their call to Mr. Jonathan Barnes to settle in the work of the gospel ministry.

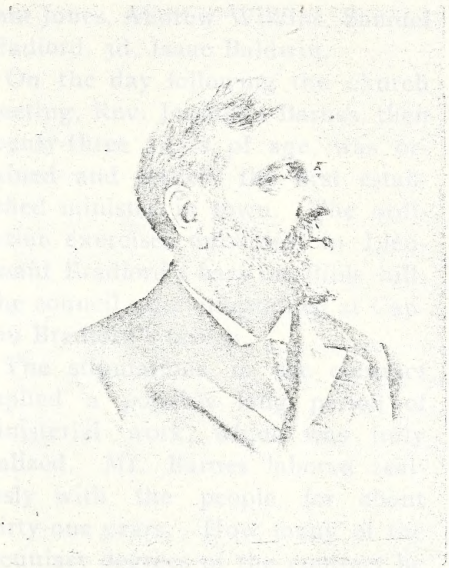


Interior View of Ex-Gov. J. B. Smith's Residence.

"*Voted*, That Capt. Samuel Bradford should keep the council at the time of ordination."

A town church meeting was held on the same day and at the same place as the corporate town meeting was held. At this meeting it was

"*Voted*, Unanimously, that Mr. Jonathan Barnes take the charge and oversight of the church and flock of Christ in this town aforesaid, and that he settle with us in the work of the gospel ministry according to the platform



Ex-Gov. J. B. Smith.

of church discipline commonly called Cambridge platform, so far as it agrees with the Word of God or the Sacred Scriptures.

"*Voted*, That they will give him thirty pounds lawful money by way of settlement, and that they will give him thirty pounds lawful money a year for the first four years, and that they will give him thirty-five pounds lawful money a year for the next four years, and then forty pounds a year until there are seventy families in town, and when there are seventy families in town he is to be entitled to fifty pounds a year, sooner or later, and is to have fifty pounds a year from the time of seventy families coming into the town till there are ninety families, and after there are ninety families he is to have sixty pounds a year until there are one hundred ten families in town, and after there are one hundred ten in town he

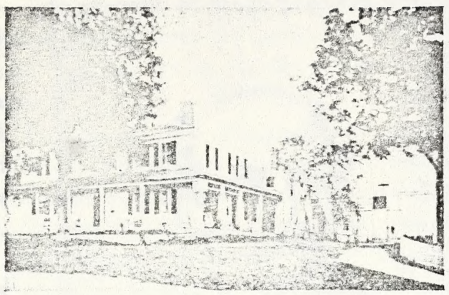
is to have sixty-six pounds, thirteen shillings, and six pence annually, so long as he shall continue in the ministry among us; and furthermore, that we will allow him two or three Sabbaths in a year to visit his friends."

The concurrent action of these two meetings in regard to Rev. Jonathan Barnes shows that there was still a strong bond of union between church and state. The strength of that bond lay in the fact that a very large majority of the citizens at that



Franklin Pierce.

time were members of the church. Those of the church who joined in extending the call to Mr. Barnes were John Sargent, Nehemiah Wilkins, Anthony Morin, William Williams, Archibald Taggart, Jonathan Durant, Timothy Wilkins, Joseph Clark, Benjamin Lovejoy, Samuel Bradford, John Mead, George Booth, Isaac Andrews, Joshua Easty, Timothy Bradford, William Pope, Samuel Bradford, Jr. Those of the congregation were Baxter Howe, William Jones, Andrew Wilkins, Samuel Bradford, 3d, Isaac Baldwin.



The President Pierce Homestead.

On the day following the church meeting, Rev. Jonathan Barnes, then twenty-three years of age, was ordained and settled, the first established minister in town. The ordination exercises were held in Lieutenant Bradford's barn on Bible hill. The council were entertained at Captain Bradford's tavern.

The stipulations in the contract implied a possibly long period of ministerial work, which was fully realized. Mr. Barnes labored zealously with the people for about thirty-one years. How many of the pecuniary degrees of the contract he passed, does not appear.

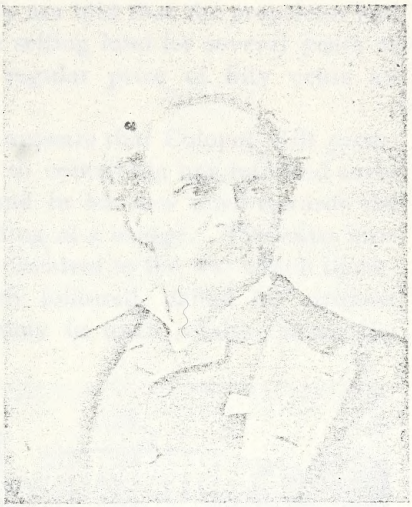
According to the requirements of the charter, the first annual town-meeting was held March 25,—the



Judge S. W. Holman.

last Thursday,—1773. After electing officers for the ensuing year, and voting to dismiss, for the time being, the article in regard to building a meeting-house, the citizens voted "that this meeting be adjourned to the fifteenth day of April next at ten of the clock in the forenoon to Mr. Samuel Bradford jun^{r} his barn."

The barn was the workshop of these early builders of our town. It was the temple of their worship, the arena of their deliberations. The day to which the last meeting adjourned happened to be that of the



K. D. Pierce, Esq.

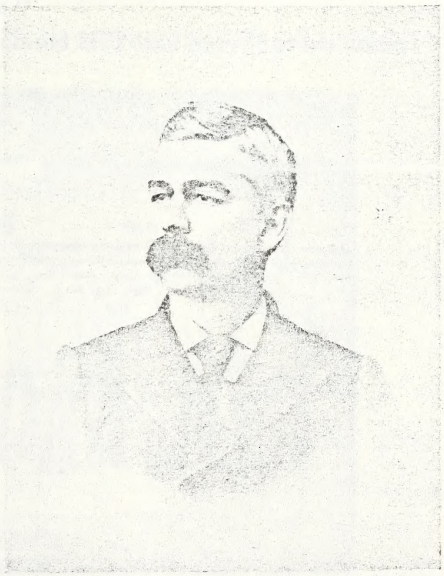


K. D. Pierce, Esq.

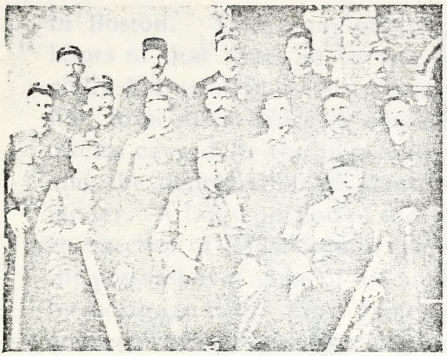
"Publick Fast," so no business was transacted. A meeting-house was the first great want of the community. At a town meeting held on the following May 4th, it was voted "to build a meeting house this year, the length to be 35 feet, breadth 30 feet, and 9 feet stud; to set the same on land Colonel Hill gave for that purpose. Isaac Andrews, John McColley, Timothy Wilkins, Committee."

This house was not completed for use till 1779. Meanwhile, religious services were held in barns in warm weather and in dwelling-houses in cold weather.

The land alluded to as given by Colonel Hill included ten acres near the centre of the town. It was given "for the site of a meeting house, burial ground, and common." He also set apart about two hundred fifty acres as a gift to the first settled minister in the town. This, of course, fell to the Rev. Mr. Barnes, whose



Judge S. W. Holman.



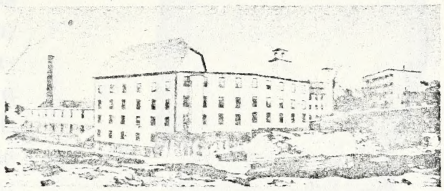
Eagle Hose Company.

descendants still own the old homestead and use it for a summer home. The folk-lore associated with the old Barnes mansion would of itself fill the space allotted to this sketch.

At the town-meeting held March 30, 1775, it was voted to "reserve one-third part of highway tax towards purchasing lumber to build a bridge over the Contoocook River, if Colonel Hill will give 100 acres of land or $100 towards building said bridge." This record is interesting as showing the comparative value of land at that time and the first movement towards bridging the Contoocook.

We are told that the proprietor had been selling land for several years at the regular price of fifty cents an acre.

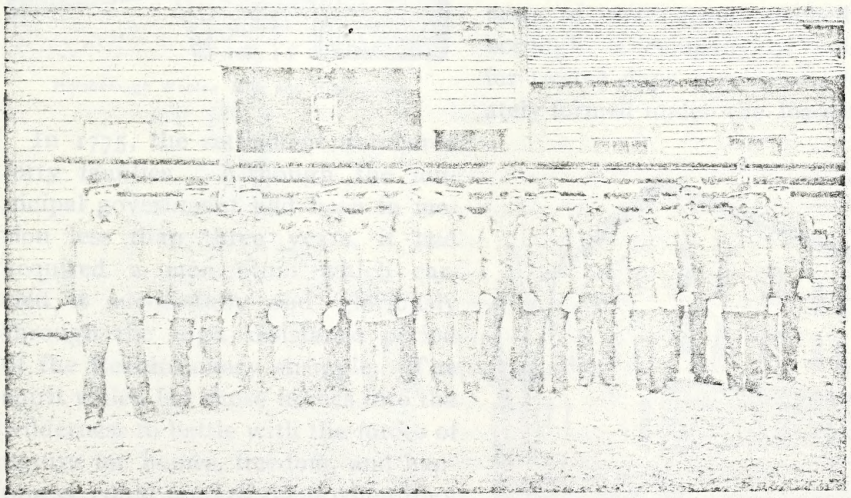
It appears that Colonel Hill promised to contribute one hundred acres of land in his new town towards the building of a bridge. The extra burdens incident to the war which immediately followed, called for strictest economy in town affairs, hence the



Contoocook Mills.

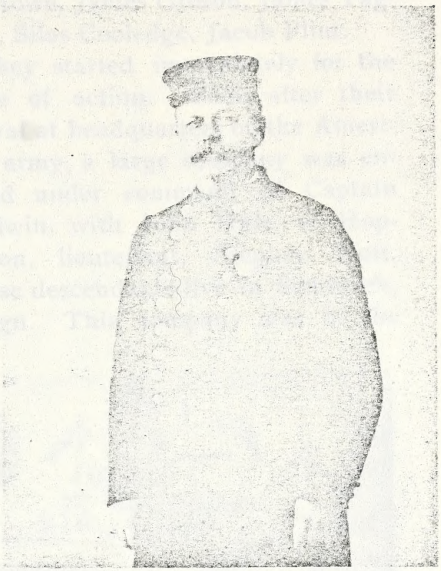
building of the bridge, like that of the church, was prolonged to 1779. An example of the rigid economy practised by the town in that trying period is shown by the following town record of 1776: "Voted three pounds to defray town charges this year."

Colonel Hill died in 1776 at his home



Hook and Ladder Company.

in Boston. Like many other speculators of that time, he became financially distressed in the last years of his life, from disturbance in commercial circles caused by the impending war and the depreciation of Continental money. A large portion of the northeast section of Hillsborough came into the possession of some of his creditors by mortgage title. Gov. James Bowdoin, of Massachusetts, obtained a claim to one thousand acres in this way, and a Mr. Green, of Boston, eight hundred acres. The first settlement in this section of the town was made in 1780 by John Hartwell, from Concord, Mass.,—whence the name "Concord End"—and Thaddeus Munroe from Carlisle.



E. C. Newman, Chief of Police.

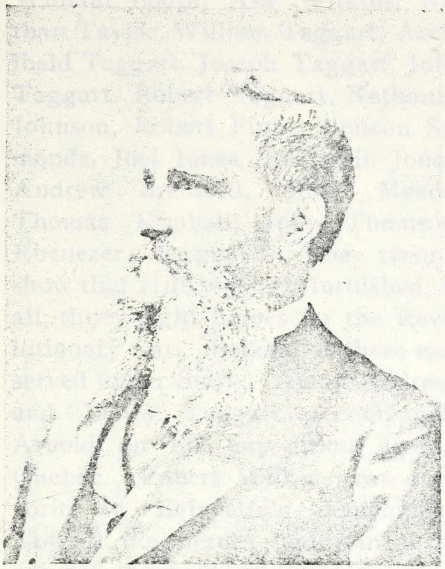


Hillsborough Woolen Mills and High Street.

In 1775, the settlement numbered forty families. Although the municipal government had been in motion less than three years, it had acquired a momentum which carried it successfully and gloriously through the high resistance period of the Revolutionary struggle. The spirit which led those heroes into the wilderness to battle with the forces of nature for homes, freedom, and happiness, could not fail them when they were called to defend those homes, maintain that freedom, and secure that happiness. On March 30, 1775, in anticipation of the approaching conflict, the town voted to purchase a supply of ammunition. The powder of patriotism was already thoroughly dry and in waiting. It needed only the spark from Lexington to make it effective. When the news of that event reached Hillsborough, a company of volunteers for twelve days' service was immediately formed under the leadership of

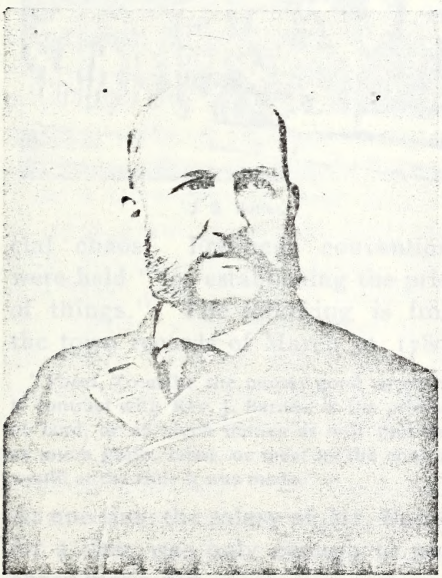


Baker's Block.



Col J. F. Grimes.

Capt. Isaac Baldwin. Besides the captain, the company consisted of Sergeant Ammi Andrews, Moses Steele, Andros Wilkins, John McNeil, Isaac Baldwin, Jr., Samuel Symonds, George Beamin, William Jones, Baxter Howe, James Gibson, James Taggart, Silas Cooledge, Jacob Flint.



Hon. J. B. Whittemore.

They started immediately for the scene of action. Soon after their arrival at headquarters of the American army, a large company was enrolled under command of Captain Baldwin, with John Hale, of Hopkinton, lieutenant, Stephen Hoit, whose descendants live in Sandwich, ensign. This company was in the



Col. J. F. Grimes.

detachment commanded by Major Andrew McClary of Epsom.

On the morning of June 17 they were stationed in Medford. Early in the day, when the Battle of Bunker Hill was opened, they were ordered to advance to the scene of conflict. They entered the fight about noon, and at one o'clock Captain Baldwin fell, mortally wounded in the breast by a musket ball. Two of his fellow-townsmen, members of his company, John McNeil and James Gibson, bore the gallant captain from the field. He died before sundown on that memorable day. This was Hillsborough's first human sacrifice at the altar of liberty. Following is a list of those who entered the service later: Isaac Andrews, Jr., William Pope, Thomas Murdough, Samuel Murdough, Solomon Andrews, Samuel Bradford, Jr., John McColley,

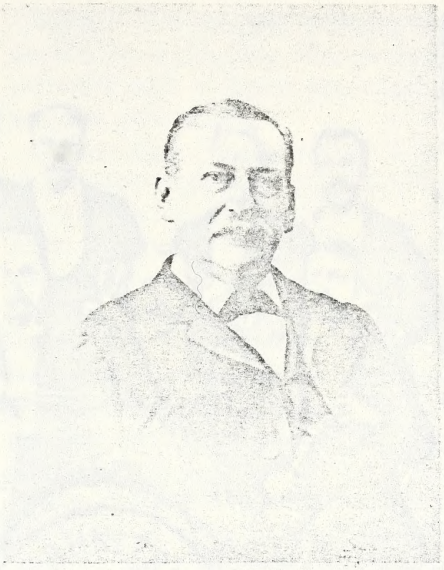
William Booth, Asa Wilkins, Nathan Taylor, William Taggart, Archibald Taggart, Joseph Taggart, John Taggart, Robert Taggart, Nathaniel Johnson, Robert Finne, Simeon Symonds, Joel Jones, Benjamin Jones, Andrew Bradford, John Meade, Thomas Kimball, John Thomson, Ebenezer Sargent. The records show that Hillsborough furnished, in all, thirty-eight heroes for the Revolutionary war. Several of these men served under Stark. Ammi Andrews and James Taggart accompanied Arnold on his expedition against Quebec. Robert Wilkins was a favorite in Lafayette's detachment. Not all the heroes had joined the army in the field. There were those at home struggling as heroically with a depreciated currency and its attendant evils. In the records of that time there is constant allusion to the financial chaos. Frequent conventions were held "for establishing the price of things." The following is from the town records of March 30, 1780:



J. S. Butler.

"*Voted*, To make the money good agreeable to contract with Rev. J. Barnes, in the produce of land, or as much money as will purchase as much grain, labor, or meat as the contract would at the time it was made."

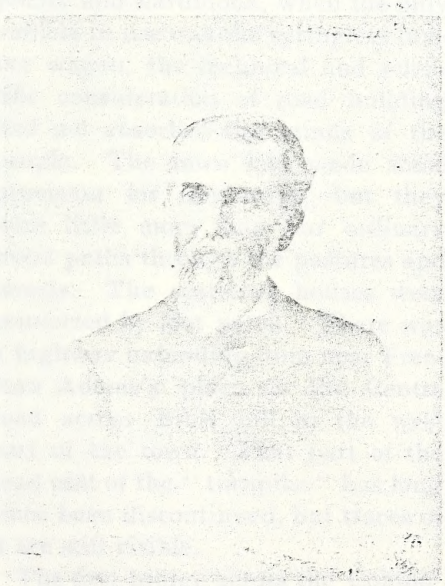
At one time the salary of Mr. Barnes for a year was only enough to purchase him a pig.



J. S. Butler.

Daniel Killom at that time paid $10,000 for the farm now owned by Mr. Freeman Adams.

Some idea of the fluctuation of prices may be obtained from the price of labor as fixed each year by



W. H. Story.



F. W. Hardy. W. H. Roach. F. G. Rumrill. G. B. Codman. E. C. Gage. W. E. Newman.
B. E. Newman. C. A. Macalister. F. E. Merrill. P. D. Gould. L. S. Hill.

vote of the town. The day wages of a man and yoke of oxen with "utensils" were the same and run as follows: 1777, 3 shillings; 1778, 6 shillings; 1779, 3 pounds; 1780, 7 pounds, 10 shillings; 1781, 12 pounds; 1782, 6 shillings; 1783, 6 shillings; 1784, 4 shillings.

At a town-meeting held January 26, 1778, Lieut. Daniel McNeil, Mr. John McClintock, and Lieut. William Pope were chosen a committee "to confer with committees from Henniker, Deering, and Antrim to instruct their representative in regard to Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the United States of America." The towns just mentioned were at that time classed with Hillsborough for representation in the legislature of New Hampshire.

In those primeval days of simplicity and hardihood, when the only vehicle in use was the springless lumber wagon, the technical and scientific consideration of road building had not absorbed the minds of the people. The town had made some provision for highways, but they were little more than our ordinary wood paths through the pastures and forests. The scattered houses were connected by foot paths. There was a highway extending from near Freeman Adams's place on the Centre road across Bible hill to the west part of the town. That part of the road east of the "turnpike" has long since been discontinued, but traces of it are still visible.

The first bridge across the Contoocook in this town was completed in



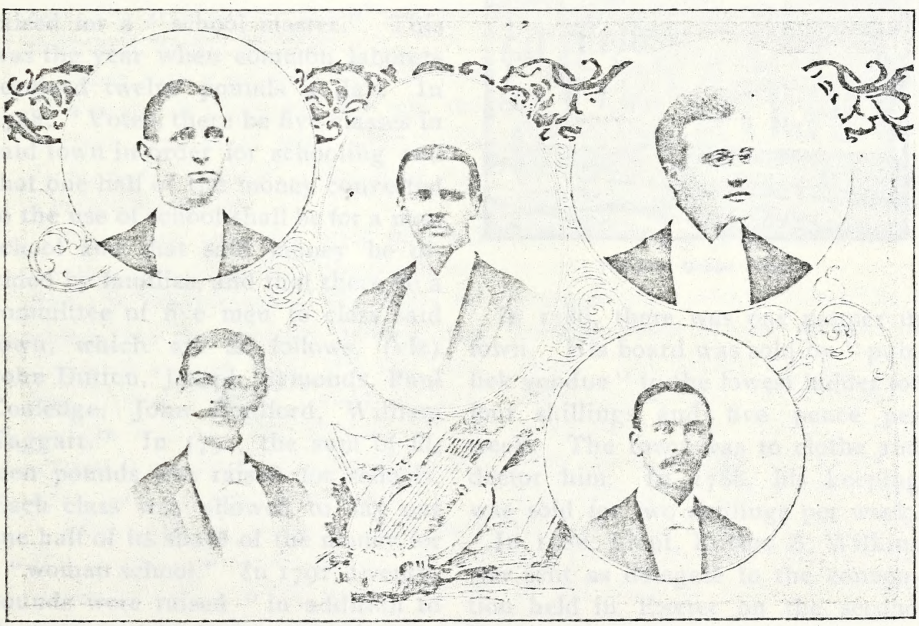
the latter part of 1779. Previous to the construction of a bridge, the town maintained a ferry for public conveyance across the river. The bridge, a wooden structure, was built on the site of the present new bridge. In that locality, for those times, it was a marvel in size and engineering skill. It was always known as "The Great Bridge." Its memory is perpetuated in the name Hillsborough Bridge.

From the town records we find that labor on that bridge, at three pounds a day, cost 2,109 pounds. Captain Bradford also presented a bill of 194 pounds, 10 shillings, for liquor and victuals furnished laborers on the bridge. The ratio of victuals to drink is not recorded. The account was allowed with good grace, for our fathers believed that no great undertaking could be successfully accomplished unless entered into with "spirit." Even the building and dedication of the early churches were attended with a liquid commingling of spirit with spirits.

Those were "the good, old days" of kitchen fireplaces, tallow candles, ox-cart conveyance, and West India rum. Contrast that condition with modern Hillsborough, with its approved heating apparatus, electric lights, railroad conveyance, and — well, it is astonishing with what tenacious veneration some men do perpetuate the institutions of their fathers.

The pioneers and early settlers of our town were not generally men of culture, but they were abundantly possessed of that material of which true culture is made, namely, common sense and adaptability, the rich heritage of their descendants.

Public schools did not become a



Chauncy Jones, *First Bass.* Watkin W. Griffiths, *Second Bass and Director.* Arthur Woodhead, *Organist.*
Frank S. Story, *First Tenor.* Berton E. Newman, *Second Tenor.*

THE SNOWDEN QUARTETTE.

fixed part of the town institution till after the Revolutionary war clouds had cleared away. In 1786, the town was divided into districts or "classes," as they were called, for school purposes. This was the beginning of a public school system in Hillsborough. Occasional appropriations had been made before this, but the town felt no obligation in the matter. In 1781, 1,000 pounds were



"Maple Cottage"—W. T. Whittle.

raised for a "school master." This was the year when common laborers received twelve pounds a day. In 1788, "Voted, there be five classes in said town in order for schooling and that one half of the money converted to the use of school shall be for a man school and that said money be divided by families, and that there be a committee of five men to class said town, which are as follows, (viz) John Dutton, Joseph Symonds, Paul Cooledge, John Bradford, William Taggart." In 1791, the sum of fifteen pounds was raised for schools. Each class was allowed to lay out one half of its share of the money for a "woman school." In 1792, twenty-pounds were raised "in addition to that required by law, and each class may lay out their part for a man or woman school." This is the first mention of amount "required by law," and the last mention of "man school" and "woman school," so this date was the birth of our modern system of schools.

With peace established in the country, our town developed rapidly in population, thrift, and wealth. The family was the unit of social and religious organization. It was also the basis of much political transaction. The strong and peaceful independence of those early homes furnishes a refreshing theme for reflection in this heated age of concentration and interdependence of capital and labor. The distaff was the sceptre of power, and from it the thread of life was drawn out to a goodly length.

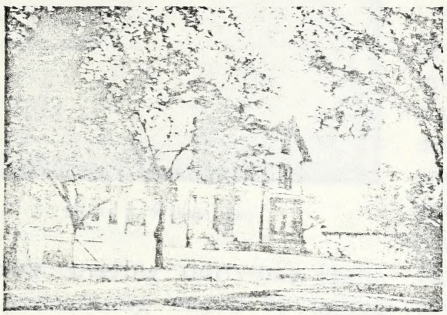


The John Gilbert Place.

In 1786, there was one pauper in town. His board was sold by "publick vendue" to the lowest bidder for four shillings and five pence per week. The town was to clothe and doctor him. In 1788, his keeping was sold for two shillings per week.

In 1788, Lieut. Robert B. Wilkins was sent as delegate to the convention held in Exeter on the second Wednesday in March for the purpose of considering the Federal constitution.

The same year in which the constitution went into effect, 1789, the town, having outgrown its meeting-house, voted to build a new house sixty-two feet long and fifty feet wide. It was to be built two stories high, with three porches. It was voted later to have one porch removed. This structure, familiarly known as "the old town-house," was a landmark till, together with the



W. H. Harmon.

new Congregational church, it was destroyed by fire in 1892.

There was a scheme afoot at this time to divide the town and join the western part of it with Campbell's Gore, now Windsor. The plan was a complete failure.

About the time the new national government came into operation, we find the inhabitants of the town divided into five distinct groups, and gathered around Bible hill, the Centre, Upper Village, Lower Village, and the Bridge. The history of these groups is essentially the history of the town from the time mentioned.

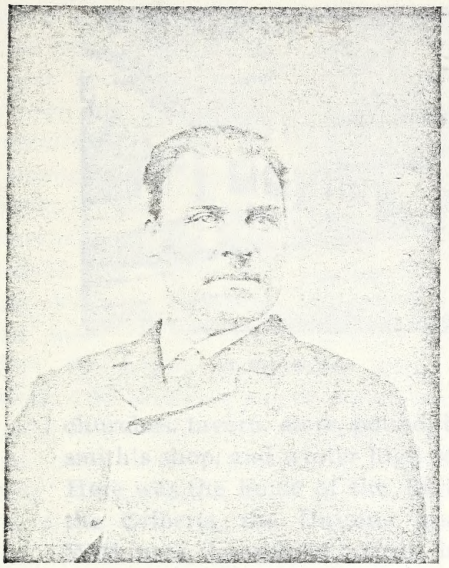
Bible hill in earliest times was the provisional headquarters of the public interests of the town. As in most of the early towns, the geographical centre was destined to be the seat of municipal and religious affairs. Hence, Bible hill long since lost its identity as "the centre of activity." The origin of the name Bible hill is somewhat uncertain. Common tradition tells us that the only Bible in town for some time was owned by a family on this hill. Another tradition has it that the only large Bibles in town were owned here by Deacons Isaac Andrews and Joseph Symonds. Whatever may be the details of the matter, it is clearly evident that the name is founded upon the Bible. This is one of the best farming communities in town.

The Centre for many years was a place of special interest to our worthy townsmen. Here, on the height of land commanding a full view of the



Miss Lizzie Grimes.

surrounding country, stood the only meeting-house in town for nearly fifty years. The church was of the early Congregationalist, or orthodox, denomination, the official religious body of the town till about 1809. The first pastor, Rev. Mr. Barnes, already introduced to our readers, was graduated from Harvard college in the class of 1770. He came to Hillsborough in 1772. He was married to Miss Abigail Curtis, of Sudbury, Mass., in 1774. His pastorate,



Brooks K. Webber, Esq.

although covering thirty-one years, was prematurely ended by failing health caused by a lightning stroke received in 1803, from the effects of which he died in 1805.

Mr. Barnes was a man of broad mind. He was more liberal in his administration than was the custom in those days of orthodoxy and Calvinistic rigidity. One writer says: "The discipline of the church was relaxed, and at one period it was on the verge of Unitarianism." Mr. Barnes's successor, Rev. Stephen Chapin, undertook to restore the standard discipline of the church. He drew the dogmatic reins so tightly over those free-going people that the ribbons broke in 1808, and, after three years' trial, driver and driven parted company with little damage to either.

With Unitarian tendencies and Calvinism in the same church in those days, one can easily imagine the condition of affairs. The Calvinistic vocabulary furnishes words to express the result. That a considerable heat was evolved is amply proved by the records of the time. During those trying days of the church, the town corporate withdrew its patronage, and church and state in Hillsborough became forever separated. Since that time, the church in its various branches and denominations, freed from political toils, has done a noble work for the town.

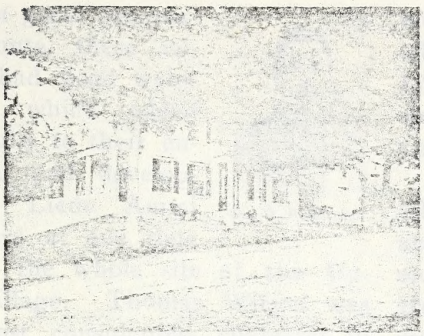
The Centre enjoyed the distinction of having the only church edifice in town till 1828, when the Baptist society, organized in 1813, erected a meeting-house between the Upper and Lower villages. This house is still standing, but was long since abandoned as a place of worship. In 1839, the dominant society built a new house of worship on the present site of the chapel. During the same year the Methodist society, organized in 1838, constructed its house of worship.

From this time the old meeting-house was known as the "old town-house," for here the townspeople transacted the public business till within very recent times. For several years the town-meeting was held at John Dutton's.

A busy place was the Centre with its



B. K. Webber, Esq.



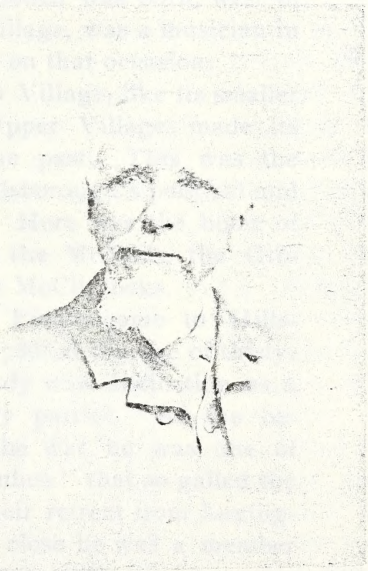
S. Dow Wyman.

churches, tavern, store, pound, blacksmith's shop, and winter high school. Here was the home of the Barneses, the Gilberts, the Duttons, and the Wilkinses, household names in the commercial and professional circles of New England. Boston and vicinity owes much of its aggressive enterprise to the intellectual products of Hillsborough's rugged farms. The late veteran physician, Dr. A. C. Burnham, began practice at the Centre in 1841.

Hillsborough Centre is the post-office name. The stage passes through here daily, *en route* between the Bridge and East Washington. The store, tavern, town house, high school, and blacksmith's shop have ceased to be. The two churches and common school remain in active operation. There is no special activity here except what is to be found in a community of progressive farmers. This is one of the most beautiful and healthful spots in New England for a summer home. Near by are the "Lake View House," Hoyt Brothers, and "Maplewood Farm," Mrs. W. E. Gay.

The Upper and Lower villages flourished and fattened upon the second New Hampshire turnpike. This state highway between Amherst and Claremont, was opened to travel in 1801. It was the main artery of commerce between Boston and northern Vermont and Canada. These were typical tavern villages in the palmy days of "pod teams" and stage-coaches. With Kimball's tavern at the Lower Village, Wilson's at the Upper Village, and Deacon Ayers's "Tavern of the Heart and Hand" on the site of the "Wall place," Hillsborough did her part to help the weary traveler over the four miles of turnpike within her borders. At intervals of about two miles along the main traveled routes of those days, stood the inevitable wayside inn, the relay station of the thirsty traveler. This regulation distance seems to have been founded upon human experience, with the same mathematical accuracy as life probabilities are calculated by insurance companies.

Beside the advantages of location



S. Dow Wyman.

upon a great commercial route, these villages had good water power, which added materially to their enterprise and development. Lieut. Ammi Andrews at one time owned the whole site of the Upper Village. Thomas Wilson was the most conspicuous character in that flourishing hamlet in former days. At Wilson's tavern the stages north and south took fresh horses for the hard drive. Besides the hostelry, Wilson ran a store and carried on the sadlery business. Later, his son, T. P. Wilson, and son-in-law, E. P. Dutton, succeeded him in the store. Alexander McCoy did business at the same time in the old red store. A little later, J. D. Bickford ran a wheelwright shop on the west side of the road. Opposite this John Small had a cabinet shop, Ammi and Aaron George a blacksmith's shop, and Isaac Andrews a tannery. All these little industries aggregated a good business for that community. There is now one store in the place, Sillman McClintock, proprietor. Hillsborough Upper Village is the post-office name. Mail here and at the Lower Village is supplied daily by stage, *en route* between the Bridge and Washington Centre.



Col. W. S. Scruton.

About midway between the two villages is Dr. John Goodell's pleasant villa. The doctor is now the oldest practising physician in town. He is a descendant of one of the early settlers. The Goodell name has great significance in the history of our town. The late George D. Goodell, father of Dr. John Goodell, was captain of the Hillsborough light infantry for several years. His company was considered one of the finest in the state, and was called to do escort duty for General Lafayette on his visit to Concord in 1826. James D. Bickford, now living on the place where ex-Governor Goodell was born, west of the Upper Village, was a musician in the company on that occasion.



Timothy Wyman.

The Lower Village, like its smaller sister, the Upper Village, made its history in the past. This was the cradle of Hillsborough's political and legal talent. Here was the home of the Pierces, the McNeils, the Gibsons, and the McClintocks.

Benjamin Pierce came to Hillsborough in 1786, at the age of thirty. He had already won distinction as a Revolutionary patriot. At the beginning of the war he was one of those "irregulars" that so galled the British on their retreat from Lexington. At its close he was a member of Washington's staff.

He accidentally came upon the site



C. A. Macalister.



of the Lower Village on his return from an exploring expedition to what is now the town of Stoddard, and, being favorably impressed with this locality for a future home, purchased fifty acres of land. This was the nucleus of the large Pierce estate. His was among the first settlements on the site of the Lower Village.

Benjamin Pierce was a self-made man. His public career, extending over a period of fifty years, amply shows that he builded well. Besides holding numerous minor offices, town and state, at different times, he was twice elected governor of New Hampshire, in 1827 and 1829. While his influence was wider than his neighborhood, or town, or state even, he was preëminently the genius of the Lower Village. Here his distinguished son, Franklin, received the first impulse that placed him in the highest office of the world — president of the United States. Here the hero of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, Gen. John McNeil, found congenial environment.



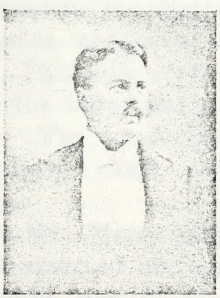
Charles Brockway.

In 1827, Franklin Pierce opened a law office in the upper part of a shed across the road from the old homestead. He afterwards built an office at his later residence, now owned by his nephew, Kirk D. Pierce, Esq. Among others who have practised law at the Lower Village, we find the names of Albert Baker, Samuel H. Ayer, George Barstow, Francis B. Peabody, Francis N. Blood. Later, Brooks K. Webber began practice here. The Pierce Brothers, Kirk D. and Frank H., did a large business in the Franklin Pierce office.



S. H. Baker.

Hillsborough academy was a flourishing institution here at one time. It was incorporated in 1821. In 1815, and earlier, Jeptha Wright plied the art of gun making, in a shop nearly opposite where West's blacksmith's shop now stands. These guns were made after the pattern of the ordinary flint-lock army musket, with bayonet. The militia used these home-made arms quite extensively at that time. The Fuller tannery was the chief industry of the village for years. There were originally several small tanneries in this vicinity, but these scattered energies were finally concentrated into the large business conducted by David and John G. Fuller, later by Stephen Brown. Fine calfskins were here made for Stephen Wescott & Son, of Boston. More goods were being shipped from this village in 1862 than from the Bridge. The introduction of railroads and the scarcity of bark have drawn the business life from this place, and as at the Upper Vil-



Delmont E. Gordon.



Old Kitchen in the Lewis Vickery House.

lage, little, other than the buildings, remains to distinguish it from the quiet, farming community.

The excellent water-power is still here, the germ of a possible future activity. The Jackman Brothers' lumber and grist-mill still does a prosperous business on the stream. The post-office is Hillsborough. There is one store of general merchandise in operation, Fred Gibson proprietor.

The Bridge was destined by nature to be the business centre of the town. The Lower Village for several years was its rival, but improved machinery and transportation made available that great developing power, the falls of the Contoocook, with which all other industrial forces in this region cannot compete. All roads now lead to the Bridge.

The history of the village is the history of its industries. Ours is essentially a manufacturing town. All activity depends upon the falling of the waters of the Contoocook. Whoever has helped to transform this lifeless natural power into that which calls for human labor, skill, and intelligence, may be reckoned among the builders and benefactors of our town.



Winter Scene on the Beard Road.

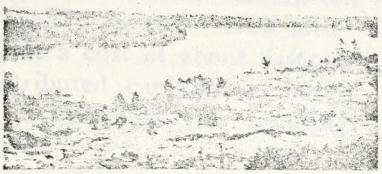
The first utilization of this power was for a saw- and grist-mill, built by Archibald Taggart in about 1770, on the present site of W. E. Dennison's grist-mill. Previous to the erection of this mill, people were in the habit of going to New Boston to have their grain ground. In 1811, the "New Hampshire Cotton and Woolen Factory at Hillsborough" was incorporated by Timothy Wyman, Esq., George Little, and George Dascom. The same year a



M. H. Felt, M. D.

three-story building, one hundred feet long, with wing, was erected on the site of Taggart's mill. Not much business was done in this first factory till 1828, when Joshua Marcy, who had leased the mill, negotiated its sale to Cook & Waterman, from Mendon, Mass. The new firm put in about eighteen hundred spindles and forty looms, employing about sixty hands. This was really the beginning of the industrial growth of the Bridge. The products of this mill were cotton cloth, shirting, and sheeting.

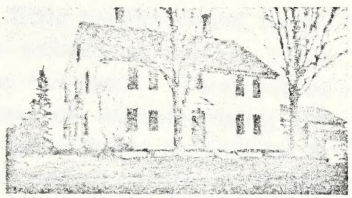
When Mr. Marcy sold this privilege, he reserved one eighth of the water-power, and in the same year in which the sale was made, built a



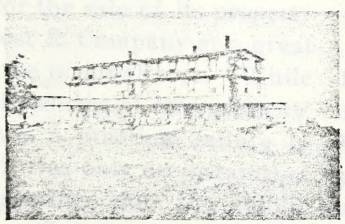
Loon Pond, looking East.

factory on the south side of the river, where the upper mill of the Contoocook Company now stands. This was the famous Marcy mill. The products of this mill were cotton warp yarn, wicking for oil lamps and candle dips, wrapping twine and pelisse wadding. Marcy did an extensive business. He made honest goods and had a ready market. Teams were sent all through the country to supply the demand for his goods. S. Dow Wyman was salesman for several years. Many an aged dame, from Maine to Vermont, can recall the time when she would use nothing for her warp but Marcy's yarn. We have been told that in this mill was made the first cotton wrapping twine in America. Improved machinery and better facilities in other places killed the cotton manufacturing business in Hillsborough.

The Cook & Waterman factory was burned in 1842. From 1828 to 1842, the population of the village increased threefold. In 1866, the Marcy mill privilege passed into the hands of Mr. John B. Smith, now ex-Governor Smith, who commenced in the old buildings the manufacture of woolen knit underwear for men. Under Mr. Smith's careful management the business rapidly developed, calling for more room and always for the most approved machinery. New buildings were erected and additional ones purchased to meet the growing demand. So successful was the enterprise that in 1881 it passed from individual ownership into that of a stock company, known as the Contoocook Mills Company, in which Mr. Smith has always held the controlling interest, and of which he has always been the president. The world-wide reputation of these mills is sufficient guaranty of their businesslike management. From Mr. Smith's humble beginning in the old Marcy mill with one set of cards and fifteen hands, we have the present Contoocook Mills plant, running ten sets of cards and, when in full operation, employing about two hundred hands. In addition to underwear the manufacture of men's half-hose is an important feature of the present business. The company does its own selling, having a store in Boston at 137 Kingston street, and one in New York at 87 Franklin street. George E. Gould is treasurer, C. A. Jones, superintendent, C. I. Jefferson, paymaster.

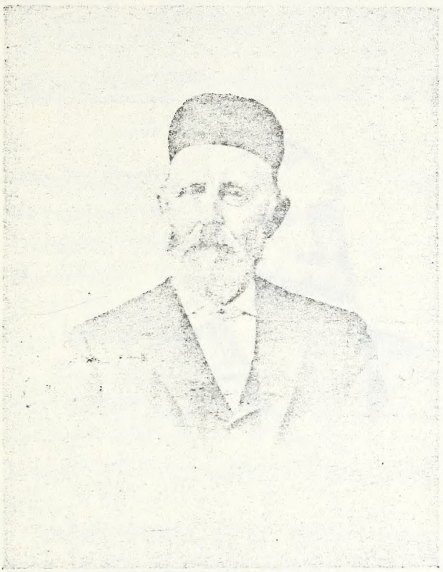


The Barnes Homestead.



Hoyt's Hotel, at the Centre.

The marked success of Smith's mill encouraged a citizens' enterprise, which resulted in the "New Mill" in 1875, at a cost of about $40,000. The contributed capital was barely enough to complete the building.



John Goodell, M. D.

Nothing was left with which to operate it. There seems to have been no definite purpose as to what the business should be, but this building was the material expression of a fixed determination that the surplus energy of the Contoocook should be utilized to the advantage of the town. This element of the enterprise was a complete success. In 1880, S. Dow Wyman, as agent for the company, negotiated for the sale of its property to R. G. Frost & Company at a great sacrifice of the original cost. While the financial element of this citizens' enterprise was a practical failure to its patrons, it was only an instance of individual sacrifice for the public good; for the effort resulted in establishing an industry which has returned to the community in material wealth, many times the value of that original investment. The new company received the corporate name Hillsborough Woolen Mills Company. It started in with four sets of cards. Now it is running fifteen sets and forty looms, employing one hundred and eighty hands. The products of this mill are the finest grades of kerseys and beavers for overcoating and cloaking. The strict business principles of this firm have made the industry a permanent benefit to the town. R. S. Greeley is treasurer of the company, J. H. Kimball, agent, and G. W. Haslet, superintendent.

Several little neighborhood industries have existed at various times throughout the town. These served the purpose of manufacturing the raw materials of home production, to supply the modest demands of the people, and ceased activity when their usefulness passed or the supply of raw material was exhausted.

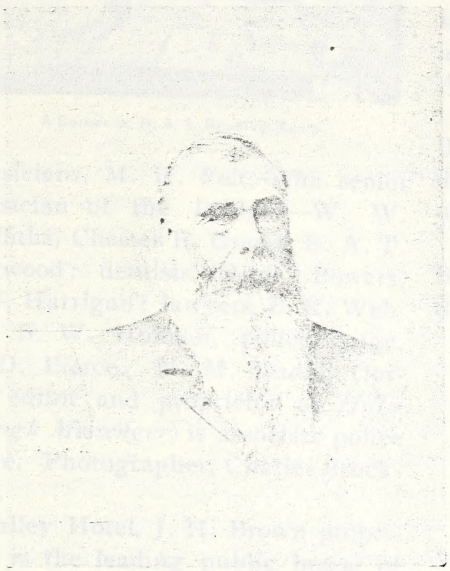
Secondary to, and dependent upon, its manufacturing industries, is the large mercantile business of the



John Goodell, M. D.

Bridge. The first store in town was opened at the Bridge by Lieut. William Taggart, about 1785. In 1806 James Butler started in trade under the hill near the site of the watering tub on River street. He

later removed to Main street, where he continued in business till his death, in 1848. Mr. Butler at the time of his death was the oldest trader in New Hampshire. He was succeeded by his son, James S., who



W. H. Manahan.

is still doing an extensive business in dry goods, groceries, and hardware. Besides his extensive mercantile business, Mr. Butler is the largest real estate owner in town.

The store of Dutton & Morse for many years was favorably known to our townspeople and the surrounding country. The senior partner, the late E. P. Dutton, was father of B. F. Dutton, of commercial fame in Boston. The Dutton & Morse stand recently passed into the hands of J. S. Butler.

Among others of the oldest business places, we have the grocery of the late Horace Marcy, Miss Angie I. Marcy, proprietor and manager; W. H. Story, jeweler, — Frank S. Story was recently taken into the firm, and now it is W. H. Story & Son, jewelers and opticians; Morrill & Merrill, dry goods, groceries, and hardware.

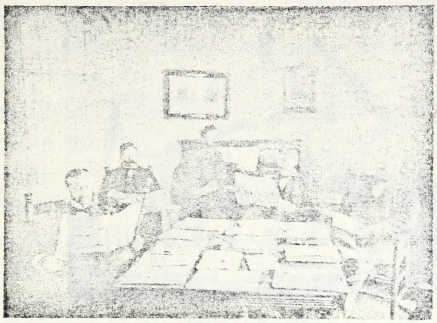
Among the later comers we find: dealers in groceries and provisions, H. J. & E. C. Gage, W. E. Kimball, Boston Branch Grocery, V. Moseley; dry goods and fancy articles, Morrison Bros. & Prescott (W. P. Prescott, manager), Mrs. F. G. Rumrill; jeweler and optician, D. E. Gordon; stoves, tinware, plumbing, etc., Goodwin & Hoyt, Newman & Claflin (successors to H. C. Colby); hardware, E. H. Ferry; men's furnishings, boots and shoes, Kimball & Roach, J. B. Tasker, Stephen Denison & Son; millinery, Miss Sarah Farrah, Mrs. A. J. Barney, Morrison Bros. & Prescott; drugs and medicines, Col. W. S. Scruton, E. H. Marcy; variety stores, Thomas Gaddas, W. E. Marcy, C. A. Macalister; horse furnishings, C. E. Proctor, J. W. Bradshaw; furniture, C. M. Freeman & Co., W. E. Proctor; custom tailors, J. B. Tasker, James Davis; musical instruments, C. A. Macalister; printers, Brehaut & Mc-



W. H. Manahan.

Phail (proprietors of *Hillsborough Messenger*, Mr. McPhail editor), H. F. Smart; auctioneers, Manahan & Baker,—this firm holds extensive sales in all parts of New England.

In the professional line we have:



A Corner in H. A. A. Reading-Room.

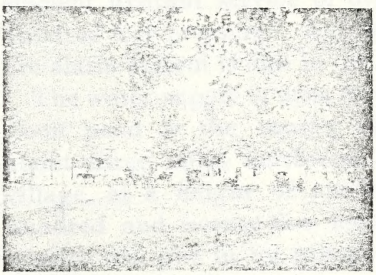
physicians, M. H. Felt,—the senior physician of the Bridge,—W. W. Griffiths, Chester E. Gould, B. A. T. Harwood; dentists, S. O. Bowers, D. J. Harrigan; lawyers, B. K. Webber, S. W. Holman, police judge, K. D. Pierce. M. M. Hadley (former editor and proprietor of *Hillsborough Messenger*) is associate police judge. Photographer, Charles Brockway.

Valley Hotel, J. H. Brown proprietor, is the leading public house of the place.

There is with us the usual number of lodges, secret organizations, and orders of various kinds. Among the oldest are Harmony Lodge, No. 38, F. and A. M., Isaac Copp, W. M., A. J. Vandommele, S. W., L. F. Martin, J. W., G. W. Haslet, secretary, H. J. Gage, treasurer; Portia Chapter, O. E. S., No. 14, Mollie C. Grimes, W. M., W. P. Prescott, W. P., C. M. Freeman, secretary; Valley Lodge, No. 43, I. O. O. F., C. B. Gardner, N. G., L. E. Nichols, secretary; Valley Grange, No. 63, P. of H., M. M. Hadley, master, H. F. Smart, secretary; Senator Grimes Post, No. 25, G. A. R., A. E. Carter, commander.

Hillsborough National Bank serves the place with great credit. President, Hon. James F. Briggs; treasurer and cashier, C. C. White.

Hillsborough Guaranty Savings Bank, incorporated in 1889, is one of the most substantial banks in the state. It has a guaranty fund of $30,000, and pays four per cent. interest on deposits. President, ex-Gov. J. B. Smith; treasurer, W. D. Forsaith.



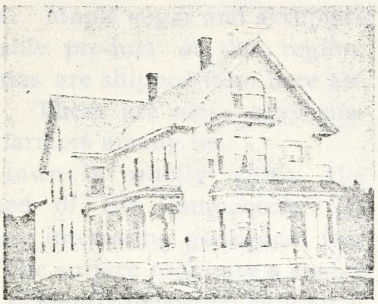
"Maplewood Farm" Mrs. W. E. Gay.



A. Woodhead.

The Hillsborough Electric Light and Power company's plant is situated on the Contoocook, between Hillsborough and Henniker. Here it has a most excellent power and furnishes light for these two places. Col. James F. Grimes and ex-Governor Goodell are prominently identified with this enterprise.

The Fuller public library is one of the most popular institutions in town. It contains about four thousand vol-



Stephen Denison.

umes. It was founded on the Mark Fuller bequest.

The first church was a branch of the original Congregational church at the Centre. It was incorporated in 1839 as the Hillsborough Bridge Congregational church. Its building stood on Church street. Later, it was moved to its present site on Main street. The first Methodist church in the village was an offshoot of that at the Centre. Its first house of worship stood on School street. It was later removed to Henniker street, where it now stands. There are now three churches, Congregationalist, F. W. Burrows pastor; Methodist, T. E. Cramer, pastor; and Catholic, D. W. Fitzgerald.

In 1883, the Bridge was incorporated as a special school district. The main part of its present building was erected in 1884. From the standpoint at that time, it was thought that the building would be large enough to accommodate the schools for at least one generation, but the number of scholars increased so rapidly that in less than ten years from the building of the main part an annex was constructed. The high school is on the second floor of the annex, the Marion A. Moore laboratory on the third. There are now about two hundred and fifty pupils in the graded schools, and seven teachers.



Ruthven Childs.

The precinct is well equipped for fire protection in the Eagle Hose and Hook and Ladder companies, and an efficient hydrant service of over one hundred feet pressure. An efficient fire-alarm system is also in use.

The water-supply is most excellent. Loon pond is the source, situated about three miles northwest of the village, at a height of about three hundred and twenty-five feet. The system was put in by private enterprise in 1886.

Since the nineties came in over eighty tenements have been constructed, five business blocks erected, a complete system of sewerage put in at a cost of $21,000, the waterworks purchased at a cost of $45,000, several new streets opened, and a fine granite bridge built over the Contoocook. The population of the town numbers about 2,600; taxable valuation, $1,067,126, in 1896.

The soil of Hillsborough is rocky, but strong and productive. There are some smooth farms in the river valleys. Milk and butter are the chief products. Market gardening is a strong feature with some. The Bridge is a good market for such

produce. Maple sugar and syrup are a valuable product of this region. Many tons are shipped from here annually. There are many very successful farmers among us.

The town is wholly within the watershed of the Contoocook. It has many interesting geological features. The surface rocks are a coarse granite, evidently deposited here upon the native rock.

Although Hillsborough takes a just pride in its rich historic past, modern Hillsborough is peculiarly a town of the present. It does not believe in living upon its funded lore, but is making its own history.

Within the memory of its middle-aged inhabitants, the town has undergone a complete metamorphosis. Its population has shifted and gravitated to the Bridge. The new industries have given it new life. Whenever Hillsborough is now spoken of, the enterprising village in the southern corner of the town, which draws its life and inspiration from the river in its midst, is the place that always comes first in the mind of the speaker.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT."

[Lines on the Golden Anniversary of the Wedding of Hon. and Mrs. Dexter Richards, at Newport, January 27, 1897.]

By Fanny H. Runnells Poole.

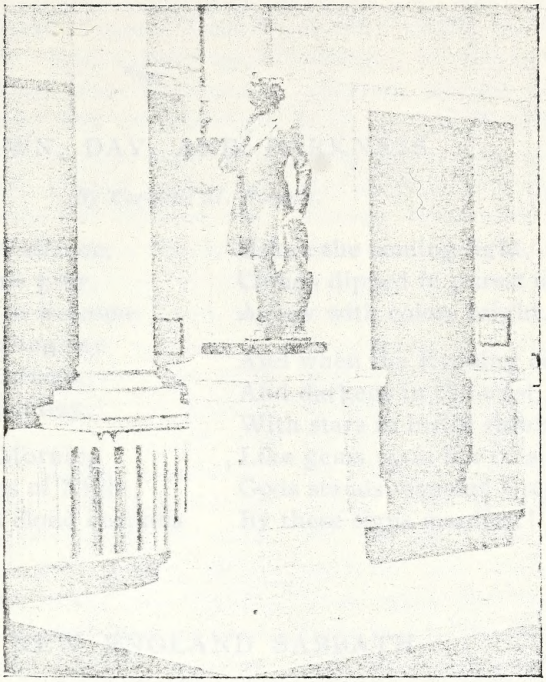
Fair is the golden day, fair is the blue and gold,
But eventide will bring the light of stars!

Love which has spanned five decades, love which is never old,
Love which serene approaches the evening of the way!
Twain who in heart and life are one,
Who are each to each as the azure sky
And the light of the sun,
Perfectly blent thro' the long, harmonious day!

Golden the shadows lie
About them. We, in the deepening day, behold
Shine back o'er hills of youth these lives of blue and gold;
Linked with high-hearted charity thro' middle age and youth,
Bearing their peace and steadfastness, their noble cheer and truth.
Where'er the blue is cloudless, the sunlight brightlier beams,
When luminous the sun-gold, the blue more radiant gleams.

Now all the golden shadows presage the evening fair—
The evening that shall witness how Love and Faith dwell there.
There, in the twin hearts' heaven, shall starry scimitars,
Borne by the angels of God, still guard the Blue and Gold—
Twain who are one in the life and love that ne'er grow old.

Fair is the golden day, fair is the blue and gold,
But eventide will bring the light of stars!



THE MODEL OF THE PIERCE STATUE.

Col. J. W. Robinson, Chairman of the Commission.

AT last, after rejecting six different models by as many eminent sculptors, our commission adopted that of Mr. Ellicott, of which the accompanying picture is a half-tone from a photograph taken while on exhibition at the state library.

We found that, while many sculptors could make fine ideal models, artistically, of persons who died so long ago that no one living knew them, it was a very difficult undertaking to produce a portrait statue that is so good a representative, both of features and form, as to give general satisfaction to President Pierce's many living neighbors and friends. But we are at last amply rewarded for our labor, patience, and I may say perseverance.

Mr. H. J. Ellicott, the successful competitor, stands at the front with the best sculptors in this country. He is a native of Ellicott City, Maryland, but has been a resident of Washington since his early boyhood. He was about twelve years old when President Pierce was inaugurated, and remembers very well how the General looked and appeared. Young Ellicott's father, being an intimate friend of the President, used often to take his son with him when calling at the White House. One of Mr. Ellicott's recent and great achievements is the fine equestrian statue to the late General Hancock, in Washington, which was unveiled last May.

DAWN, DAY, AND DARKNESS.

By Caroline M. Roberts.

The Dawn, in mystic silence,
Throws out its signals gray,
And calls the world to welcome
The sun, whose dazzling ray
Awakens life and gladness,
And brings the golden day.

And then the regal Morning
Rolls back the shades of Night,
And drapes her own cloud curtains
Before the coming light,
Clouds dipped in purest azure,
Aglow with colors bright.

And when the Evening cometh,
And darkens in the west,
With stars in lustre shining
Like gems upon her crest,
Gods stands revealed Creator
By these signs manifest!

A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

By Mabel C. Andrews.

THE snow had fallen softly all that night. The morning sun, peering over the top of the old mountain, vanished suddenly behind a cloud as if half frightened at the scene which met his gaze. But quickly recovering himself, he came boldly forth again, and, taking a second look, beamed joyously down at the little village nestling at the mountain's foot. It was, indeed, a pleasant sight. The brown, rusty herbage and the withered leaves of the day before had disappeared, and over hill and valley as far as eye could see lay everywhere the glistening snow. The trees which yesterday had tossed their bare, gaunt arms mournfully in the raw east wind stood to-day wrapped in mantles of ermine, bespangled with myriads of diamonds, and held out their hands in blessing above the heads of the passers-by. The air was crisp. A blue film of smoke curled up lazily from every chimney-top. The village was astir. A flock of sparrows, pecking, chirping, twittering, scolding, were trying to get their breakfast as industriously as the rest.

The sun climbed slowly higher. A peaceful calm had settled down over the whole landscape. There was no need of the Sabbath bell to proclaim the day of rest. Yet on this morning of all mornings the old bell would not fail to do her duty. Pealing out through the frosty air the clear notes came, tumbling over each other in their impatience,—merry, almost rollicking in their tone, as if the bell herself had forgotten her message in the intoxication of the morning sunshine. A little pause, then more soberly came the invitation, plead-

ing, tender, almost solemn, "Come! Come! Come!" And, answering to the call, up through the village street walked the sober line of worshipers. The sedate matron with bonnet strings tied primly under her chin; by her side her stalwart son, whose clear eye and ruddy cheek told of health and a conscience at rest; the maiden, decked with ribbon and feather, casting demure glances up at the youth by her side; the aged sire with bowed shoulder and halting step, leaning heavily on his staff; the small boy, slyly aiming a snowball behind his mother's back at a squirrel on the low stone wall beside the road, —all these and more passed within the open doorway of the little church, and, under the impulse of a common need, knelt and prayed together. Then there rose and fell, with that strange blending of pathos and of gladness, the cadence of a familiar hymn. The audience sat expectant. The aged minister went slowly through his "thirdly" and "fourthly" to his "finally, my brethren." The sunlight, streaming in through the windows, formed a halo about his head, and, as the audience rose to receive his parting blessing, fell upon the heads of the congregation, dismissing them with a benediction of its own. Quietly the audience dispersed. The streets were again deserted; save for an occasional far-away tinkle of a sleigh-bell, the stillness was unbroken. The afternoon shadows lengthened; the air grew sharper. The sun set in glory, casting a ruddy glow on the snowy landscape. One by one the stars came out, and the night grew holy. Once more the bell rang out its summons. Once more the worshipers wended their way to the little church, prayed and sang and talked together, and then turned homeward again. One by one the flickering lanterns of the returning people disappeared, and only the stars looked down calmly and peacefully. The day was ended. The village slept.

WHEN GRAMPER SUGARS OFF.

By Clarence Henry Pearson.

You city chaps don't know it all—you don't know even haf,
But it tickles you ter think you do, an' it tickles me ter laff
When you come here in summer an' go gaddin' in the sun
An' then go home an' think you 've sucked the country dry of fun;
Now if you 'd really like ter know what rattlin' good times is
Jest come along some time in March after the sap has riz,
An' go with me a day or two an' visit Gramper Goff
An' hang aroun' the sugar camp when Gramper sugars off.

You may talk about yer ice-cream an' yer caramels an' such,
But 'longside o' maple taffy them things don't amount to much;
You take yer syrup when it 's thick an' purty nigh biled down,
Then pour it out upon the snow an' let it run aroun'
An' when it hardens good an' stiff I 'm jest a-tellin' you
You 've got the sweetest thing a feller ever set his teeth into.
At country ways an' country jays you allers sneer an' scoff,
But we jays ask no odds of you when Gramper sugars off.

When Gramper's goin' to sugar off he 'lows me ter invite
A jolly lot of boys an' girls—it helps my appertite.
One time when Fatty White was there,—he allers was a pig,—
He tried ter bolt a taffy gob so everlastin' big
It stuck fast in his swaller an' he could n't fetch his breath,
We had ter thump him on the back or he 'd a-choked ter death;
I laft until I nearly died ter hear him wheeze an' cough,—
I tell you what, there 's lots of fun when Gramper sugars off.

Grammer sends a pan of doughnuts for us boys an' girls ter eat,
Kinder think she does it purpose so we 'll have less room fer sweet,
An' we frolic an' munch doughnuts an' eat taffy on the snow
Till the sap 's biled down to sugar, then we heave a sigh an' go.
Beats Thanksgiving all ter nothin'—'t is a reg'lar jubilee,
An' you 'd believe it fast enough if you could only see
The mess of stuff poured down my neck next day by Grammer Goff
Ter cure the pains I 'm subject to when Gramper sugars off.

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER IX.—*Concluded.*

NEAR where we sat, two men, a very large one and a small, alert-looking one, paused and were discussing some legal point with good-natured earnestness. The large man was a good deal older than the other, and when the young man advanced an opinion which he proceeded to defend with great assurance and animation, the older man looked down upon him from his own superior height and said laughingly,—"What does a stripling like you know about law? I could slip you into my pocket and not know that you were there."

"So you might," readily retorted the other, "but in that case, permit me to say, you would have, upon this particular point, more legal knowledge in your pocket than you have in your head." With a hearty laugh, and the remark, "Good enough, Bartlett," the big man acknowledged the promptness and audacity of the repartee, and presently the two went off together. "The older man is Jeremiah Mason, a great lawyer, and the other is a brilliant law student who is visiting friends of ours," explained Alfred. "But come, let us go into the dining-room."

I wish I could tell you about the supper, but language fails me. I only know that it was gorgeous and quite overwhelming to an unsophisticated country girl like me. Later I was introduced to what seemed to me a multitude of people. Everybody was very cordial to Alfred, and said some pleasant thing to me, while they scanned me from head to foot at a glance. Alfred was most thoughtful, and did all he could to make me feel at ease, but I was glad when the crowd surged back to the drawing-

room and into the hall. Madam Sherburne was kindness itself, and chatted with me whenever her duties to her guests allowed her to do so, and altogether I had a delightful evening. Some ladies sang and others played after supper, and of course Alfred had to be ready to turn music and render all those trifling attentions which seem so necessary to these people, and for a little while I was alone. A tall, handsome brunette was to sing, and Alfred stood by her. Some people were quite near me, but the drapery hid me from their view. They were talking about Alfred and the lady by his side, and I could not help overhearing what they said.

"I suppose there is no doubt about that being a match," said one.

"No, I think not," replied the other. "It has been for some time an open secret that nothing would please the lady more than for Mr. Ladd to request her to name the day, —but who is that pretty little girl to whom he has been so attentive this evening, do you know?"

"Yes, I was introduced to her. She is a Miss Tucker. When Mr. L. was hurt he was taken to the home of this young lady and taken care of until he recovered, and the Sherburnes are entertaining her on that account. Her father is a farmer, I think."

"Indeed! I thought his looks expressed a good deal of *something*,—perhaps it was gratitude,—but Deborah had better look after her interests a little more closely or the farmer's daughter may disarrange her plans. Such things have been known to happen, you know."

"Oh, there's nothing to fear from that quarter," said the one who had first spoken. "Of course such a thing as marriage would not be thought of, though Alfred may do a little flirting with the dainty Phyllis. His cousin, Deborah Wentworth, and he have been the same as engaged from childhood almost, and even if that were not the case, he would never think of marrying so far beneath him socially."

Just then the music ceased, and the two people, who had so readily disposed of my little romance, moved off to thank the singer for the pleasure she had given them, and left me to get back my senses the best way that I could. I had barely time to quiet the wild beating of my heart when Alfred came back to me and asked me, with a glowing face, if I had not enjoyed his cousin's singing. "Yes, indeed," I replied, "and is n't she lovely? She is fairly queenly!" I scarcely knew what I said, but rushed upon the first thing that occurred to me, that he might not suspect what a wretched listener I had been. Actually, I had not heard a note of the singing, but every word of that conversation had burned itself into my heart. Alfred was so attentive and kind that after a while I felt like smiling at my jealous fears of the hour before and snapping my fingers at gossiping tongues.

It was only when Alfred asked me if I had met his cousin and wished to introduce her to me, that I felt any return of those other feelings. I told him that I would like to meet Miss Wentworth, but thought we had better not interrupt her then. She was talking with a young man who was oblivious to everybody else, and I was glad to make that an excuse for not meeting her at that moment.

Later in the evening she came to me on Major Sherburne's arm. He introduced her as "My niece, Miss Wentworth, and your sincere admirer, my dear." Then to her, "And, Deborah, this is Miss Tucker, the little girl whom we have talked so much about. I see you have a great deal to say to each other, and Madam S. is nodding in my direction, so pray excuse me and I'll inquire what she wants." And with a bow he left us.

I felt myself shrink away from this handsome woman, whose keen glances looked me through and through, although she was very smiling and agreeable. "Pray where have you hidden yourself since supper, Miss Tucker?" she asked. "I wished to see you earlier in the evening, and thank you for taking such excellent care of my Cousin Alfred during his illness. We were dreadfully frightened at first, and anxious all of the time; and, too, it seemed much worse because he was ill away from home. I presume you saw a great deal of him while he was at your house," she continued. "Indeed, with such a fair nurse, it is a wonder that he considered himself well enough to come home at all."

I hastened to tell her that my mother, and not myself, had taken care of Mr. Ladd during his illness, and assured her that the doctor said he had recovered quickly from his really serious injuries.

"Yes, no doubt of that," she replied, "but the bad boy did not return home quickly,—and he's not to blame for it, either," she added, with a smile that I did not like, though I did not know what she meant by it. Then she questioned me about books and celebrated people, and showed me some beautiful pictures of England and Scotland. She described the places vividly,—as if she were well acquainted with their locality and surroundings, and was so entertaining that I forgot everything else; forgot that a little while before my heart had been full of jealous distrust of this woman, and that she was now only testing my knowledge. Not until I was alone did I realize how thoroughly I had been weighed in the balance of her mind,—and of course found wanting.

As soon as the last guest had gone, Madam S. said to me, "Now you must not say a word to-night, but retire at once, or my wild rose will look decidedly drooping to-morrow. You looked sweet and lovely to-night and put to blush city beauties; but now you really must go." And not knowing what else to say, I bade her and the Major good-night and followed the maid to my room.

I was so tired and excited that I thought for a while I could not go to sleep, but watching the fire tired my eyes so I closed them, just to think better, and when I unclosed them the sun was shining brightly! Only think! I had slept till ten o'clock—later than I ever slept before in my life!

I was soon ready to go down stairs, and expected to be well laughed at, if, indeed, the Sherburnes were not shocked at my being so lazy. When I entered the library there was no one there, so I strayed across the hall into the drawing-room. On the threshold I glanced up and met the eyes of that portrait which troubled me so much last evening, but I resolutely turned away from it to the por-

trait of a sweet young girl, with a dove perched on her wrist. She was restful and comforting; for I confess that I felt insignificant and out of place in the midst of such an array of august personages, portraits though they were.

Soon I returned to the library, and taking a book, had read only a few lines when Alfred came in. "What, astir so early?" he exclaimed. "Why, do you call ten o'clock early? I was frightened at being so late," I replied. He laughed and told me I need not expect any one down stairs for an hour yet, as he settled himself for a long talk. He said many complimentary things of my looks at the party, and again urged me to let him tell his uncle and aunt of our engagement; but I told him *no*,—certainly not while I was their guest,—so he had to yield to my wishes.

He sat looking thoughtfully into the fire for a few moments, then he suddenly looked up and said, "Did it ever occur to you, Polly, that you really know very little about me? I have been away from home so much that you know we never even met until the night of the husking. Would you like to hear my story?"

When I have been alone I have sometimes wondered that he never mentions his parents, and that he says so little about his own affairs; but when I am with him he is so bright and gay that I never think of doubting him in any way, and never think beyond the present. So my heart gave a satisfied throb when he offered to tell me his history, and I was thankful that I had never let him know that I had noticed his previous silence. I told him that while I should appreciate the confidence if he told me his history, I did not want him to feel obliged to give an account of himself, for I was sure I could trust him,—in the past as well as for the future.

"Thank you for your confidence, Polly, dear," he said, "but you have a right to know who the man is whom you have promised to marry, and how he is situated. I have tried to tell you before, but there are some parts rather hard to get over. If you care to hear it on your way home this afternoon, I will tell you all about myself and my prospects."

Before I could reply, Major and Madam S. came in, both of whom complimented me on my fresh color. They wanted me to stay and make a visit, but I had told Mother that I would leave for home early in the afternoon; and the prospect of hearing Alfred's story made me anxious to go. So right after dinner A. and I started for home.

CHAPTER X.

We started off gaily, and the horse fairly flew through the snowy streets until we struck into the country road, when Alfred pulled him down to a gentle trot, and began his story, which I was getting impatient to hear. It was not a long one, so I will tell it to you.

His father was an Englishman whom his mother, Madam Sherburne's only sister, had married rather in opposition to the wishes

of her family. She lived, however, only a few years after her marriage, and at her death Madam S. assumed the care of her little motherless nephew, then about five years old. Alfred's father went upon an extended European tour soon after his wife's death, and finally married in London, where he had died seven years ago. Mr. Ladd, senior, had in New York a brother who was an eccentric, wealthy bachelor. Rumor made an early disappointment in love responsible for his oddity, but be that as it may, he lived alone, and at his death was found to have made a will in favor of Alfred, provided he would live in New York and "never follow any other profession than being a gentleman"! If Alfred should be inclined to marry,—and he devoutly hoped he never would,—he should recommend an alliance with the daughter of Langdon Wentworth, as the family was a good one, and the estate large and unencumbered.

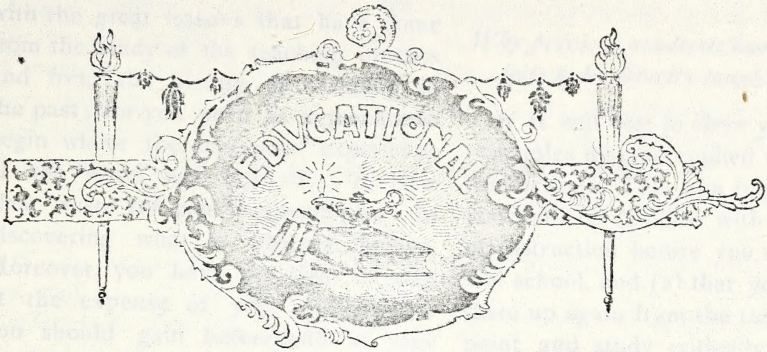
The first two conditions must be complied with before Alfred should reach his twenty-third birthday; the latter course he merely advised, but if Alfred failed to follow his advice, one third of the property should endow a popular charity; while disregard of the first two stipulations of the will would cause the other two thirds of the fortune to revert to distant connections of the family.

When Alfred came to our house to the husking, he was about leaving Riverside for New York, but Madam S.'s house was all the home that he had ever known, and he was reluctant to leave it. He had grown accustomed to regarding his cousin as his future wife, although no word of love had ever passed between them, and until our meeting the bonds had not been irksome to him. Since that time all had been changed, for he had realized the difference between the warm, cousinly affection which he gave Miss Wentworth, and an absorbing love which laughs at obstacles.

"Now, Polly, dear," he said, "you can understand why I hesitated to tell you my story, although I felt that you ought to know the whole truth. I am nearing my twenty-third birthday, and must soon make my home in New York, which is also Deborah's home. Do you not see now why it will be better to announce our engagement—for I want to take you there soon, as my wife? When the June roses bloom, will you not go there with me, little Polly?"

I told him that he might speak to my parents, and that we must be governed by their decision as to our future plans. Wasn't it noble of him to be ready to sacrifice so large a portion of his fortune, just for me? Still, I was utterly bewildered and dared not promise more, for I felt as if by the terms of that will he were placed at a distance from me. When we reached home I went at once to my room and left him with Mother; soon Father came in and I heard their voices in earnest conversation, —and that is all my story to-night. I wonder what Father and Mother will say.

[*To be continued.*]



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

TO ONE WHO WISHES TO BECOME A TEACHER.

By Hon. Frank A. Hill, Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Education.

Interests of teacher and school the same.

My Young Friend: May I advise you a little about preparing yourself for your chosen work? You are thinking, perhaps, how you can best earn a livelihood. I am thinking chiefly how you can help the schools. Really, however, the interests of the teacher and those of the school run together. The better the teacher, the better the school; and the better the school, the greater the prosperity of the teacher.

Wisdom of choice.

If there were some way in which the state could intelligently select its own candidates for teaching, the schools would fare better than they do now. She would take some that do not now dream of teaching and decline some that now select themselves. Whether in deciding to become a teacher you have chosen wisely or not, I do not know. But now that your choice is made, you owe it both to your future pupils and to yourself to become as good a teacher as possible. You need, in short, to train yourself for your work.

What the normal school can do and what it cannot do.

It is true there are good teachers who have not been normally trained; it is also true there are poor teachers who have been normally trained. This leads me to say that if you attend a normal school, it does not follow that you will become a successful teacher. This is because so much of what is essential to success is a matter of happy native endowment, and, therefore, not in the power of the normal school to give. Physique, presence, health, temper, scholarly power, tact, patience, ambition, moral spirit, lovableness,—the basis of all these things comes not from schools but from ancestry and surroundings. This foundation wanting, no normal school can make it good. This foundation present, you can, with the aid of the normal school, build more rapidly and securely upon it than would otherwise be possible. The normal school will give you a quicker insight into the nature of education, put you earlier upon right methods, save you from many mistakes,—in short, furnish you

with the great lessons that have come from the study of the teaching process and from the history of teaching in the past; for you need as a teacher to begin where the successful experience of the world has left off. It is a clear waste for you to spend years in discovering what is already known. Moreover, you have no right to gain at the expense of your pupils what you should gain beforehand at your own expense.

General academic training needed.

If your aim is to teach in some grade below the high school, you need, before going to a normal school, a good high school training,—as good a training as the best high school, with the best teachers and the best equipment, can give you in a four years' course. A still more extended training would be helpful, for I cannot conceive of a discipline so thorough, of attainments so great, of culture so high, but that all these things may have some precious value even in teaching little children. If, however, it is your aim to teach in a high school, neither you nor the high school should be content with any academic preparation that falls short of a good four years' college course.

Should you enter upon the general two years' course of a normal school, the work it will try to do for you may be roughly sketched under the following heads:

The principles of teaching.

1. It will aim to unfold to you the principles of teaching as drawn from the laws of mental activity and exemplified in the teaching experience of the world. This aim involves the study of educational psychology and educational history.

Why previous academic knowledge of subjects to be directly taught is needed.

2. It will aim to show you how these principles may be applied in elementary instruction. This aim requires (1) that you shall be familiar with the subjects of instruction before you enter the normal school, and (2) that you shall take them up again from the teacher's standpoint and study critically how to develop them with children in accordance with sound principles. To the extent to which your energies are absorbed in conquering elementary subjects that should have been mastered before admission there is a loss not only to yourself but to the normal school and to the schools of the state. It is a distinct loss, for instance, if the normal school is called upon to teach you percentage when it is your duty to know percentage before you enter it. The normal school does not aim to teach percentage to you, but to guide you in teaching percentage to others. It should start from your intelligence, not from your ignorance. It wants your energies for the science and art of presentation, not for the conquest of what should already be known.

Why previous academic knowledge of some subjects not to be directly taught is needed.

3. The normal school will try to show you what education really is,—that it creates nothing new, that it builds on nature, that it is development under guidance, that it has continuity, and that a close and vital connection, therefore, exists between primary instruction and all that comes after it. In other words, the great highways of knowledge and training begin with the lowest grade and run through the highest, so that, if you wish to meet modern demands, it is

no longer reading, writing, and arithmetic that you must teach, but the world that is about the child and the great laws or thoughts of that world. These thoughts the child must be led to grasp and express, not in their fulness, for that would be beyond him; not all of them or most of them, for that, too, would be impossible; but a few of them, such as suit his years and enlist his interest, so that they may become, as it were, nuclei or axes or centres of a growth that is worth fostering. But how can you put little children on the track of these great thoughts unless you know the field where you profess to be a guide? If you are teaching children about plants, it is not enough to use an isolated rose, for instance, as the basis for training the powers of observation, inference, and expression. This is good so far as it goes; but if, in addition, you can lead the child into some insight, however dim, of the principles that shall help him to bring the separate objects of his nature study into orderly groups,—that shall lead him, for instance, to see the rose idea in the blossoms of the apple-tree and the bramble as well as in those of the rose-bush,—and that, while engaging his young intellect, shall rightly kindle his soul,—then your teaching is of a higher order. Now the normal school wants you to come to its classes with a good high school acquaintance with botany, that it may be unhampered and free in guiding you (1) to the right use of such knowledge as you have in teaching plants as single objects to children, and (2) to such wider and deeper views of the plant world as children may properly make a beginning of apprehending, and to feasible ways of laying the foundations for such views in their immature minds. If your ignorance of botany compels the normal school to teach you the elements of that subject, it forces the normal school to do work that really belongs to the schools below; and to that extent the normal school is diverted from its true aims, and its usefulness for you and for others is seriously crippled. The same reasoning may be extended to other subjects than botany.

Agencies in school management.

4. Further, there is the general administration of a school,—all that relates to neatness, order, discipline, health, manners, morals, the requirements of good citizenship, and, in general, to one's making the best and most of oneself in life. The normal school recognizes two classes of agencies that are potent in the school-room, the one relating to the externals of school management and the other to the atmosphere or spirit of that management; the one as exhibited in intelligent direction of the school, or in what the teacher consciously does, and the other in silent influence exerted upon the school, or in what the teacher unconsciously is. Agencies of the former class bear analysis; they can be directly learned. Agencies of the latter class baffle analysis; they are strong only as the aim is sound, the heart right and the life earnest. Now the aim of the normal school is to expound to you the one class and to foster in you the growth of the other; and the high purpose of its teachers is to be themselves what they would have you be,—intelligent in directing and noble in living.

Observation and practice schools.

5. Finally, however helpful it may be for you to study the principles and methods of teaching in a theoretical way, this is not enough. The normal

school, therefore, in its observation and practice schools, aims to give you facilities not only for seeing competent teachers at work with children, but also for teaching children yourselves under competent supervision. As the very object of normal instruction is to reduce the burdens and losses that come to the public schools from the employment of untrained teachers, the normal school aims to guard its own practice schools against similar burdens and losses by putting them under the general and permanent supervision of able teachers, as well as by declining to let its pupils practise in them until they have received instruction enough to work with definiteness and intelligence of aim and method.

Philosophy of teaching.

Beneath these five respects in which the normal school will try to aid you, there runs, as already intimated, a deep philosophy which it is the business of the normal school to make known to you. If you once grasp this philosophy, if you are qualified to live up to it, if you try to make your practice conform to it, you may hope to hold your course fairly true through the varied and often shifting and treacherous problems of teaching and of school management.

Ideals to be kept in mind while in the high school.

With this conception of the service the normal school would like to do for you in your preparatory work, you will, I hope, discover ways in which you can do a similar service for yourself before entering the normal school. While you are in the high school, for instance, there is much helpful work possible for you beyond the letter of high school requirements. Why not begin early to do such work? While you are a pupil, it would be well for you to think of yourself at times as a teacher, so that in discharging your duty in the humbler rôle you may rise to certain ideals of duty in the higher. Are you doing oral work of any kind,—demonstrating a theorem in geometry, explaining a principle in physics, translating French or Latin, answering a teacher's questions? The thought, of course, takes precedence always. But there are standards of voice, of fulness, completeness and accuracy of expression, of manner of presentation, of aim in satisfying others, which, if kept before you and striven for, will tend to lift your work from the commonplace and make it thus early what it should be later,—a means of molding others by the unconscious power of example. Are you doing written work in connection with any subject? Here, too, there are standards of accuracy and finish to be kept in view. There is no better way of keeping your English steadily under review than in close, every-day attention to its details of spelling, syntax, capitalization, punctuation, paragraphing, and the like. An excellent authority goes so far as to say "that the desire to make every word and letter plain consorts naturally with the desire to make the thought plain, and slovenliness in the one begets slovenliness in the other." If this is true of one's handwriting, much more is it likely to be true of details that come still closer to the thought.

Permanent and attractive forms of high school work.

In the next place, plan to do some of your school work in permanent and attractive form, partly that it may serve as evidence of successful high school

work when you apply for admission to the normal school, but chiefly because doing it in such form is inspiring both to yourself and to those that examine it. The teacher more than most people needs to do work in good form, because there are so many to be influenced by whatever example he sets. I refer to your laboratory note-books, to your drawing books, to your books of composition or other exercises in English, to articles with or without illustration which you may prepare in connection with any scholarly investigation, to your personal collections of plants, minerals, chemical products, and what not,—in short, to any evidences of scholarly power or personal skill that are susceptible of presentation to the eye.

Union of student service with teaching service.

Finally, if you are fortunate in working under an able and sympathetic principal or other teacher who approves your plan and would like to help you carry it out, you might, under his advice and direction, do many things that come more closely within the range of a teacher's duty and yet are helpful to you as a pupil. There is the correction or supervision of certain school exercises; there is the lending of a helping hand to pupils who need guidance; there is the explanation of matters from a teacher's standpoint to a class; and so on. Services like these are helpful alike to the teacher and yourself. If you are really "called" to teach, you should discover in yourself a readiness, at least, if not an impelling force or passion, to do some work in the line of your calling before you formally enter upon it.

In all your high school work there is a certain push, a certain spirit to make the most of the passing opportunity, a certain intellectual forwardness that is yet consistent with modesty, which I strongly commend to you. It is more than mere conformity to average school requirements; it is responding early to some demands that are sure to be made upon you later when you are in charge of a school,—demands for self-reliance, originality, leadership, and so on.

Evidences of fitness.

While the evidence of your fitness to receive normal training has to be sought, of course, in your school record, in what may be learned of your personality, and in your scholarly power as seen in your treatment, both oral and written, of a few themes selected from subjects once studied by you, the fitness itself, if it exists, must exist apart from schemes of examination. Therefore do not work merely to meet anticipated questions, but aim always for mastery and power in whatever you do. As between excellence in a narrow field and mediocrity in a broad one, if you must choose between them, choose the former.

Preparatory work outside of school.

Study carefully the circular of requirements for admission. It is not intended to ask for more in these requirements than the public schools are required by law to offer. Nevertheless, conditions may require you to supplement the work of the school by work outside. If, for example, the books prescribed for use in English cannot all be taken in school, read some of them out of school. There is much, also, of what you did in the grammar school, in geography, arithmetic, and other subjects, for whose review you should hold yourself personally responsible. Review United States history by reading some standard work on the subject. Some

practice in self-teaching when other teaching fails you is good for you. The state wants sturdy, self-reliant teachers, that are not easily cast down themselves, to hold pupils up to similar sturdiness and self-reliance.

Preparation for short service.

Perhaps you do not expect to teach long, and so question the wisdom of special preparation. Whether you teach a long time, a short time, or not at all, the training of the normal school is good for the general purposes of education as well as for the specific purposes of teaching. In any event, the need of the schools for trained teachers, whether you recognize it or not, remains constant and urgent.

Local training-schools for teachers.

It may be that you live in a town or city that has a local training-school for teachers, and that your only avenue to appointment, if you wish to teach at home, lies through this school. Even if you are indulgently permitted to enter this school directly from the high school, it would nevertheless be better for you to attend a normal school first.

One reason for maintaining such schools is doubtless found in the earnestness of school authorities to discover who of numerous applicants for appointment are likely to serve them best. If this is the case you are more likely, other things being equal, to do good work in the local training-school if you enter it with previous normal school experience than if you enter it without such experience; and this means for you a greater likelihood of timely appointment as a teacher and for the schools a greater likelihood of satisfactory service from such appointment.

Fitness the teacher's only claim to consideration.

Under no circumstances have you a just claim to be employed as a teacher except that which fitness to do the work of a teacher gives you. Other claims than those of fitness no school-board has a moral right to respect. If such fitness exists, there is not only room for you—there is a pressing demand for you—in the schools of the commonwealth.

Helpful reading on aims and methods.

Let me commend to you in connection with your student work the reading of one or two helpful books. Todd's "Student's Manual," for example, is rich in suggestions for young people who are ambitious to make the most of themselves during their academic years. It is possible, too, that you might find excellent stimulus in some of the essays of Emerson, particularly those on the following themes: Power, Culture, Manners, Behavior, Self Reliance, and Spiritual Laws.

Although it would be premature for you to enter upon a course of professional reading while in the high school, yet a preliminary glimpse of what is needed in the teacher—such a view as you might get, for instance, from Page's "Theory and Practice of Teaching" might give you invaluable aid as to the color and tone your high school work should receive from your purpose to become a teacher.

Sincerely hoping that your choice of teaching as a profession has been wisely made, I wish you success and joy in the important work of preparing for it.

NECROLOGY.

JOHN W. DODGE.

John W. Dodge was born in Hanover, September 4, 1815, and died at Enfield, February 13. Early in life he engaged in trade, but in 1866 formed a partnership with D. L. Davis, for the manufacture of flannels and hosiery at Enfield. In 1884 the business was removed to Bristol, where it is now in operation. Mr. Dodge amassed a fortune in mercantile life, and was generous in benefactions. A Democrat in politics, he was a member of the legislature in 1878–'80.

GEORGE W. DODGE.

George W. Dodge was born in Henniker in 1830, and was for some time at sea on a New Bedford whaler. Later, he engaged in the livery business at Manchester, but for the last 37 years had been a leader in the boot and shoe trade of that city. The soul of integrity in business and in private life, he refused to allow his name to be used for any public position. He was a 32d degree Mason.

MARTIN CHASE.

Martin Chase was born in Unity, September 20, 1806, and died at Marlborough, February 10. He was a shoemaker by trade, residing in Washington from 1833 to 1869, and after that date in Marlborough. He was town clerk fifteen years, selectman five years, representative to the legislature in 1837, 1839, and 1850, county treasurer two terms, justice of the court of common pleas, justice of the peace from 1839 to his death, and the holder of various other offices. He voted for Andrew Jackson in 1828, and for every Democratic presidential candidate since.

THOMAS J. WHIDDEN.

Thomas J. Whidden was born in Portsmouth, June 17, 1817, and died in Boston, January 30. He was a successful builder and contractor, superintending the construction of many large Boston buildings, notably the new county court house in Pemberton square. He was interested largely in real estate, and was an official of various banks and other institutions. As a Democrat, he served several terms on the board of aldermen.

CHARLES BURLEY.

Charles Burley was born in Exeter, August 19, 1820, and died in the same town, February 4. In early life he went to Chicago, and accumulated a fortune in the book and stationery business, which he lost through an unfortunate venture in Boston. During the rest of his life he was Exeter's leading florist. He represented Exeter in the legislature in 1861; was treasurer of Robinson Female Seminary from 1869 to 1880, and of Phillips Exeter academy from 1880 to 1889.

HENRY W. CARTER.

Henry W. Carter was born in Concord seventy-five years ago, and died in Lebanon, February 24. He was engaged in the manufacture and sale of Lebanon overalls, and was one of the most widely known wholesale merchants in New England. He first attracted attention by his dashing turnout of four black horses with which he toured the country when he first engaged in business for himself.

EDWIN P. BURPEE.

Edwin P. Burpee, member of the legislature from New London, died at his boarding-place in Concord, February 5. He was born in New London, January 10, 1829, and always resided there, carrying on the farm of his fathers. He was prominent in the grange, and had served as president of the New London Fair association, and of the New London band; also as selectman of the town. He was chairman of the committee on forestry in the house of representatives.

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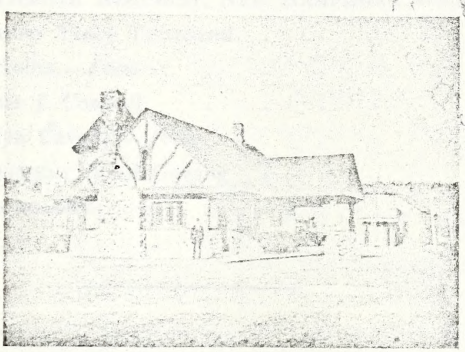
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



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1897



APRIL, 1897.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

A NAVAL OFFICER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM, Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N. 201
THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL, Mildred C. Warren,—*Poem* . . 210
NEW BOSTON: AN HISTORICAL AND BUSINESS SKETCH, Rev. John Erastus Wildey 211
SPRINGTIME, I. Eugene Keeler,—*Poem* 241
HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend 242
CLISBÉ, Virginia C. Hollis,—*Poem* 251
POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 251
THE SPRING, L. Arolyn Caverly,—*Poem* 259
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, Fred Gowing 260
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 261

The Town of Gilsum, by Dr. I. A. Loveland, will appear in the May GRANITE MONTHLY.

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TRENTON, N. J., Feb. 3, 1896.

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THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII. APRIL, 1897. No. 4.

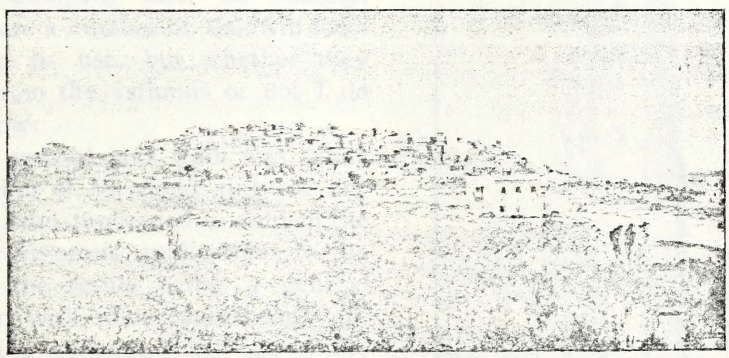
A NAVAL OFFICER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM.[1]

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.

PART I.

ARRIVING at Jaffa on December 5 last, I left the ship with a party of brother officers, one a fellow of the craft, about noon, and passing in a small boat through a narrow channel in the reefs, which make landing impossible except in the smoothest weather, we landed for the first time in Palestine.

Upon landing we met the guide, or dragoman, who was to conduct our party, one Lyons by name, although I think that it is assumed for the convenience of English-speaking travelers, for he told us that he was born in Jerusalem of Hungarian parents, and the name does not seem to fit the circumstances. He said that he was of Jewish origin, and that the priests told him he was a Levite, which he said probably made it so, at least he did n't dispute it. He



Jaffa.

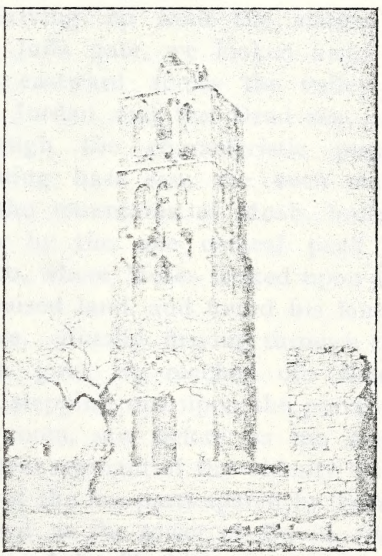
[1] This sketch of a visit to Jerusalem is a portion of a letter written from Alexandretta, Asia Minor, by Mr. Chandler to the "Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren of Eureka Lodge, A.·. F.·. and A.·. M.·. of Concord, N. H.," of which he is a member, describing a visit made to Palestine, on his tour of duty with the European squadron, during the present winter, and is published with the permission of that body.

spoke fluently German, English, French, Russian, Hebrew, and Arabic, and I don't know how many more. He was an unusually satisfactory guide, for he never vouched for the truth of anything, but gave us all the different stories about each, and allowed us to choose for ourselves. His costume was highly picturesque, consisting of an ordinary light sack suit of European make, with a yellow turban, the end hanging down over one ear. Yellow shoes and yellow leggins, together with a heavy cane, completed the outfit.

We first went to see the house of Simon the tanner, with whom Peter lodged after raising Dorcas or Tabitha from the dead. This site is not at all authentic, and is only of interest as supporting upon its roof the lantern of Jaffa lighthouse. From this place we walked through the narrow, dirty, ill-smelling streets to the railroad station, leaving Jaffa at 1:20 p. m. in the only first-class carriage on the train. The rolling stock of this road is mostly made up of things bought from the Panama Canal Company after its collapse. There are a number of Baldwin locomotives in use, but whether they came from the Isthmus or not I do not know.

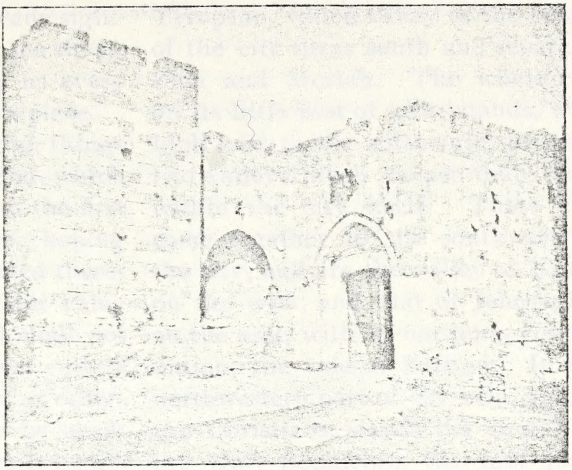
The rest of our train was taken possession of by about sixty of our sailors, who proceeded to enliven the trip by vigorous applications to the bottle, the result being a general hilarity, with some cases nearly approaching collapse. At one of the stations one of them endeavored to ride a donkey that was standing near the track, but only succeeded in getting astride of the beast's neck, so that he was quickly rolled off into the ditch, much to the detriment of his features. The rest of the party then declared that some of them must certainly have a ride, and as no one seemed confident of his ability to stick on, they compromised by having two of their number take the donkey on their backs and carry him around, to the immense amusement of all the natives in sight.

A number of historic towns are passed on the road, among them Ludd or Lydda, the reputed scene of the contest between St. George and the dragon; Timnath, the scene of a number of the exploits of Samson, notably the one where he set fire to the fields by driving in a number of foxes with their tails converted into torches; Ramleh, which is said to be built upon the site of ancient Arimathea, whence came that Joseph in whose tomb Christ was laid. One of the interesting roadside sights was the plowing. The



Tower of the Forty Martyrs—Ramleh.

plow is made of two crossed bent sticks as of old, to which the modern native now adds a sheet-iron point, being drawn by one or more of the beasts of burden of the country, a donkey, an ox, a buffalo, a camel, or mixed teams thereof arranged side by side or in tandem, according to the relative sizes of the members of the team.



Jaffa Gate.

From Jaffa the road runs through the splendid orange groves which surround the city, and then out across the fertile plain of Sharon. The modern villages consist of low, mud huts, with flat roofs and few very small windows and doors. The inhabitants mostly sleep upon the roofs, and the wooden bedposts may be seen sticking up all over the villages. All over the front and sides of the houses, wherever there is a vertical wall, are plastered cakes of manure, almost the only fuel which the natives know. Conical-topped bread ovens are always to be seen around the towns, and these in their otherwise idle moments are used as kilns for the more speedy drying of the aforesaid fuel,—a combination of uses that does not appeal to the average foreigner.

The land is owned, except for large tracts in which the Sultan has invested his ill-gotten gains, by the villages as communities, certain tracts being assigned to the care of each family for stated periods. In most cases artificial irrigation is necessary. Leaving this fertile plain, we came into the bleak, stratified hills known as the mountains of Judah and Benjamin, where the only cultivation is on terraces. At five o'clock we drew up at Jerusalem station, which lies at some distance from the city, so that our first real glimpse of the town was while driving in carriages to that (for a foreign country) most excellent hostelry, the Grand New Hotel. All hotels are "Grand" in this part of the world.

Driving up from the station to the Jaffa gate, we looked away to the eastward across the valley of the Jordan and the Dead sea, and through the characteristic purple evening haze saw the even ridge of the mountains of Moab, broken only by the one conical peak of Nebo, where Moses looked upon the promised land, and found his lonely grave. Finally, driving through the Jaffa gate, we reached our hotel, and stepping out upon the porch of our room, saw before us the magnificent remnant of the old city wall, one of the few parts spared by Titus, known as the tower of David, now occupied by Turkish troops. As it

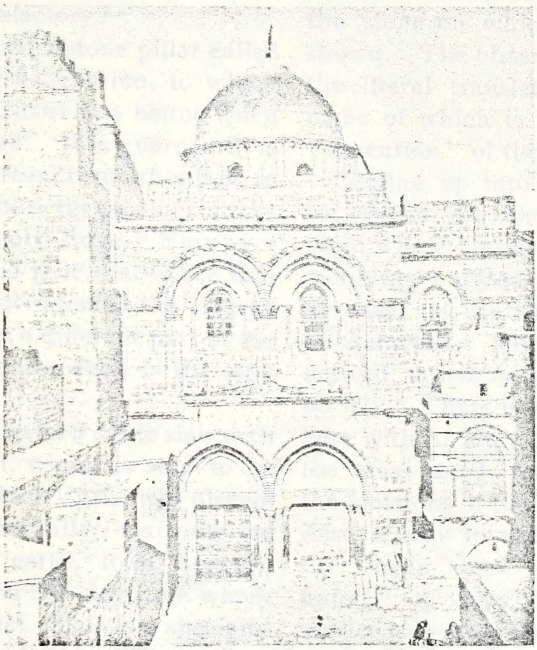
was too late that night to do any sight-seeing, we spent an hour in the shops, inspecting and purchasing, as every one is bound to do in such a place.

I brought away among other things a common gavel of olive wood, which it is my intention to send at the first opportunity to your lodge, hoping that the associations connected therewith may render it of greater value than its intrinsic worth. I shall not send it until some of our war vessels are returning to the States, as otherwise there would probably be needless bother and expense entailed, connected with the customs, which would be much greater than its non-dutiable character and small value would guarantee. I trust that the master of the lodge may find it a pleasure to make use thereof in guiding the craft to our mutual advancement. I regret that it will probably be some months before the gavel can be sent.

Leaving the hotel at seven the next morning, we started on our travels. The highest point of the city is in the northwestern part, near the hotel, the northwestern angle of the wall being 2,581 feet above the sea. The walls run nearly in the direction of the cardinal points of the compass, forming in general a rectangle, with the longer sides running north and south. The southwestern quarter is on Mount Zion and is given over to the Armenians; the eastern part is Mount Moriah, the top of which forms the Haram, or Temple enclosure, the southern slope being given to the Jews and the rest to the Moslems. The northwestern part is the hill of Akra, the Christian quarter, between which and Zion runs David street from west to east, the breadth of the city, down the valley of the Tyropean, which valley in the centre of the city turns south and separates Zion and Moriah. The whole city on its little nest of hills, stands, with high land to the northward, between two valleys much deeper than those within the city itself. These two come together to the southward of the city, and are the valley of Gihon on the west, and that of Jehosaphat on the east, with its northerly continuation, the vale of Kedron. In the northwestern part of the city, among the Christians, stands the church of the Holy Sepulchre, the first place which we visited, the goal to reach which so many Christian lives have been given. I very much fear that the object has not been worthy of the effort, but you may draw your own conclusions from my account of the wonders seen therein.

Entering the church from the court in front, after gazing up at its impressive front, we come at once upon the unction stone, upon which it is said that the body of Christ was laid while being anointed for burial. It is explained that the real stone is not visible, being hidden below. Near by is a star in the pavement, marking the spot where the Virgin stood while her son's body was being prepared for burial. And here, just within the entrance, we see the greatest existing blot upon the Christian world. To the left, as we enter, is a raised platform, occupied by a guard of armed Turkish soldiers, Moslems, whose duty it is to control the Christian visitors, and to see that the worshipers, of various sects, do not spill each other's blood in their bigotry, something that has often occurred even within the very sepulchre itself.

Returning to the church for a hasty visit later to see the regular noonday service, I saw a Moslem officer wearing his arms and standing near the sepulchre. Upon the waving of his hand there came forth a number of Roman Catholic priests, who went through a short but impressive service, after which they retired to the chapel set apart for their exclusive use. As soon as they were safely out of the way, another signal from the Turk brought out a group of Greek priests, then the Armenians, and finally the Copts, no one sect being allowed to come out until the preceding ones had got in safely to their own private chapel.



Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Leaving the unction stone and passing around the church to the left, we came first to the sepulchre itself, a structure built up above the floor in marbles and other stones, and bearing absolutely no resemblance to the tomb as described in the Bible. It consists of two chambers, from the outer one of which is yearly blown, through two elliptical holes in the wall, a stream of fire which is supposed to come direct from heaven. This performance is conducted under the auspices of the Greek church, and is for the benefit mainly of the vast hordes of poor Russian pilgrims who come from hundreds of miles in the interior of their own country to light their tapers at this holy shrine. The entrances to both chambers are low stone doors, both of which must be passed through to come to the inner sanctuary, on one side of which is seen the marble slab upon which the body of Christ is said to have rested. The outer chamber is called the chapel of the Angel, for there it was that the angel watched. In a corner near by are shown two rock-hewn tombs side by side, in one of which they say Joseph of Arimathea was placed upon his death. The other is said to be the tomb of Nicodemus. Against the back of the sepulchre is a small chapel belonging to the Copts.

A little further on is the place where Christ appeared to Mary Magdalene after the resurrection, the spot where each stood being marked by a star. Here also is the place where Christ stood when he appeared to the Virgin. Also the spot where Helena, mother of Constantine, placed the

crosses after their recovery, and where the test was made to determine which was the cross of Christ. This is called the chapel of the recognition of the true cross, and the story is that when the crosses were found a sick woman was brought here and made to lay hands upon them in succession. The contact with the first two increased her disease violently, but the third cured her at once. What could be more definite or satisfactory?

Here is shown a stone pillar called the column of flagellation, to which it is said that Christ was bound when he was scourged. It is guarded by a lattice work screen, through a hole in which the faithful thrust their sticks to touch the holy stone. This is a Roman Catholic relic, but to see that none go away dissatisfied the Greeks have another in a different part of the church. Of course each is the only true one.

Near this latter is a stone slab with two holes in it, which is said to be the stocks in which Christ was placed. Next we see the pillar, marking the centre of the earth, from beneath which was taken the clay from which Adam was made. This is a specialty of the Greek church. There is a chapel called the chapel of the division of the vestments, where it is said the soldiers cast lots for Christ's clothing.

Passing from this, we come to the chapel to Saint Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine. Leaving Constantinople for Jerusalem, with the avowed intention of finding the cross, she had a series of mounds, with signal stations on top, built all the way from the capital to Jerusalem, in order that the joyful news of the discovery might be quickly returned to Constantinople. I have seen these mounds at various places along the coast. Reaching the church of the Sepulchre, she selected a neglected cistern, and seating herself at the entrance, she sent men down with orders to dig for the cross. They found it. The place where she sat is now the chapel of Helena, and the aperture in the wall is shown through which she watched the men at work; the stone on which she sat is also shown. The cistern is now a chapel, the literal translation of the Greek name of which is the chapel of the "invention" of the cross.

Coming up into the church again, we passed the chapel marking the place where Christ was mocked, and mounting a dozen or so stone steps, we stood on the summit of Calvary, or Golgotha. This site, it must be noticed, *is within the ancient walls of the city*. There is, of course, a chapel here with its altar on the spot where the cross stood, and others to mark the locations of the other two crosses. Also a star in the pavement where the Virgin stood during the crucifixion. A very impressive Greek service was progressing in this chapel while we were there. We were next shown the tombs of Godfrey and Baldwin, and in the Latin sacristy may be seen the sword and spurs of the former, together with one of the heavy chains and crosses of Jerusalem worn by the crusaders.

Next is the spot where the bones of Adam were found, in which chapel now stands the tomb of Melchizidek. Here also is a cleft in the rock, a fissure said to have been made by the earthquake during the crucifixion. It is very insignificant. This ends

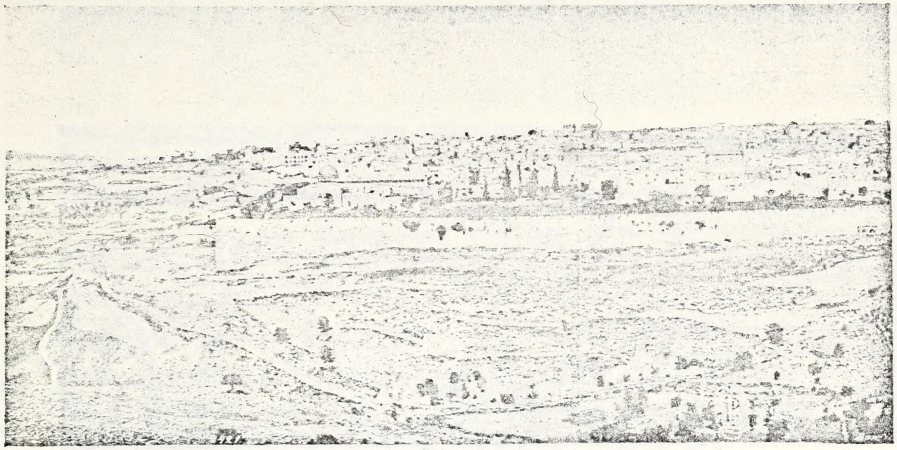
the list of the most remarkable collection of sacred sites under any one roof on earth.

Leaving the church, we pass the Muristan or ancient hospital of the knights of St. John. There is but little left of the old building, and only a portion has been excavated, the old church of Santa Maria Maggiore, upon the site of which the German emperor is now building a handsome Lutheran church. Several of the arches of the old church are being incorporated into the new. The main part of the Muristan proper is still under ground. The portion upon which the church is now being raised was presented by the Sultan to the Prussian government in 1869.

The history of this spot is so interesting to us that I venture to quote:

"Charlemagne founded a monastery in Jerusalem, and the space upon which the ruins stood was purchased in the eleventh century by the merchants of Amalfi, in Italy, who in 1048 erected two hospitals for the accommodation of pilgrims—one for females, dedicated to St. Mary, the other for males, to St. John. These two formed the cradle of the celebrated order of St. John of Jerusalem. Godfrey and his successors on the throne endowed them with ample possessions in Palestine and Europe. The order was gradually established, and at last, owing to the persuasions of their chief, adopted a religious profession, taking vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; and assumed a regular habit consisting of a black robe with a white cross on the left breast. Their wealth and influence increased so rapidly that they were soon able to found hospitals in most of the maritime cities of Europe, where pilgrims were entertained and forwarded on their journey. When the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem began to feel the pressure of a host of infidel foes, the knights of St. John resolved again to assume their arms. The body, therefore, changed its constitution, and was divided into three classes: The first, of noble birth, was destined to military service, and was specially charged with keeping open the road from Jaffa; the second consisted of priests and almoners; the third, of servants. As their numbers increased, they were further divided into seven departments—Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Aragon, Germany, and England. The government was an oligarchy, of which the grand master was chief. When the Frank kingdom was annihilated and Acre fell (1291), these knights fought to the last; and when the city was in flames a shattered remnant sailed for Cyprus. They subsequently established themselves at Rhodes, and erected those massive fortifications still viewed by Europeans with so much admiration. Driven from Rhodes by the forces of Turkey, the knights settled in Malta, where they erected the cathedral of St. John and the palaces and fortifications still to be seen at that place. When Saladin took Jerusalem in 1187, he took up his quarters in the Muristan. The property afterwards passed into the possession of the Mosque of Omar, where it remained until it passed into the hands of its present owner."

Soon after leaving the Muristan, we turned into the Via Dolorosa, the street along which Christ is said to have passed to crucifixion. Of course as we were going, leaving the sep-

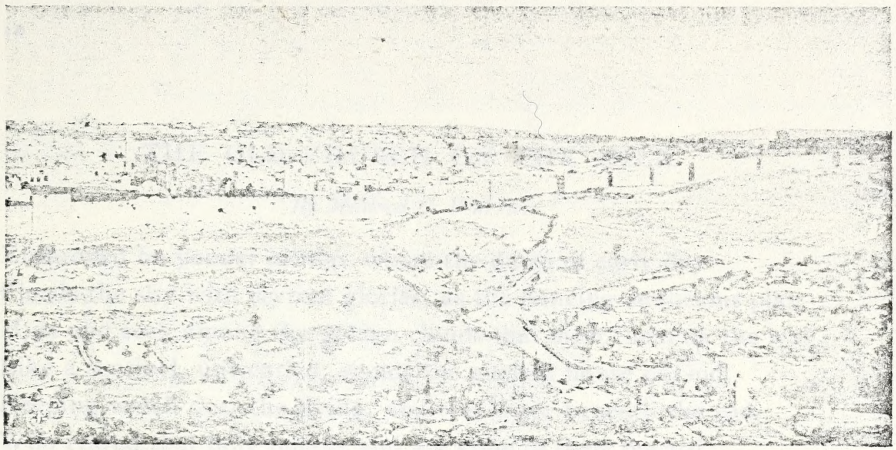


Panorama of Jerusalem.

ulchre and Golgotha behind, we were following the route in an easterly or inverse direction to that in which the Saviour was led. Along this road the guide points out the various points, or "stations," at which Christ halted while bearing the cross, the first one being the house of that Simon the Cyrenean, who was compelled to carry the cross when Christ's strength finally gave out. In the wall of this house is a dent in the stone, which is shown as the place where the Saviour rested his elbow. The fact that the old Roman pavement upon which the people undoubtedly walked in those days is twenty feet or more beneath the present surface of the ground does not seem to affect the story at all.

This house is on a corner where the road makes a short, sharp turn to the north, which, if followed, would lead out to the Damascus gate and thence to Gordon's Calvary, the place now becoming more and more generally accepted as the true Golgotha, so that it is probable that as much at least of the Via Dolorosa as we have already seen is entirely without authenticity. Just at this turn we pass the large and the small neighboring houses now shown, entirely without reason, as the homes of Lazarus and of Dives.

Turning to the eastward again, we pass the arch of the "Ecce Homo" and the place of the scourging and crowning with thorns, to Pilate's palace, now a barrack, where we were shown the old arch, now walled up, from which was taken the sacred stairway now in the church of St. John the Lateran in Rome. These are the steps down which Christ descended to his death, and consequently mark the beginning of the Via Dolorosa. The continuation of this street passes on to the eastward and through St. Stephen's gate, across the valley of Jehosaphat to Gethsemane, and it was along this that Christ was brought to the judgment seat of Pilate. Across the street, to the north, is the old tower of the castle of Antonia, connected by an arch to the north wall of the Haram enclosure, under which arch



From the Mount of Olives.

we turn through the gate to the site of Solomon's temple, one of the most beautiful and best authenticated spots in the Holy Land.

Solomon started to build his temple upon the summit of Mount Moriah, that threshing-floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, which David bought as a site for an altar. It was, of course, necessary to build a level foundation for the temple, so heavy masonry arches were erected all around the summit of the mount, forming a horizontal platform whose present dimensions are: north side, 1,042 feet; south side, 922 feet; east side, 1,530 feet; west side, 1,601 feet;—enclosing an area of about thirty-five acres. Through the level surface of this platform, near the centre, is the only spot through which the summit of the rock rises, and this is now the famous "dome of the rock," enclosed in the Mosque of Omar. It is the presence of this spot, sacred to all Mohammedans, which causes them to keep the Jews out of the enclosure, hence its name, the "Haram," or the "Forbidden." Any foreigner who enters here must be accompanied by the "kawasse," or messenger of the consulate of his own nation, and a permit must also be obtained. Our escort was a fine-looking Arab, with a resplendent gold-embroidered jacket with the shield of the United States worked between the shoulders. He wore the usually baggy trousers of blue, blue vest, black leggings, black and gold cap, and dangled by his side a sword in a magnificent silver scabbard. In his hand he carried a long-lashed whip with a silver handle, and he was altogether a particularly resplendent individual. It is very hard to find an English word which means the same as "kawasse," for while he is a messenger, he has also many other duties. In the Orient every one of importance has one or more of these men to precede him as he goes through the crowded narrow streets, to clear away the rabble, and that is where the whip came in in most admirable fashion.

[*To be concluded.*]

THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL.

By Mildred C. Warren.

Enthroned on yonder hilltop, where the dawn of early day
Floods the sky with myriad glories, as the dancing sunbeams play
Hide and seek among the golden clouds that meet them on the way,
Like a sentinel, unwearied, stands the ancient house of God,
Keeping watch over the living, and o'er those beneath the sod,
Who reared that holy temple and are gone to their reward.

No wondrous architecture, no columns rich and grand,
No tricks of skilful artist, nor of the mason's hand,
No stately towers, nor pealing chimes, can our wonderment command,
But in the simple grandeur of unadornéd grace,
Its spires pointing heavenward toward that happy place,
Where past and future ages meet, it marks an honored race.

In the days that are behind us, those days of sweet renown,
The old church stood majestic as the centre of the town,
While the great bell called our fathers "to worship and bow down."
But advancing time and progress took the tide of life away
To the valley 'neath the hillside; till at length, one distant day,
The old bell from a new church called the worshipers to pray.

Deserted now and lonely, stands the church upon the hill,
Its empty belfry tenanted by swallows at their will,
And inside, through the vacant aisles reigns gloom supreme and still.
O'er pulpit and forsaken pews broods silence everywhere;
It fills the lofty galleries and hovers o'er the stair,
Yet 'midst the solemn stillness one feels God's presence there.

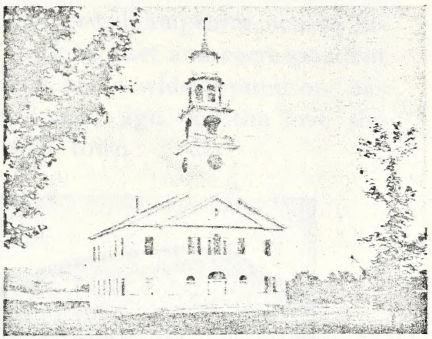
And sometimes, when the moonlight silvers hill, and vale, and stream,
It shines on the old church windows with a faint, delusive beam,
Till imagination pictures the church with light agleam.
In fancy seems a beauteous throng of worshipers in white,
Whose faces bring back long ago, yet glow with strange new light,
While from their lips angelic songs make music in the night.

NEW BOSTON: AN HISTORICAL AND BUSINESS SKETCH.

By Rev. John Erastus Wildey.

AT the centennial of the town, July 4, 1863, Rev. Warren R. Cochrane D. D., now of Antrim, then a tutor in Dartmouth College, in an excellent poem, sang,—

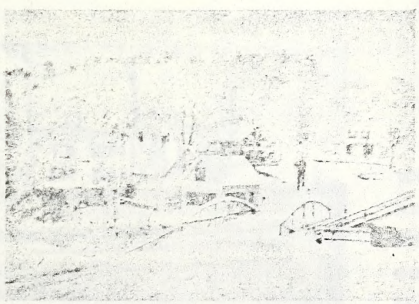
"But climb with me to-day yon towering height,
Which first is tinted with the morning light;
Or, nearer still, where Moor's devoted mind
From life-long labors, left the world behind;
Or yonder hill, where Bradford's classic eye
Drank the charmed loveliness of earth and sky,
And, oh, what change on every side appears
Wrought in this period of a hundred years!"



Old Presbyterian Church.

Since the fire of 1887, which almost destroyed the lower village, improvements of modern and striking character have been made. The upper village survives, but the newer village in the valley, slowly but surely expanding, will no doubt result in one large beautiful cluster of homes, the fruit of modern enterprise, adorning the many surrounding hills.

Three hours ride from Boston, via Nashua and Manchester, and New Boston, nestling in the Piscataquog valley, offers to the weary resident of the city charming scenery, mountain air, quiet, refreshing sleep for tired nerves, the purest water, and restoration of health to many who vainly seek it at seaside or from exciting fashionable resorts. Yet winter, as well as summer, brings the ever returning traveler, people of wealth and modest income, artists, poets, authors, musicians, merchants, brokers, teachers, medical, legal and theological leaders, who climb our hills, roam through our forests, fish, hunt, rest.



View Southwest from Valley Hall.

Except in one direction it is impossible to leave New Boston village without going up hill,—viz., to follow the river to Manchester.

In summer green or wintry coat, the Uncanoonucs, old Kearsarge, Mount Monadnock, Mount Lyndeborough, the slopes of Mount Vernon, Mount Crochet, and at favored points, the White Mountains, loom up



Mrs. F. A. D. Atwood.

in their hazy, silent majesty; while in summer the green plains of Amherst add their color to a glorious picture of Nature's power.

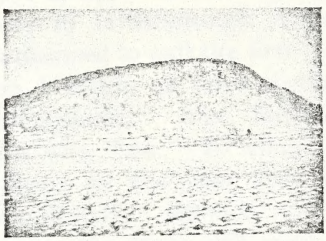
Stand at the base of "Joe English," gazing upwards for hundreds of feet at its perpendicular tree-bedecked crags,—wander by the shores of Scobie, Bailey, and other small lakes, or follow the winding, rocky river, flowing through meadow, vale, or forest, fishing; or over leaf-strewn or snow-carpeted fields and woodland, hunt for partridges, raccoons, rabbits; to bathe or boat in summer, or skate by the light of moon or bonfire in winter, or cross fields and fences with snow-shoes, over drifts at times higher than your head,—do you wonder some frequent pilgrims to this health shrine call it "the Mecca of southern New Hampshire?"

Nature apparently tried to turn this section upside down,—hills result, big and little, down whose rock-ribbed sides flow brooks, at times roaring torrents, rushing for the river, more than once overflowing its banks, and has sometimes, by floating ice, swept away iron bridges with its mad rushing power.



Prospect Cottage—S. D. Atwood.

Mrs. Florence A. D. Atwood, wife of Solomon D. Atwood, who through her father is connected with the famous W. E. Dodge family, of New York, and through her mother with the Webster and Emerson families of southern New Hampshire, whose literary work as poet and correspondent has given her a wide reputation, has written, years ago, for the love she bears this town:



The Cliffs—Joe English Hill.

"There 's many a spot of hill and dale,
Of valley and mountain height,
Where mirrored surface of river and pond
Shimmers the glad sunlight;
Where forests rear their crowns of green
'Mid odors of spruce and pine,
And the carpet of needles at their feet
Is wreathed by a running vine;
Where in cosy nooks in the hillside's steep,
And down in the quiet glen,
Nestle the homes that send out to the world
Fair women and noble men.
Away from the busy, crowded mart,
Apart from the city's din,
They 've clearer glimpses in nature of God,
And less temptation to sin.
They look to the hills, from whence cometh strength,
In freedom and health rejoice;
Acknowledging God in the tempest's roar,
In silence, the still small voice."

The first settlers of New Boston were Scotch Protestants, Presbyterians. From Argyleshire and Ayrshire, in the west of Scotland, they emigrated to Londonderry and Antrim, Ireland. They left Ireland in five ships, arriving in Boston, Mass.,

August 4, 1718. After giving up an attempt to settle at what is now Portland, Maine, sixteen families settled in Londonderry. For fifty years or more, additions of men of like faith and blood increased their number, and their descendants are found in many a New Hampshire town, as well as more distant city.

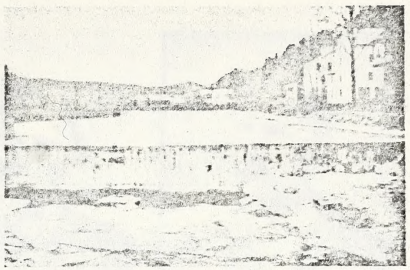
New Boston was granted by "The Great and General Court or Assembly, for His Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay," to John Simpson and fifty-two others, of Boston, Mass., January 14, 1736. In 1741, New Hampshire withdrew from Massachusetts, becoming a separate province. Up to 1750 the growth of New Boston was "nil." It had various names, as the records show, till April 16, 1751, when the name New Boston was first applied. The town was the child of Londonderry.



Mrs. Rebecca P. Crombie.

In 1756, a report to the proprietors gives the population as 26 men, 11 women, 9 boys, and 13 girls. A census of 1767 gave a population of 296, of which there were one male and two female slaves. In 1775, the population had advanced to 569; in 1790 to 1,202; and in 1820 to 1,686, which has never since been exceeded.

The town was incorporated by the New Hampshire government, February 18, 1763, and John Goffe, Esq., (who had fought as a lieutenant-colonel of New Hampshire militia at Ticonderoga, and as colonel of the New Hampshire militia in the campaign of 1760, which resulted in the conquest of Canada, and was later—1771 to 1776—the first judge of probate in Hillsborough county), was authorized to call the first town meeting "within 20 days of the date of the charter." The business specified was, first, "To choose all town officers for the year ensuing as the law directs;" second, "to see what money the town will raise to defray the charge of the town, and pay for preaching to the inhabitants for the year ensuing."



The River at Reed McLane's Milldam in Winter.

The first meeting was held March 10, 1763, in the house of "Deacon" Thomas Cochrane, in a room now the ell part of the residence of his great-great-grandson, Elder Thomas R. Cochrane, the present clerk of the Presbyterian church.

Five selectmen were elected, viz., Thomas Cochrane, James McFerson, Nathaniel Cochrane, John McAllis-



Residence of Elder Thomas R. Cochrane.



Allen P. Wilson.
Capt. Benjamin Dodge.
O. A. Newton.
George C. Warren.

Allen Dodge.
George H. Wilson.
Moses C. Crombie.
Clarence H. Dodge.

Thomas R. Cochrane.
George W. Muzzey.
Samuel L. Marden.
J. N. McLane.

Thomas Hixon.
Niel McLane.
Reed McLane.
S. D. Atwood.



ter, and John Carson. Also as constable, Thomas Wilson; surveyors of highways, Matthew Caldwell, John Smith, James Wilson, George Christy, and Thomas Brown; tithingmen, Abraham Cochrane and Samuel Nickles; hog reeves, William Gray and John Burns; deer keepers, John Carson and James Hunter; invoice man or commissioner of assessments, John Cochrane. Voted, "To build a Pound by the corn Mill, and that Deacon Thomas Cochrane shall be Pound Master." Voted, "That Matthew Caldwell and James Wilson be accountants to examine accounts of the selectmen." Voted, "To raise



George H. Wilson.

100 Pounds to defray charges for the present year and for preaching."

Rev. Russell H. Conwell, from examination of records of the state, etc., and those collected by General Schauler, of Massachusetts, has stated in an address, "that New Boston had 34 men in the Revolutionary War, and 16 in the War of 1812; of those born here 40 were in the war with Mexico, and over 200 were credited to our quota in the War of the Rebellion." He also contends that the skill of a New Bostonian saved the American fleet in the War of 1812, and that two of our boys, by skilful bridging, preserved the Army



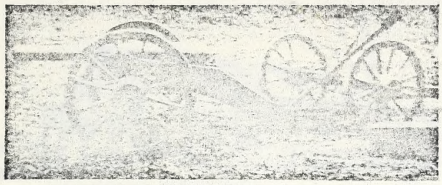
Thomas Hixon.

of the Potomac; that a New Bostonian founded the first American public library, that three were prime movers in the construction of the old Lowell railroad, and that one founded a New York orphan asylum.

From the town history, etc., New Boston can be credited with about 200 school teachers, a score of teachers of music, probably 30 graduates of colleges, and a half score or more of medical graduates. Probably 15 have entered the ministry. Of these Rev. Henry Marden, a Congregational missionary to Turkey, was noted for saving Zeitoon from destruction, by mediation between Armenians and Turkish forces, and later, in 1887, after the great fire in Zeitoon, he marched from Marash to Zeitoon, carrying one and one-half tons of native bread, with a force of rescuers, preventing great suffering. He died *en route* home, and was buried in the beautiful Greek cemetery at Athens, May 13, 1890.



J. N. McLane.

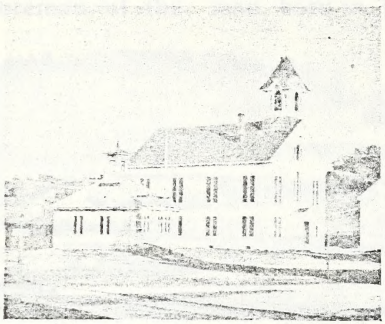


"Molly Stark."

New Boston's patriotism is seen in the frequent flying of "Old Glory," and on national holidays by salutes from the old Revolutionary gun "Molly Stark," presented to the New Boston artillery company, Ninth regiment, New Hampshire militia, by Gen. John Stark. This gun was made in Paris, 1743, and captured at the Battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777.

After every presidential election, without regard to party victory, a town jubilee and supper are held. The last celebration in November provided supper for 1,000 people, and over 700 were actually fed, the town hall being packed with people.

Another feature, "Old Folks' Day," which the writer of this article was instrumental in establishing two years ago, bids fair to continue indefinitely a town institution. At the second meeting in 1896, June 11, over 200 old folks were entertained at dinner in the town hall, 14 of whom were over 80 years old, about 100 over 70 years. Some came home from a distance to celebrate. The permanent organization is officered with Captain Benjamin Dodge, president; William Woodbury, treasurer; and Mrs. S. D. Atwood, secretary. Rodney McLane, Esq., kept control of the time and "jolly youth" of the association as president of the day. After religious services in the forenoon, dinner at noon, poems, speeches, songs, etc., in the afternoon, "Auld Lang Syne," directed by Chorister John H. Clark, Esq., was sung by trembling lips of these happy aged ones, and the command of God was obeyed, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head and honor the face of the old man and fear thy God." [Lev. 19:32.]



Town House and Engine House.

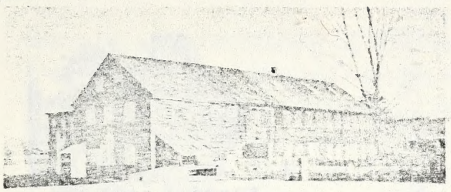
By the financial and other practical interest of George A. Wason, Esq., J. Reed Whipple, Esq., and others, New Boston was placed in railroad connection with Manchester, June 19, 1893.

Connected with the creamery engine there is a town water system, with fire plugs in desirable places, practically protecting the entire village from fire.

New Boston also boasts a fire engine company, "Constitution No. 2,"



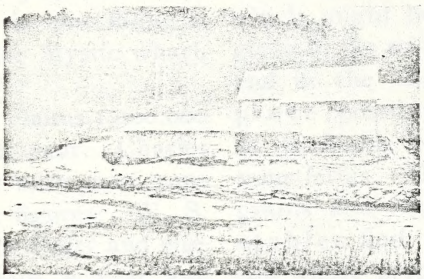
Fire Engine "Constitution."



New Boston Electric Light Plant.

fifty men, who with their hand machine, made in Boston in 1852, have thrown a stream of water, after passing through 150 feet of hose, a distance of 219 feet.

Harry S. Colby, foreman of the above company, and our locomotive fireman, "just for fun," made a miniature machine, "Pin Ball No. 1," for the boys;—they throw a stream 75 feet, have organized, and amuse and amaze the city guests by their "practice" summer evenings. Both engines and the "Molly Stark" gun are cosily housed on the common.



George D. Marden's Mill.

The streets and some places of business are lighted by electricity from the plant of Allen P. Wilson, a young man of growing knowledge as an expert in this line, whose business increases.

Our bridges are mostly iron, several of them only a year old, the spring freshet of 1896 and ice break having swept them down the river.

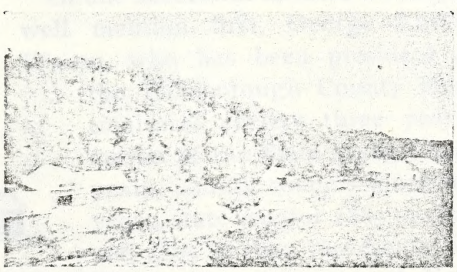
According to territory, New Boston, six miles square, has more miles of road (viz., about one hundred altogether), than any town in the state. Our good roads are the results of the labors of practical highway agents, men who know their business.

As to our business interests, lumbering, farming, and dairying are our main enterprises. Lumbering includes naturally the mills and their composite work.

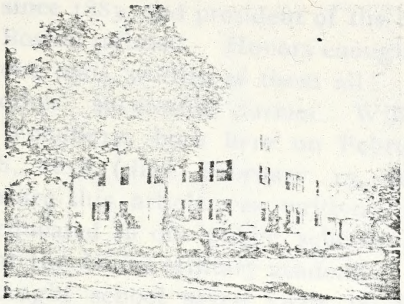
George W. Muzzey, a native of Weare, who married Edna J. Shirley of this town, who has lived here twenty-three years, is the proprietor of Muzzey's mill, and in addition to his farming business, saws 300,000 feet every spring.

George D. Marden, a bright young man, born in Trenton, Wis., but resident here since 1872, has since 1890 been proprietor of Marden's mill, has made great improvements, added the best machinery for manufacturing all kinds of house lumber, mouldings, etc., and has so increased his business that he cuts three quarters of a million feet of lumber and shingles annually.

George C. Warren, born here in 1847, educated in Francestown and Mont Vernon academies, who married Abbie E. Lovering, besides ex-



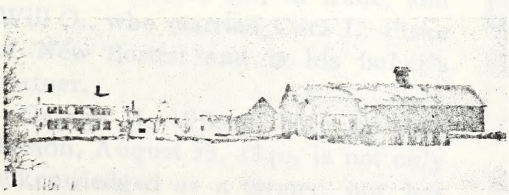
Muzzey's Mill.



Residence of William Woodbury.

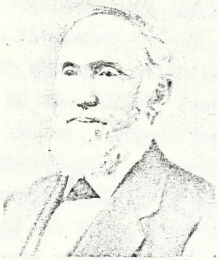
perience as a farmer and as partner in trade with C. H. Dodge, has as a lumberman an unusual record. His steam mill will this year saw over 1,000,000 feet. He is now filling a contract for piling for Mystic wharf, Boston, Mass.

Jesse W. Mudgett claims 1,000,000 feet to his credit this year. Charles W. Tucker, another busy man, runs up a record of six figures. W. S. Upton, well known in Unity and elsewhere, has been here a year and more, prospering, while Ira Cree, David W. Butterfield, and others, whose business is constant, make our town well known as one of the large lumbering regions nearest to Boston and other markets. It would be an injustice to exclude from the list of successful lumbermen, Capt. Benjamin Dodge, born in New Boston, August 9, 1819; married Eliza Ann Batchelder, of Bedford, N. H., December 19, 1844. His title is derived from being captain First company of artillery, Ninth regiment, New Hampshire militia. For a period of forty years he has been conducting lumbering business here and in Wisconsin, where he owns valuable interests. He has been honored as justice of the peace, selectman, town treasurer, and representative in the New Hampshire legislature, and is a very valuable member of the Baptist society.



Maple Hill Farm—Charles F. Dodge.

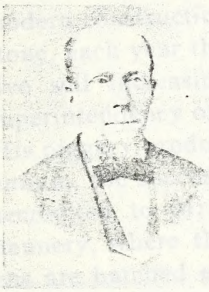
The farming interests of the town are important above every other industry; yet our farmers are unable to supply the home market with grain, hay, or flour. Lumbering absorbs interest which might be given to the soil, and in the end prove possibly as profitable to some farms. All grains and vegetables find a soil whose properties result in profitable productions. The cutting of timber and emigrating of our young people into the cities, have resulted in the abandonment of some farms, but the incoming city resident, seeking a country home, has made the number of abandoned farms few and far between.



William Woodbury.

Of our successful farmers we might well mention first, George Austin Wason, who has been president of the Hillsborough County Horticultural society three years, master of the State grange four years, county commissioner six years, state senator 1883 to 1885 and 1895 to 1897, representative 1891 to 1895, trustee of New Hampshire Agricultural college

since 1883, and president of the New Boston railroad. Honors enough for one man, worthy of them all! Another successful farmer, William Woodbury, born here on February 8, 1818 (died February 15, 1897, since this article was written), was educated in our public schools and at the Unity Military academy. He taught school seven years in New Boston, Weare, and Dunbarton, selectman 1868 and 1869, representative 1879 and 1880. His present farm is one of the best, including river meadow land of rich character.



Lendell Dodge.

The most noted farm in town is that of Charles Franklin Dodge, son of the late Solomon and Mary Dodge. On this farm, which took first prize as the best farm in the county, Mr. Dodge was born and has been a lifelong resident. He has served on the school-board, as selectman, and has been an active supporter of the Baptist society.

On South hill is another successful farmer, Lendell Dodge, born there May 28, 1838; he married Ellen O. Lamson of Mont Vernon, December 25, 1871. He has been supervisor and member of the school-board, and has two sons, Edwin H., in trade, and Will O., who married Cora L. Fiske of New Boston and is his father's partner.

George H. Wilson, born in New Boston, August 22, 1840, is not only acknowledged as a farmer, but has made old age comfortably anticipated



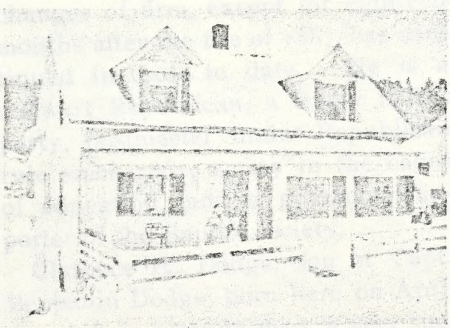
Residence of Lendell Dodge.

by his success as a dealer in cattle. He married, April 14, 1864, Rachel Helen Woodbury, daughter of Joshua E. Woodbury of New Boston. Mr. Wilson has been surveyor of highways, selectman, and candidate for the legislature. He is a loyal supporter of the Presbyterian society.

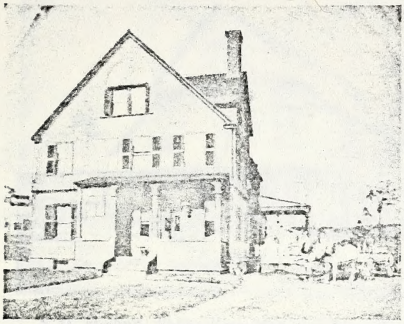
Thomas Hixon, retired, was born at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., and since 1871, with the exception of a few years spent in the West, had resided in Boston, Mass., where he was a commission merchant, receiver of poultry and country produce at 44 North Market street. A little over a year ago he became a permanent resident of New Boston, erecting a modern residence, and is enthusiastic in his new life as a farmer.

Other successful farmers must be mentioned in their official or other business capacity later in this article.

"Valley View Farm," the early home of the Whipples, now owned by J. Reed Whipple of the Parker

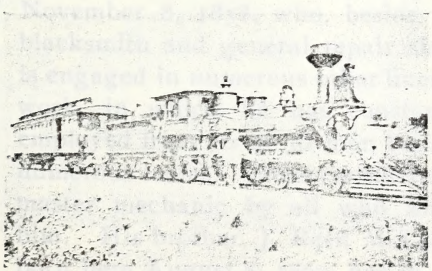


Residence of Jesse W. Mudgett.



New Boston Creamery.

House and Young's Hotel, Boston, is one of the best farms in the state. Here is a herd of cows, Holsteins, of best blood, a barn and residence of modern construction, lands cleared of stone, each year the acres of productive soil increasing, all under the superintendency of C. F. Saltmarsh. His piggery produces 1,500 pigs per annum, the success of which is to be accredited to Mr. James Igo. A hennery, where thousands of chickens are hatched every year, supplies his hotels with fresh eggs, chickens, and fowl, presided over by a young specialist, Samuel Leonard Marden, who has made it a success. But the creamery, which has been written up in the GRANITE MONTHLY before, the manager of which, O. A. Newton, has a wide reputation for his business qualifications, makes over 600 pounds of butter daily for the hotels, beside sending in a private refrigerator car each week-day buttermilk, sweet milk, and cream, providing a market for all the milk and cream New Boston can produce.



New Boston Train and Crew.

Between shipping of thousands of barrels of apples to Europe each season, carloads of round and finished lumber, boards, railroad ties, etc., our depot master, George E. Robbins, has all he can attend to, and the business increases. Our train crew—Conductor William P. Martin, Engineer Nathan F. Bean, Fireman Harry S. Colby, and Brakeman Joseph F. Fitts—are so well known to the hosts of summer travelers, that to change them to some other branch would not be tolerated without an emphatic protest.

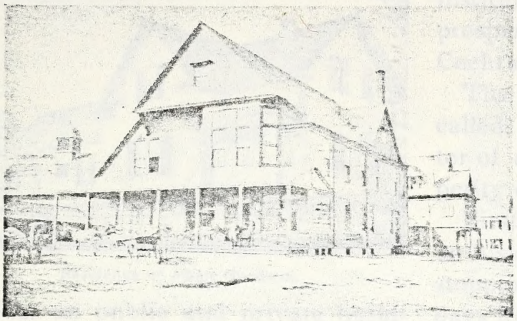


George E. Robbins.

Our merchants draw their trade both from New Boston and the edge of surrounding towns.

Solomon D. Atwood, son of the late Rev. John Atwood, came here from Concord at the age of twelve, and was educated here and at Colby academy, New London. He went into trade with J. K. Whipple as partner in 1860, and with several changes of firm, except for eighteen months after the fire of 1887, has continued in trade to date. He is a stalwart Republican, a leader in his party, postmaster under Republican rule since 1861, active in the cause of education, and a generous supporter of the Baptist society.

Clarence H. Dodge, son of Capt. Benjamin Dodge, born here on April 22, 1848, is a young man, a very suc-



S. D. Atwood, Valley View Hall, and Whipple Free Library.

cessful merchant of widening reputation, whose business and social qualifications have made for him a host of friends. He married, November 19, 1874, Jennie S. Smith, a daughter of Thomas Smith, who was born in Nashua. He is leader in the Democratic party, has been postmaster eight years, a Mason of commandery degrees, and reliable supporter of the Presbyterian society, as well as loyal to all New Boston interests.

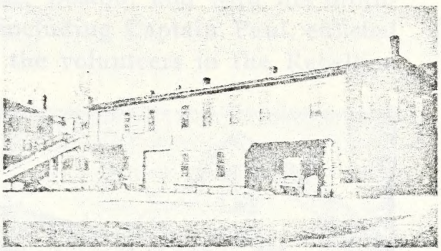


C. H. Dodge's Store and the Post-Office.

In other callings we must mention first, J. N. McLane, born here on November 8, 1858, who, beside his blacksmith and general repair shop, is engaged in numerous other lines of work, in which he has constantly employed from 10 to 30 men besides numerous teams. He is considered a master mechanic by all who know him. His brother, J. Reed McLane, born here August 8, 1860, has in six years built up a milling trade, sale of baled hay and straw, and coal business, of over forty thousand dollars per annum, and the trade increases.

Of our builders we are proud, and wish more information had been given us for this article.

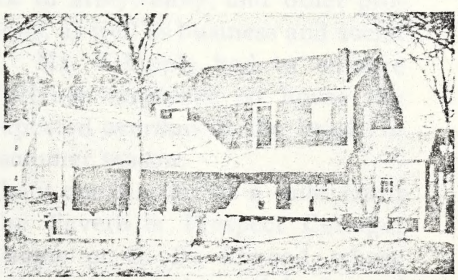
George P. Bennett, born in Alexandria, September 28, 1847, came to New Boston in 1856, farmed till eighteen years old, began carpentering with A. C. Wil-



J. N. McLane's Shop.

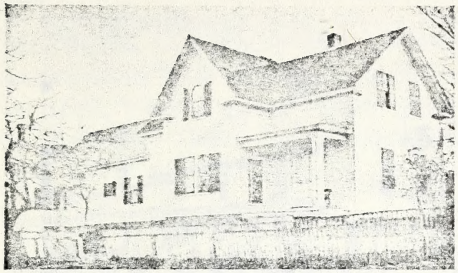
der of Lyndeborough, March, 1866. Since the fire here in 1887, Mr. Bennett has built, in addition to other work, the new Presbyterian church, the school-house, 12 residences, 4 barns, and the piggery and hennery for J. R. Whipple.

Albert Goodwin, born in Hillsborough fifty-two years ago, moved here with his parents in 1850. He has been a successful carpenter and



Reed McLane's Mill.





Residence of Albert Goodwin.

builder on public and private buildings, and is actively engaged with his son, George A., as a firm to-day. He married Martha A. Dodge of Bennington in 1872, and has been honored as tax collector and selectman.

Harry V. Morgan and George W. Dennison, as the firm of Morgan & Dennison, are two young men of enterprise, who in three years have built up an annual trade in meats, fish, and provisions of over $20,000 per annum. They employ several assistants, and use several horses to carry on their trade.

We are provided with a thoroughly educated druggist, Frank E. Greer, a registered pharmacist of fourteen years' experience, who aims to do an up-to-date business.

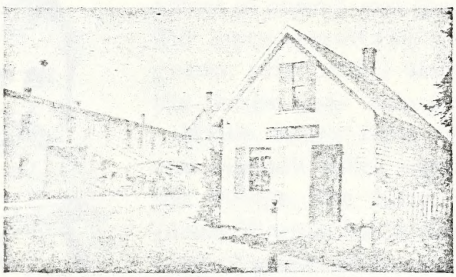
Of skilled mechanics we have not a few in painting, paper hanging, harness making, shoemaking, etc., so that the wants of our citizens are met, not to forget a most necessary institution, a laundry, of which the prospering proprietor is John N. Cochrane.



Morgan & Dennison.

The summer boarding business, so called, is already an established factor of unusual character in the prosperity of so small a town.

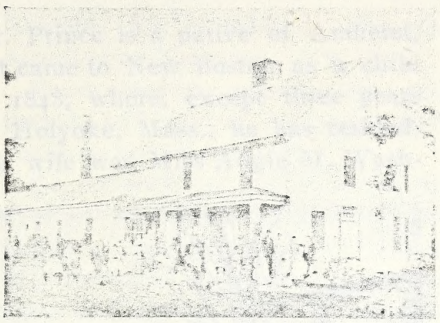
First in importance is the Tavern, an historic hotel which was a regular stopping place in the old staging days from Newport to Boston, Mass. "Mine host" is J. B. Whipple, born here February 20, 1838. He is a brother of J. R. Whipple, of Parker House, Boston, and with his brothers, including Captain Paul, enlisted with the volunteers in the Rebellion



Frank E. Greer, Druggist.

of 1861 to protect Old Glory and preserve our country. He had his hotel training in Boston, and in 1893 this hotel, practically rebuilt, was opened for business. It is noted for dainty china, home comforts, and most excellent table, and has as guests, winter and summer, people of prominence in army, navy, and other professions, as well as business and social life. Mr. Whipple had to enlarge his private residence to house the oft-repeated overflow at the height of the summer season.

About one quarter of a mile north of the Tavern is Prospect Cottage, the home of S. D. Atwood, whose situation gives a beautiful view of



Summit Farm—S. Lewis Marden.



Maple Ridge Farm—James Warren.

both villages and attracts annually a large number of guests loyal to this house so appropriately named.

Summit Farm, at an altitude of 1,900 feet, Samuel Lewis Marden, proprietor (a brother of the Rev. Henry Marden referred to), three miles out, gives absolute quiet and a charming view for miles, and entertains every year a large number of musical people from Boston, New York, etc. This house has been improved recently.

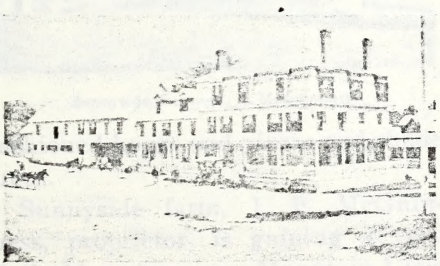


Richard Batten, Jr.

Adjoining the above is Highland Farm, the home of the Misses Batten. This house was established by the late Richard Batten, Jr., brother of the Misses Batten, born in Salem, Mass., December 13, 1843; served in Sixteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, moved from Lyndeborough to New Boston in 1864. Early united with Presbyterian church and led the singing a score of years. He introduced Holstein Friesian cattle into this town, and held several offices in church and town. To accommodate the guests, prior to his death, the house was enlarged.

Maple Ridge farm, two and one-half miles east of the village, the home of James Warren, has a small army of guests each season, who delight in this cosy house and genial host.

Those who have visited South hill as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Prince generally report "satisfied" with their vacation home. An extra house has been built to accommodate their guests.



"The Tavern."



Highland Farm—The Misses Batten.

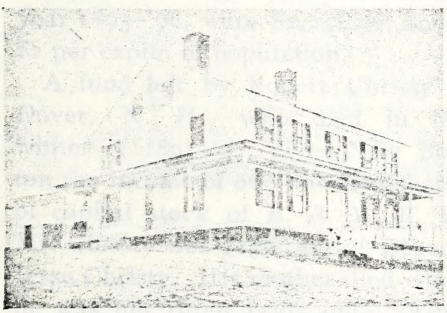
Mr. Prince is a native of Amherst, but came to New Boston as a child in 1848, where, except three years in Holyoke, Mass., he has resided. His wife was Miss Angie M. Washburn of Holyoke. Mr. Prince has been selectman three years. They have six children, all living, the youngest sixteen years old.



Residence and Cottage of George A. Prince.

Nearer the village is Maplewood farm, the residence of H. H. J. Read, which accommodates a large number of boarders.

In the upper village the Greenwood House, of which Miss Mercy Dale is hostess, is usually filled with those who delight in the large old-fashioned house and piazza and shade trees.



Sunnyside Farm—J. F. McGuinness.

Sunnyside farm, J. F. McGuinness, proprietor, is gaining a very desirable patronage. Mountain View farm, the residence of Charles W. Mansfield, is the haven of rest of some Boston brokers and their families and others. The retired, cosy home of George Langdell has its ever-returning guests who delight in its attractions, while in many a corner of our town are other summer homes, each with qualifications to make a vacation pass pleasantly.

Band concerts, musicales, socials, the fairs in August of "Mizpah Circle," Presbyterian, or the "Ladies Circle," Baptist, rides to neighboring towns to points of interest, all tend to while away time for those free from their usual duties.



Maplewood Farm—H. H. J. Read.

Some photos taken in winter and a few old ones fail to give the proper idea of the beauty of some or improvements in others. At the season's height our population increases one half.

New Boston schools are of the best. A few old-fashioned buildings, like Joe English, remain, but the newer houses manifest a modern tone.

The village school has three departments: Primary, Miss Mildred C. Warren, graduate of Laselle, teacher; grammar, of which Miss Nettie Baker, educated at Goffstown high and Plymouth normal schools, is teacher; high school, Miss Blanche

Lincoln Carr is teacher. She was educated at Wellesley.

Seven district schools are supported, and several buildings more could be used if required.

Our school-board consists of Charles Wallace, chairman, an educated carpenter of successful career; Charles H. Colburn, a successful farmer, elder and superintendent of Sunday-school of Presbyterian church, as well as having been selectman of this, his native town. Miss Marion Lyford, the third member of the board, is a retired teacher of large experience, and has proved a great help in the educational work of the town.

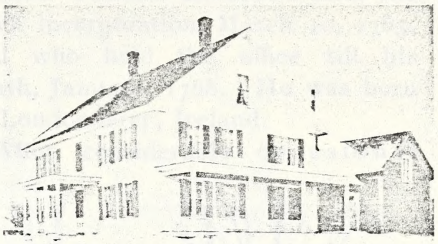


The Greenwood Guests—Miss Mercy Dale.

Teachers' wages for the school year 1895–'96, were $2,241.96, about $2 per capita of population.

A fund left by Robert Christy of Dover, N. H., who died in the winter of 1891–'92, gives New Boston the income of one hundred shares of capital stock of B. & M. R. R. Mr. Christy was grandson of Deacon Jesse Christy. His mother died when he was but three years old. After learning the trade of wheelwright at Mason, at the age of twenty-one he went to Dover, N. H., arriving with only fifty cents in his possession. He went to work at once for the Cocheco Manufacturing company, and during his life accumulated a property of $125,000. None of his bequests can be used "for lands, buildings, or teaching dead or foreign languages."

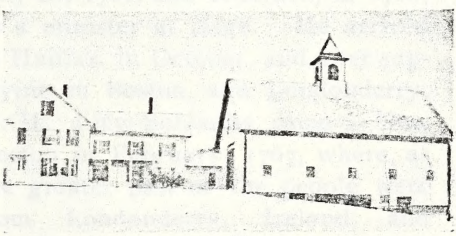
The first doctor to reside in New



Mountain View Farm—Charles W. Mansfield.

Boston was Matthew Thornton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Both medical schools are represented here, the allopathic by Charles A. Weaver, M. D., a graduate of the University of Vermont, class of 1881, who, after a year's practice in Montrose, Colorado, came to New Boston. The homeopathic school is well represented by Herbert D. Gould, M. D., a graduate of the New



Residence of George Langdell.

York Homeopathic Medical college, class of 1878. After practising three years in Newport, N. H., and two years in Safford Springs, Conn., he came to New Boston. Dr. Weaver is a native of Milford, Dr. Gould of



C. A. Weaver, M. D.



H. D. Gould, M. D.

Weare, proving some prophets have honor near their own country.

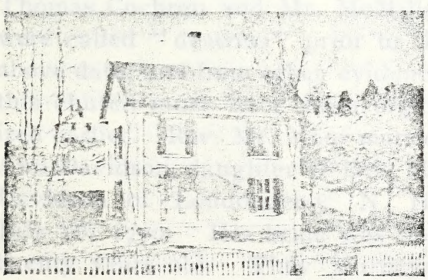
The history of the Presbyterian church begins with the ecclesiastical history of the town.

At a meeting of the town proprietors, Boston, Mass., December 9, 1738, it was voted to settle an orthodox minister, and build a meeting-house at a cost not to exceed 600 pounds. It was built on the "plain," never finished inside, and but an occasional service held in it. Tradition says it was burned. In July, 1767, after considerable conference between proprietors and settlers as to location, etc., a house was completed on "lot 79," on the "south side of the Piscataqua river, south of a red oak tree, marked with the letter 'C,' near the grave of a child buried there." Tradition says this child was a daughter of Captain George Christy, a first settler, and the grave was included in the church yard enclosure,—the old portion of the cemetery. The earliest inscription on any stone is that of the first town clerk, Mr. Alexander McCollum, chosen at the first town-meeting at Deacon Thomas Cochran's after the town incorporation, March 10, 1763, and who held the office till his death, January, 1768. He was born in Londonderry, Ireland.

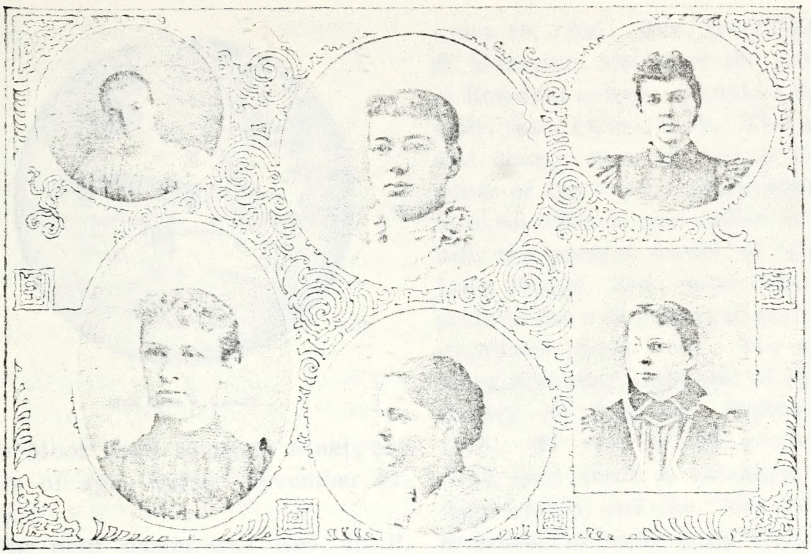
After considerable occasional preaching, the town called their first pastor, Rev. Solomon Moor, of whom no picture is extant, who was born in Newtown, Limavady, Ireland, 1736; graduated at the University of Glasgow, 1758, licensed by the Londonderry, Ireland, presbytery, July 26, 1762, and ordained, in 1766, as a minister at large. He arrived in Halifax in October, and after supplying in Boston, and Londonderry, N. H., a few Sabbaths, came to New Boston in February, 1767, where, as the greater part of the people were from Londonderry, Ireland, and Presbyterians (or their immediate children), he received a welcome and call to settle. The call was presented to him August 25, 1767, and with loss of records, it is believed the Presbyterian church was organized the day of Mr. Moor's installation, September 6, 1768. The session



Residence of C. A. Weaver, M. D.

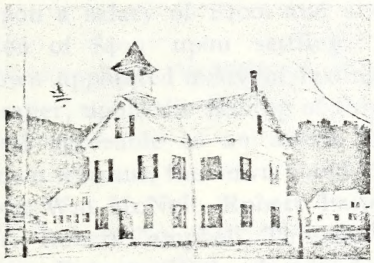


Residence of H. D. Gould, M. D.



Mildred C. Warren. Bessie M. Hill. Nettie Baker.
Grace M. Shearer. Blanche Lincoln Carr. Laura Blood.

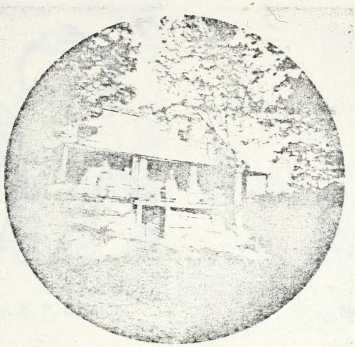
consisted of Solomon Moor, pastor and moderator; Elders Thomas Cochrane, James Ferson, John Smith, Archibald McMillan, Jesse Christy, and Robert White. As Thomas Cochran and Mr. McMillan were called "deacons" prior to the above date, and from other evidence, this church must have been organized earlier. Rev. Mr. Moor married Ann Davidson, daughter of Rev. Mr. Davidson of Londonderry, N. H., July 16, 1770. His bride was only twenty years old. They journeyed to New Boston on horseback, accompanied by friends, were met by a delegate of parishioners *en route*, and the warm, loving Scotch women carried the bride from the horse to the bridal chamber, and thence to the reception room, where a hearty greeting awaited pastor and bride. After a pastorate of thirty-four years, Mr. Moor died May 28, 1803, aged sixty-seven years. An aged granddaughter, Mrs. Eliza A. Leach, lives within a mile of the old Moor house, and her conversation, full of Celtic fire and sparkle, makes one long to have known "Priest" Moor "in the flesh!"



Village Public School.



"Joe English" School-house.

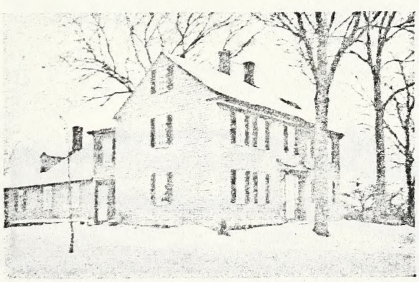


Mrs. Eliza A. Leach.

Mrs. Moor lived to reach ninety-six years of age, dying November 22, 1842.

The next pastor was Rev. E. P. Bradford, D. D., a graduate of Harvard, class of 1803. He studied theology with Dr. Lathrop of West Springfield, Mass., licensed to preach in 1804, and November 11, 1805, was called to the pastorate of this church upon a salary of $400, and a donation of $400 upon settling. The town appointed a day of fasting and prayer, upon the issuing of this call, and agreeable to an article in the town warrant, the town voted "Deacon Wm McNeil, Robert Patterson, Jr., Robert Campbell, Thomas Cochran, Robert Clark, James Ferson, Capt. John Cochran, Thomas Smith, Jr., and George Whiting to be Deacons in the Presbyterian Church of Christ in this town." Several did not consent to qualify. This church seemed to endure a mixture of Presbyterianism and Congregationalism, but as Presbyterian, though never rigid, became more distinctive, and has so remained to this day.

Mr. Bradford was installed and ordained by the Londonderry, N. H., Presbytery, assisted by six Congregational ministers, Wednesday, February 26, 1806. Rev. Jesse Appleton of Hampton, afterward the president of Bowdoin college, preached the sermon; text, I Cor., 1:20. The sermon and charge were printed at the expense of the town. He purchased a farm on what is now called Bradford hill, the present owner of which is John Dodge, Esq., who takes great pride in the well-preserved parlor with its quaint panel work. He married Mary Manning, daughter of Ephraim Barker of Amherst, September 1, 1806. By vote of the church, the clerk had made a catalogue of its membership, and the "old deacons" recorded first were Jesse Christy and Robert White, and the elders, Robert Patterson, Jr., William McNeil, Thomas Cochran, Thomas Smith, Joseph Cochran, Robert Crombie, and Robert Clark. October 24, 1822, an association of thirty-three men, "proprietors for building a new Presbyterian Meeting House in New Boston" was formed. Two acres of land were bought of Mr. Ammi Dodge for $420. The new church was dedicated December 25, 1823. Dr. Bradford preached a glowing discourse from II Chron. 6:41. The house, yet standing, is 60 feet square, with a projection of 5½ by 36 feet, the posts 30 feet. No plan was made to warm it. In 1839, on March 21st, an



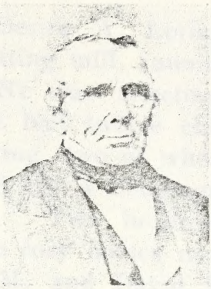
Elder Moses A. Dane.



Rev. E. P. Bradford.



Rev. E. C. Cogswell.



Elder Marshall Adams.

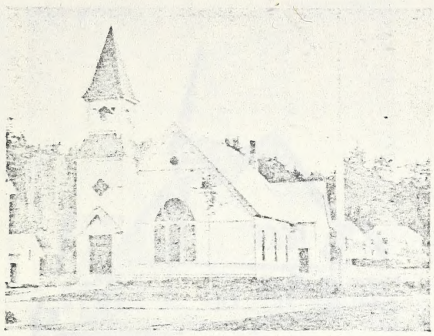
ecclesiastical society of one hundred and sixteen members was formed, which has since been maintained in a flourishing condition, the town thereafter declining to assess or collect for the church.

Among others, Dr. Bradford declined a call to Park Street church, Boston. He died in this his first pastorate, December 14, 1845, after nearly forty years' service, in his seventieth year. He was candidate for the presidency of Dartmouth college in 1819. He had twelve children, ten of whom, with his wife, survived him.

Succeeding pastorates have been fashionably shorter, the most marked of which was that of Rev. Elliott C. Cogswell, noted as the founder of Coe's academy at Northwood, N. H. He was installed by Londonderry presbytery October 30, 1855, the session then consisting of Elders Samuel Dane, Marshall Adams, Sumner L. Christy, and John Newton Dodge. Mr. Cogswell was here through the War of the Rebellion and wrote the centennial history of the town. He was dismissed November 1, 1865. Of the above session Elder (and Colonel) Samuel Dane inherited the homestead, now the home of his grandson, Moses Atwood Dane, an elder of the present session. He had eight children. Marshall Adams was born in Rindge March 14, 1801, and educated in New Ipswich academy, coming to New Boston in 1823. He was a dyer and clothier and manufacturer of woolen cloth till 1852, when he engaged in farming till his death, twelve years later, in his home adjoining the old church, in which he was a faithful official sixty years, and of which he lived to see his thirteen children members. Of Sumner L. Christy we have but little data, save that he was a successful farmer and respected citizen. He married first, Sarah Hooper, by whom he had six children. She died May 4, 1854, and Mr. Christy married, as his second wife, Emily Whiting, daughter of Captain Whiting. John Newton Dodge, born on the farm, which was his father's and grandfather's, and on which he died in 1891 at the age of sixty-nine years, was beloved by several generations as a consistent



Deacon John Newton Dodge Homestead.



New Presbyterian Church.

man of God, and a Christian gentleman. His farm was known for many years as the home of the finest drove of thoroughbred Shorthorn cattle in the state.

home, married Desire A. Loring, built a cotton batting mill, running it till burned. He was selectman three years. He had twelve children, nine are living, two of whom are physicans, and one a Congregational clergyman. Two brothers, also farmers, have cosy homes near him, viz., John M. and David S. Todd. Elder Thomas R. Cochrane, born here May 22, 1832, is also clerk of session and treasurer of the Presbyterian society. As the great-great-grandson of the first deacon and first selectman, he is a loyal adherent to church and town interests. With the exception of a few years at Nashua and some time in the West, he has



Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Wildey.



Presbyterian Parsonage.

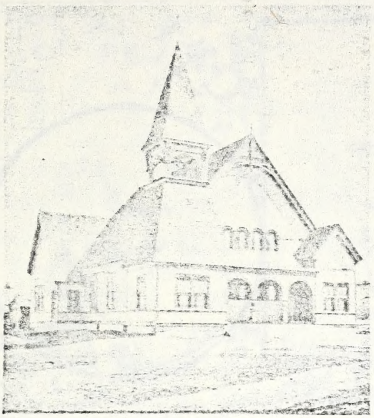


Rev. John Atwood.

The present pastor, Rev. John Erastus Wildey, is a member of the presbytery of Boston, and began his pastorate here September 1, 1894. The present session consists of Elder James P. Todd, a "forty-niner," who at the age of twenty-eight went to California with the "forty-niners" on the ship *Cherokee*, crossed the Isthmus, and went from Panama via the ship *Tennessee*. San Francisco did not possess a wharf to land the passengers. Coming home via Nicaragua route, he built up the old permanently resided in the old house, where the first town meeting was held, and where in the old barn of which was held the first religious



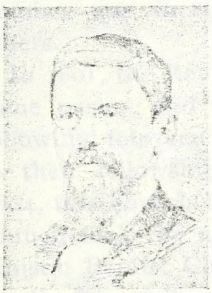
Residence of Elder Charles S. Colburn.



Baptist Church.

service. He was the first moderator elected by the Republican party. He has been selectman four years and member of the school-board three years. Elder Charles Story Colburn, mentioned before as a member of the school-board and superintendent of the Sunday-school, and Elder Moses A. Dane complete the list. Mr. Dane is a quiet, faithful supporter of church and town interests, referred to before as grandson of Elder (and Colonel) Samuel Dane. He is a successful farmer, a supervisor, and son-in-law of Elder James P. Todd.

The Baptist church originated from a previously existing Baptist church in Amherst, but distinct from the present Amherst church. It was organized in Amherst, December 6, 1787, of persons residing in New Boston and those parts of Amherst subsequently portions of Mont Vernon and Milford; few or none residing in what is now Amherst. In twelve years there was little hope of the success of the enterprise. Meanwhile, several had made a profession of the Baptist faith and united with the church in Weare, and on October 4, 1799, Rev. Mr. Elliott of Mason baptized fourteen persons in New Boston, though they did not unite with any church. At a meeting held at Mr. John Whipple's in New Boston, November 23, 1799, it was mutually agreed, on account of the number of New Boston Baptists, that the Amherst church should be in the future known as the "First Calvinistic Baptist Church in Amherst and New



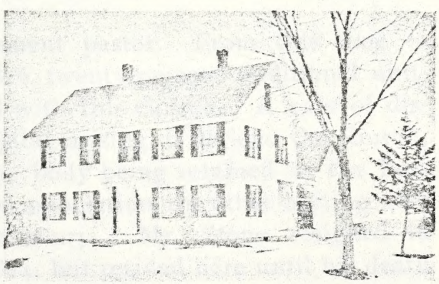
Rev. Henry Marden.



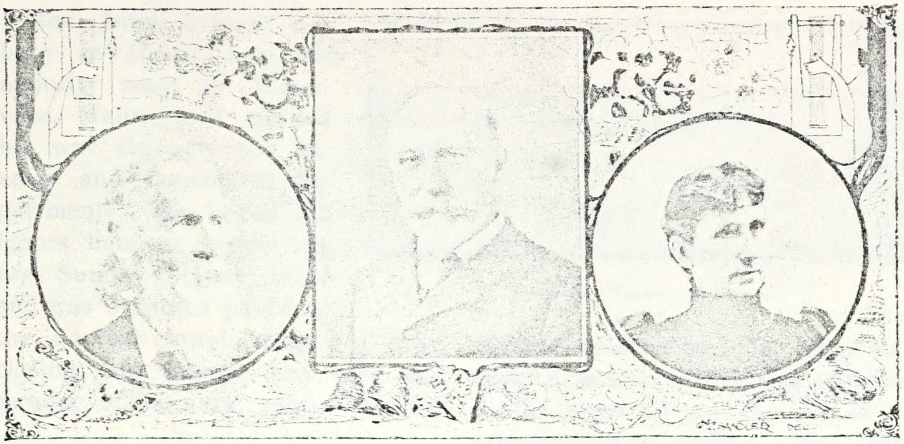
Rev. C. W. Burnham.



A. J. Todd, M. D.



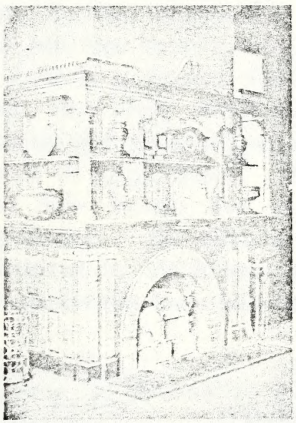
Baptist Parsonage.



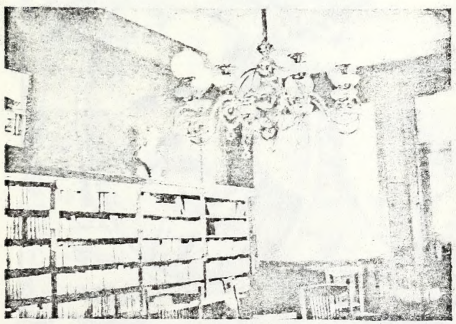
I. S. Whitney. J. B. Lang. Adelaide Newell Colburn.

Boston." Those lately baptized and those who had joined at Weare united with this church, and in 1800 the number was increased by nineteen others.

In 1801, the Rev. Josiah Stone became pastor, and in the four years following fourteen more were added to their fellowship. Eventually, in 1804, this church by the advice of a council took the name of the "Calvinistic Baptist Church in New Boston." The following year, 1805, a church was erected in the westerly part of the town, three miles from their present house of worship. This house was 40x32 feet and one story in height. During this year the church united with the Warren association, until the formation of the Boston association. Also this same year Mr. Stone was installed permanent pastor. From this time to 1816, twenty persons additional united with this church. A case of discipline arising, it divided the church, one body being retained by the Boston association, the other uniting with Salisbury. Mr. Stone resigned in 1824, but resided here until his death in 1839.

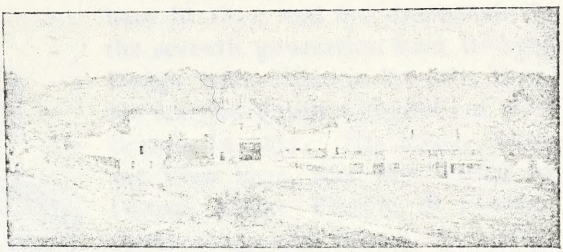


Mantel in Whipple Free Library.



Corner in Whipple Free Library.





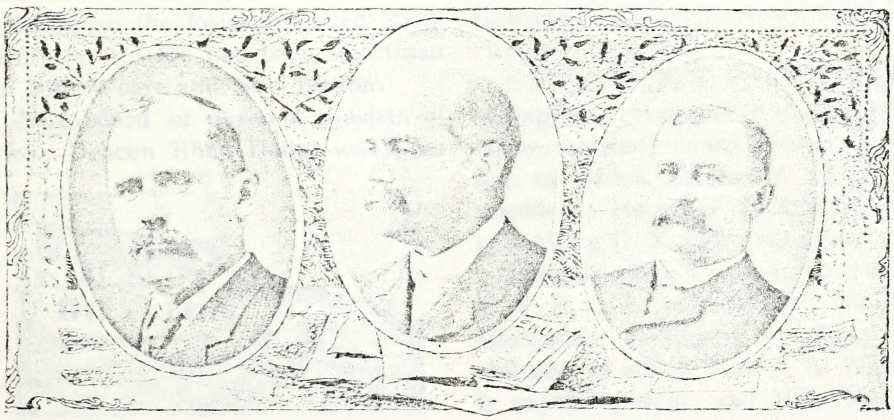
Valley View Farm—J. R. Whipple.

Rev. John Atwood was born in Hudson, at his majority went to Waterville, Maine, and worked his way through the literary and theological departments. He began his labors here as supply the first Sunday in June, 1824, and was ordained pastor of the Baptist church, May 18, 1825, closing his labors here the last Sunday of January, 1836. During his ministry ninety-nine members were added, the two churches dissolved and united again in one body, uniting with Salisbury association, till 1828, when it became united with Milford association. In 1833, February 6, a new church was dedicated in the lower village, the site of the present newer edifice. Rev. John Atwood was state treasurer from 1843 to 1850, also chaplain of the state prison, residing at Concord. He returned to New Boston in 1851, spending the remainder of his life on his farm, now owned by J. R. Whipple. Mr. Atwood was nominated for governor by the Democratic party in 1852, but was thrown over, refusing to endorse a slavery plank, and stumped the state independently, transferring the political power into the hands of Republicans. He represented New Boston five years in the legislature. He died in April, 1873, beloved by his fellow-citizens.



Residence of J. B. Whipple.

Short pastorates have followed, ex-



Capt. Paul Whipple. J. Reed Whipple. J. B. Whipple.





Eben Dodge.

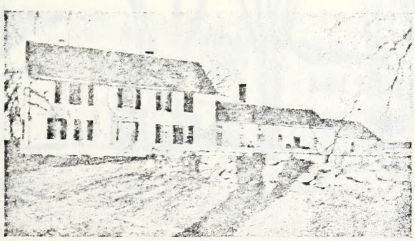


L. S. Fairbanks.

cept that of Rev. A. T. Foss, who was pastor, February, 1836, to January, 1844, and his successor, Rev. David Gage, whose career covered ten years, during which sixty-four were added to the church. He was dismissed in 1855. Of recent pastors, the last, Rev. Hartnell J. Bartlett, covered a period of six years. The present pastor, Rev. Christy W. Burnham, recently of Pawtucket, R. I., began his services November 1, 1896.

The present church officials are clerk, society treasurer, and Sunday-school superintendent, Mr. J. H. McAlpine, born in Hopkinton in 1845. His father, assistant road-master of Concord railroad, was killed in 1851. The family moved to Weare, where Mr. McAlpine was a miller for 25 years. He then removed to New Boston, settling on the formerly called Richard's farm. He has been selectman in both Weare and New Boston.

The board of deacons consists of two. Deacon Eben Dodge was born here in 1831, and is a descendant in the seventh generation from Richard Dodge, who settled in Beverly, Mass. He married Fanny Langdell, of New Boston, in 1851. His home, Pleasant View farm, was first settled by Deacon James Ferson, of Chester, about 1745, and owned by his descendants until 1815, when it was bought by John Dodge, of Hamilton, Mass., and is now owned by Deacon Eben Dodge. He has served as selectman.



Deacon Eben Dodge.

Deacon Sylvester Hadley lives over the line in Weare, and is a brother-in-law to Mr. McAlpine. He is a prosperous farmer and blacksmith



L. S. Fairbanks.

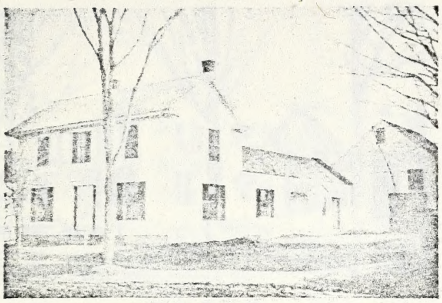
and a veteran of the late war.

A Universalist church, organized early in the century, did not flourish.

Our Catholic families worship in Goffstown, and Adventists hold services at Riverdale.

A Union Y. P. S. C. E., composed of Baptists, Presbyterians, and others, meets regularly every Monday evening, of which Edwin H. Dodge is president; Emma G. Hill, secretary; and Annie G. Dodge, treasurer.

There is a live Presbyterian Junior Y. P. S. C. E., which meets Sunday afternoons, composed of thirty-two children, of which Mrs. J. E. Wildey is superintendent, and Miss Marion Lyford, assistant.

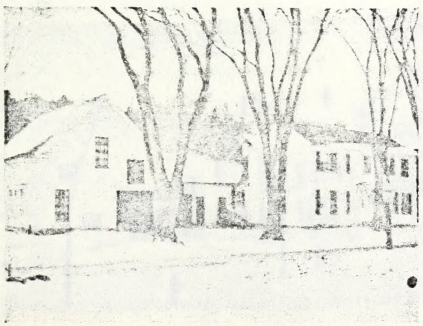


Rodney McLane.

The terrible fire of May 11, 1887, necessitated the rebuilding of the principal buildings, including the churches, town hall, etc. J. R. Whipple, of Boston, gave substantial aid, and in two years the village, except for shade trees destroyed, had even a better appearance than before. The Presbyterians sold the old church on the hill, and in place of their chapel in the lower village erected their present church, to which ere long an addition, for a ladies' parlor or parish house, is to be added.

At this time, Mr. J. R. Whipple, in addition to building the creamery, established the Whipple free library, containing 1,800 or more of the best works of fiction, history, poetry, etc.

A popular lecture course has been sustained for two years past. In constant contact with the best educated classes, our population is unusually intelligent, and visiting clergymen and lecturers feel the necessity of doing their duty at all times.



Benjamin Dodge, Esq.

The covered coaches driven by the late veteran stage driver, Moses H. Bradford, who came to New Boston in 1850, being no longer needed, are carefully preserved by his son-in-law, C. H. Chandler, and used at times by parties of Bostonians, Mr. Chandler being an experienced driver of twenty-two years on the road.

With a live grange, a council of American Mechanics and Daughters of Liberty, in addition to various church societies, and a bicycle club, New Boston presents for a small town unusual attractions to those seeking summer homes or permanent residence.

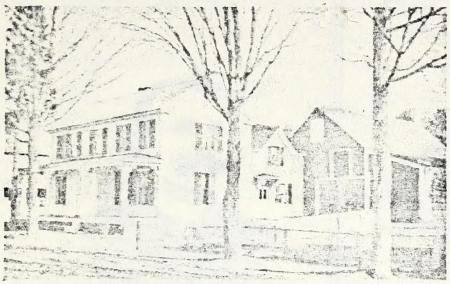


Rodney McLane, Esq.



Christopher C. Langdell.

Among others who summer here may be mentioned J. B. Lang, Esq., the noted conductor of oratorios, composer, and teacher of music in Boston, who has purchased the old Gregg estate; James P. Tuttle, Esq., county solicitor, with office and winter residence in Manchester; Lorenzo Sayles Fairbanks, Esq., a Boston lawyer, native of this town, graduate of Dartmouth, and author of several legal and mathematical works. He has in press a genealogy



C. H. Chandler.

of the Fairbanks family in America, 1633 to 1897.

Another gentleman who has purchased a home here for old age, is Imri Silvester Whitney, the "father of music in the public schools of Manchester." He was born in Henniker, September 20, 1824, and from 1849 has been widely known as a teacher of music. Settling in Manchester in 1855, he was appointed teacher of music for public schools in 1860, organized the Beethoven Musical association in 1864, and has educated many fine piano-forte players and vocalists. He has resided here since 1883.

Another musician, Adelaide Newell Colburn, has returned to this her native town and home to remain indefinitely, recuperating her health. She was graduated from Francestown academy, and after teaching four years was also graduated in the four years' course in vocal music from the New England Conservatory, in 1888. She taught music in the Illinois Female college, Jacksonville, and Wesleyan academy, Wilbraham, Mass.; was organist many years in the Presbyterian church here, and has sung in the choirs of Pilgrim church, Nashua, Methodist Episcopal church, Wilbraham, Mass., and elsewhere.

The most prominent man born in New Boston is to-day, without doubt, Christopher Columbus Langdell, for twenty-five years Dane professor of law, and dean of Harvard University



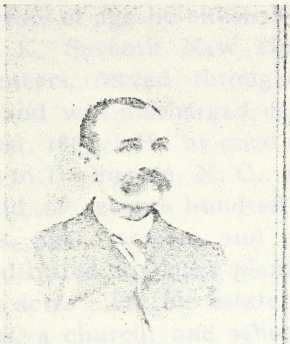
Butler T. Hills.

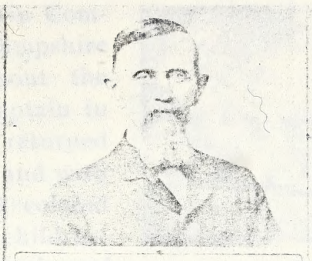
law school, Cambridge, Mass. A man of Scotch-Irish ancestry, now seventy years of age, at whose anniversary as dean of the law school at Harvard, June 25, 1895, 525 graduates and eminent lawyers honored him with their presence and a magnificent banquet, Sir Frederick Pollock, Corpus professor of jurisprudence of the University of Oxford, England, giving the oration, beside addresses by Mr. Justice Gay, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the Japanese ambassador, with others.

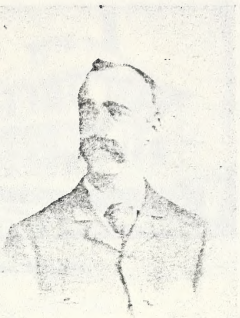
Captain Paul Whipple, brother of J. R. and J. B. Whipple, who was born here in 1840, is another man eminent in another line. At twenty-

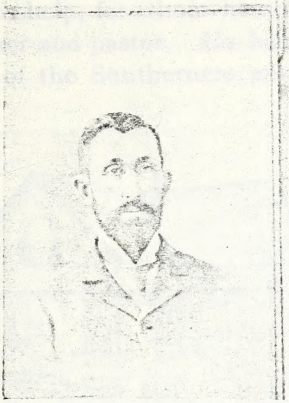


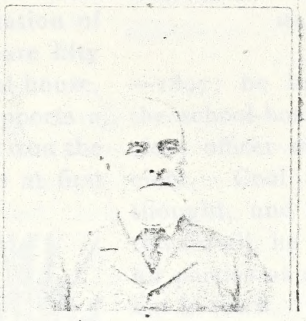
Henry Farley.

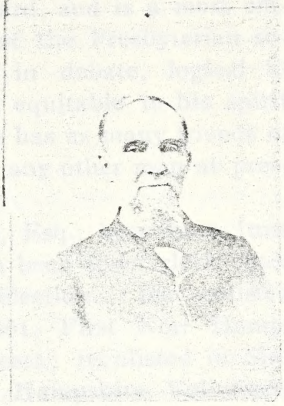










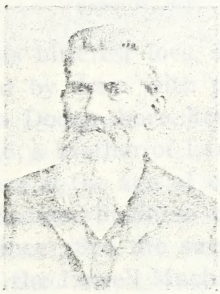


George A. Prince, *Selectman.*
Charles S. Colburn, *School Board.*



E. P. Fox, *Town Clerk.*
Charles H. Shedd, *Town Moderator.*
Perley A. Todd, *Tax Collector.*

Charles F. Marden, *Selectman.*
Henry Kelso, *Representative.*



Elbridge C. Colby.



John Crombie Cochrane.



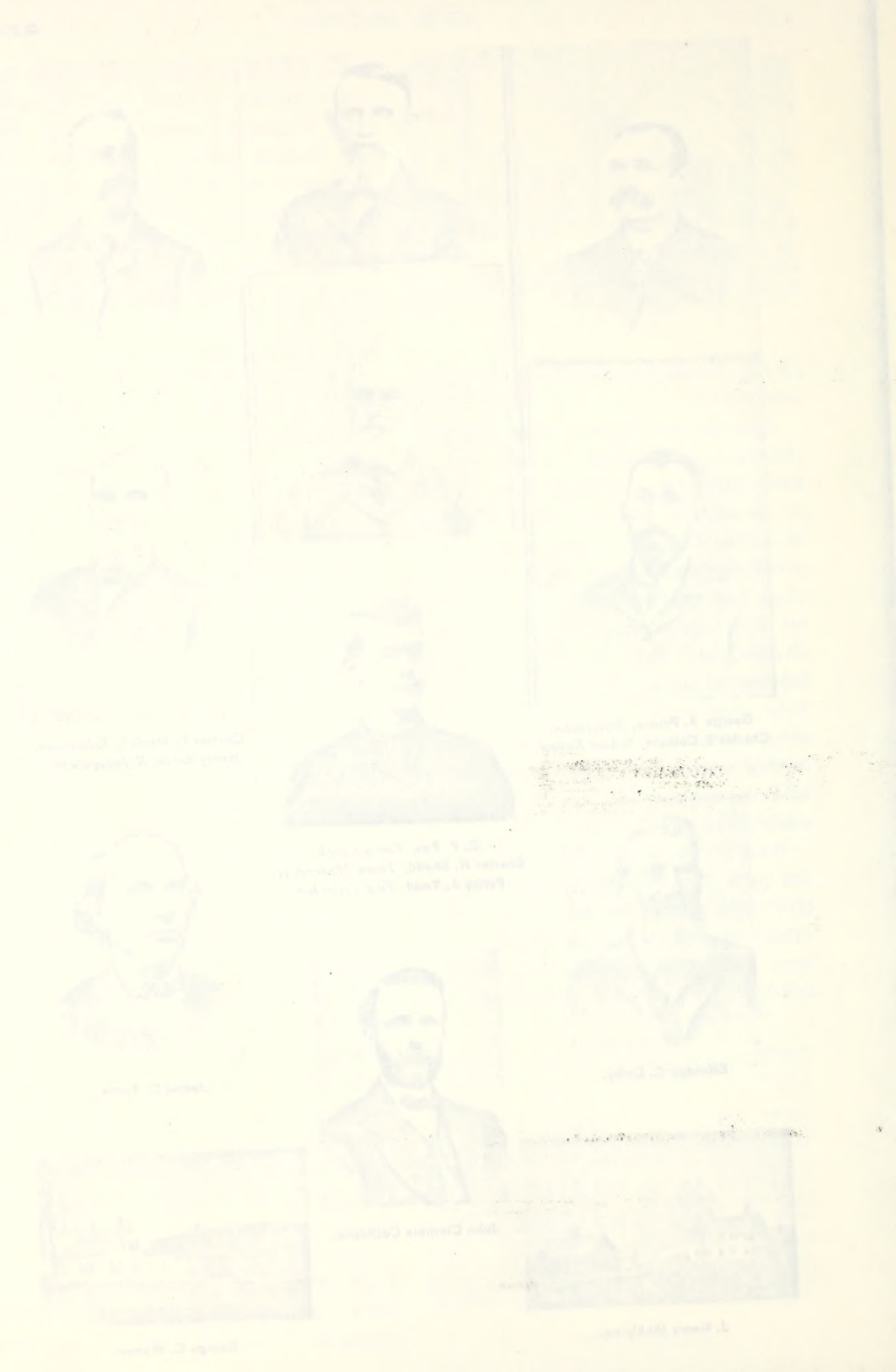
James C. Tuttle.



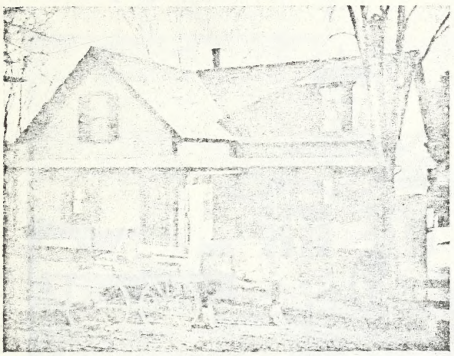
J. Henry McAlpine.



George C. Warren.



one years of age he enlisted in Company K, Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers, served throughout the war, and was discharged captain in August, 1865. He at once returned south to Darlington, N. C., and with the aid of several hundred colored hands, men, women, and children, he cultivated his own plantation of 5,000 acres. On his estate are fifty cabins, a church, and school-house, for his help, for whom he supports a teacher and pastor. He has won the love of the Southerners who at first



Arthur W. Holt.

were his bitterest foes, and has been honored by them with public office.

Allen Dodge, born here December 27, 1836, a brother of Lendell Dodge, left home at the age of eighteen, and after various business changes, has been since 1872 the successful overseer of the Lowell Machine-shop corporation, and a man whose social nature in various ways has won him a host of friends.

Of New Boston officials not before named, Mr. Charles H. Shedd, farmer, born here June, 1850, in his present and continuous residence, has been moderator of town and school meetings almost continuously since 1882, member of the legislature 1895

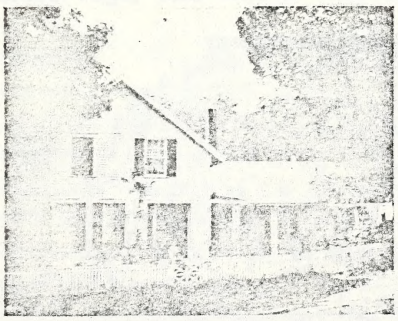


Mrs. John McLane.

—1897; he has been a member of the school-board, and is a most efficient officer of the Presbyterian society. Cool in debate, logical in thought, and equitable in his spirit toward all, he has as many friends of all parties as any other man at present in town.

E. P. Fox, Esq., born here June 18, 1839, has been town clerk since 1883 by reëlection. He enlisted April 27, 1861, First New Hampshire Volunteers; reënlisted in Sixteenth New Hampshire Volunteers October 10, 1862, serving till mustered out, reënlisted Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, September 20, 1864, and served till close of the war. He is engaged in undertaking and other interests.

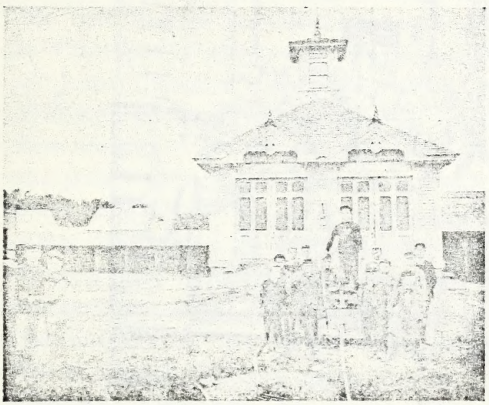
Henry Kelso, our representative to the New Hampshire legislature this year, is a native of New Boston, born



The Misses Marden.

February 3, 1843. He was educated at Mont Vernon, Appleton academy, and married Harriet F. Lamson of Mont Vernon, who is sister to Mrs. Lendell Dodge. Except twelve years in a store, he has always resided on the farm where he was born.

Perley A. Todd, our tax collector, is a young man who had expected to enter the ministry. He was a student in Harvard college, but his eyes failed, and he reluctantly returned home. Entering the employ of S. D. Atwood, after two years' confined work in the store, he had to change to out-of-door work to preserve his health.



"Pin Ball, No. I."

Charles H. Sargent, who graduates from the three years' work of selectman this spring, is a farmer of enterprise and a harness maker of considerable reputation in this section, having a shop in the village and always busy.

Charles Fisher Marden, the youngest of our selectmen, is a mason by trade, and since 1888 has been justice of the peace. He represents the New Hampshire Fire Insurance company. Born here September 20, 1865, educated in our schools, he is an "out and out" New Bostonian. He is an Odd Fellow of royal purple degree, and a member of the Baptist society.



George A. Wason, Esq.

Of our prominent citizens retired from business, we have quite logical reasons for placing foremost the brothers Neil and Rodney McLane. They were born in Francestown, Neil, January 19, 1816, Rodney, July 18, 1820. For forty years they were prospered here in the manufacturing of doors, sash, and blinds. Neil married Sarah C. Kelso, August 14, 1849, and has one daughter, Marion Augusta, wife of John H. Clark, a retired railroad man of North Chelmsford, Mass., residing here. Mr. Neil McLane was early identified with the Republican party, as was his brother, and has been justice of the peace since 1858, and was a member of



New Boston Huntsmen—E. L. Rose, G. W. Marden.

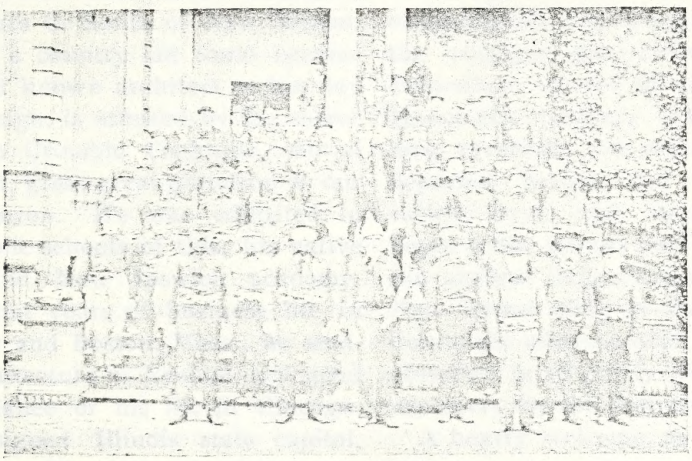
the constitutional convention of 1889. Mr. Rodney McLane married, in 1853, Adeline Farley, and has one son, Charles Sumner, a prosperous lawyer of Kansas City. He has been justice of the peace for many years, active in all town interests. Both gentlemen have ever been loyal to the Presbyterian church society's interests.

Henry Farley, born in Bedford in 1823, brother of Mrs. Rodney McLane, is also a retired business man, who with his wife and daughter have one of the most attractive residences in the village. Mr. Farley still retains an active membership in the engine company of the town. He remembers when Manchester had but one house.

The oldest resident is Mrs. Rebecca Patton Crombie, ninety-six years old in February, 1897, a loyal as well as oldest member of the Presbyterian church. She resides with her son, Moses C. Crombie, a veteran of Company G, Sixteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, who was born here October, 1839, and except brief residences in Albany and Nashua, has always lived here.

Of those deceased, James Richard Cochrane, a great-great-grandson of the first Deacon Cochrane, was the first New Boston boy to die for his country in the last war. He was shot on the street in a Missouri town by a rebel, Andrew Burritt, in November, 1861, on his way to enlist in the Union army.

James C. Tuttle was born November 8, 1821, in New Boston and died here February 19, 1884. He was educated at Francestown academy, settled on a farm in the east part of the town, and all his life engaged in farming and lumbering. He was first married to Esther Warren of Goffstown. They had three children, all of whom died young. His second wife, Rachel McNeil, became the mother of James P., Josiah G., and Hattie S., all of whom are living. James P., educated in Francestown and Cushing academies and Boston University law school, is a lawyer of splendid reputation and solicitor for Hillsborough county. Mr. James



Constitution Engine Company.

Tuttle was a member and loyal supporter of the Presbyterian church, and at all times a man of positive convictions and strong and lasting influence for good.

Elbridge C. Colby, who died November 9, 1892, was born in Weare in 1826, and carried on the grist-mill here for twenty-three years. He was prominent as a member of the Presbyterian society, representative in 1882, selectman several years, and a well-known millwright until his death. His wife, since deceased, was Clara C. Smith of New Boston.

That a country lad could become the best known architect of his day in Chicago, is attested by the career of John Crombie Cochrane, son of William, great-great-grandson of our first deacon. He was educated in the public schools of this, his native town and New Ipswich academy. After four years of business life in Beverly and Boston, Mass., he studied architecture in Nashua, and spent the balance of his life in Chicago. He designed Illinois state capitol, Chicago Chamber of Commerce, Cook County and Michael Reese hospitals, Cook County infirmary and Rush Medical college, in Chicago, Iowa State University medical college, and a very large number of court-houses, churches, etc., and, with his partner, the Iowa state capitol. He died in Chicago December 12, 1887.

In the preparation of this article, receiving our information from written and printed matter given us, we have been delighted with the desire of all to pay tribute to the dead rather than to the living. In fact, photographs of living, active, and honored citizens have been withheld, that likenesses of deceased fathers might find room.

Our task is done—honestly if not ornamentally, and a parting word to the younger generations of New Bostonians should of necessity be: Honor the heritage you possess,—love, reverence the memories of the departed heroes and heroines of earlier days, and strengthen the hopes of the fathers who remain, that the modern improvements of life in New Boston shall be but an indication of the advancement, so generally observed, in all purity and refinement necessary for the best success.

A hearty welcome, as transient or permanent guest or resident, is assured all who come to our town.

Not population, but people of thrift and aspiring character is our present and future hope.

"Let us make a heaven of earth."

SPRINGTIME.

By I. Eugene Keeler.

The joyous days of spring
To earth again unfold,
And welcome songs they bring
To hearts of young and old.
The Sun's majestic power
Is royally displayed,
As o'er the hill and vale
His magic wand is swayed;
Bidding each snow-capped mountain
Uncover its lofty head,
And homage pay to Spring,
For Winter now is dead.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURN TO BATON ROUGE AND EXPEDITION TO BRASHEAR CITY.

THERE had been intimations that our troops were to make another advance by the way of the Clinton road to Port Hudson. The hearts of our men sank at the thought not of meeting the enemy but of the muddy bayous and cedar swamps that stretched between us and that stronghold of the enemy. Having but recently been in these swamps, we were, of course, just the men to be sent there again; such we thought would be the decision of our superior officers. It soon became apparent, however, that the contemplated move was to be south, not north, and late in the afternoon of March 20 our regiment found itself again on its old and filthy camp ground at Baton Rouge. Five days later, in answer to our appeals, almost demands, for another camping ground, the authorities ordered our removal to a point overlooking the the river and shaded by a magnificent grove of magnolia. Here, amid the songs of mocking and other birds and the refreshing shade of lofty trees, we passed some of the most delightful days of the entire campaign. Many of the men rallied surprisingly quick from the effects of the severe experiences and exposures through which they had just passed.

Among the various duties of those days were regimental inspections. At one of these an officer, a young West Pointer, passed some very severe criticisms upon the clothing and accoutrements of our men. The adjutant was not the only one in the regiment who would have taken supreme delight in holding that fellow bodily under the mire through which we had marched, not until smothered to death, but until the upstart had learned something of our baptism in that ditch water and mud through which we had marched and by which our clothing had been soiled past redemption.

April 3 our encampment on these grounds, the pleasantest we had occupied since leaving New England, was broken up and we were ordered on board the transport *Iberville* and proceeded down the Mississippi, disembarking at Algiers opposite New Orleans. Four days after reaching that place we received orders to put in storage all surplus baggage; this was to be left in care of those members of the regiment who were too sick or enfeebled to make the contemplated advance. Our late experiences had taught us valuable

lessons and, therefore, everything that could possibly be dispensed with was placed in the storehouse. No man was disposed or foolish enough to take with him any relic or curiosity, however highly prized; indeed, all extra clothing and many articles of comfort in camp life were packed away and left behind.

At this juncture there came to light an illustration of the perversity, almost total depravity, of human nature. We are sorry to say that the man who furnished this exhibition was New Hampshire born and bred, though it also should be said that he enlisted not to fight in the ranks but to take charge of one of the teams of the regiment. In the discharge of his duties as teamster he had made the discovery that whenever he chose he could load on to his wagon articles, useful or otherwise, without having to give account of the same either to the quartermaster or any one else. And he also had learned that he could unload his team at railway stations or boat wharves and secure rail and boat transportation by merely marking the goods and saying that they were to be delivered at such and such stations or ports. Though a teamster in these ways could take advantage of his position, yet it was not supposed that any one would be dishonest, or at least venturesome enough to use his prerogatives for personal ends, or that goods would be shipped except by the order of some army officer. But here was a man who, during those days when we had been undergoing all manner of hardship, when we had been in danger of an attack at any hour, day or night, when sick, wounded, and dying men had been thick about us, was making on his own account provision for the future. In the words of one of our men who made an invoice of this enterprising teamster's possessions and foragings,—"He had collected at different places articles enough with which to set up a junk store." Among the miscellaneous collection that he intended and fully expected to ship North for sale, use, or exhibition were a quantity of grape and canister, a 24-pound cannon-ball, 80 feet of cable chain, a quantity of cane fishing poles and knives for cutting cane, the last of which he had mistaken for Confederate implements of war; there were also in his possession 19 cast-off muskets.

He had been successful in reaching Algiers with these accumulations of his industry and forethought, but when attempting to store them with the baggage of the regiment his scheme was discovered and his heartless comrades, greatly to his mortification, made an exhibition of them on a grass plot near the store house, charging, however, no admission fees.

On the night of April 7 there was no sleep for the officers of the regiment and only little for the men. At an early hour the line was formed, but no movement was made until nearly ten o'clock, when we were ordered on board a train of fifteen flat freight-cars that stood on the tracks of the Great Western railway and then we learned that our destination was Brashear City, eighty miles distant. That this expedition was to be one of considerable magnitude was apparent from the fact that all available troops and army munitions and supplies were hurried on to Berwick bay as rapidly.

The Great Western railway follows the Mississippi river almost due west for about twenty-five miles and then runs southwest, at first past immense plantations on which were large quantities of sugar-cane, ungathered for lack of laborers, and then for miles and miles through dismal swamps where hundreds of young alligators could be seen swimming in pools, sleeping on hummocks, or basking in the sun. We greatly desired to engage in musket practice on these fellows, but had received emphatic orders not to do so.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we passed General Grover's splendid division of fighting troops, who after leaving Baton Rouge, instead of coming by New Orleans as we had done, had disembarked at Donaldsonville and marched thirty-five miles overland, successfully clearing that part of the country of several strong detachments of the enemy.

These troops under Grover were held back until the other troops passed on; the object of this detention was for Grover to make a rapid march along the strip of land lying between Lake Palourede and Bayou Bœuf, towards Franklin. By this move he was expected to cut off the Confederate troops should they attempt to retreat north when pressed by our forces at Berwick bay.

At Bayou Bœuf ended the car ride of the Sixteenth, of which we did not complain though the road was in poor condition, rough and out of repair, and though the sun's rays at times were blistering hot and though the flat freight-cars were without so much as a piece of board for a seat. Some of our men were so overcome by the tiresomeness of this ride that they had to be carried from the cars and laid on the ground by the roadside. But we had seen too much hardship of other kinds to utter one word of complaint against the poor railroad accommodations afforded us.

After leaving the train we marched about five miles to Brashear City, which like many other Southern and like not a few Western cities was a small town, such as would be called in New England a village.

Here the Sixteenth and the Fourth Massachusetts were detached from their divisions and assigned to provost-guard duty, Lieutenant-Colonel Fuller being appointed "commander of the post."

At this time we were living in shelter tents and quite contrary to our desires were forced to do garrison duty instead of advancing with the other troops of our division, who were soon to pursue the retreating enemy up the Teche country.

On the night of our arrival we were ordered to be prepared for an attack before moving and that we must defend Brashear City "at all hazards." We put ourselves in readiness to meet the enemy, but he did not appear. During that and several succeeding nights there was no sleep at all for some of the men and very little for any of them. Our beds were the ground, our tents a piece of cotton cloth open at both ends, and such armies, not of Confederate troops but of mosquitoes, filled the air after sunfall as we did not know could be mustered for service anywhere in the world. They seemed to come in clouds and it was one desperate fight for life till morning. This we endured several nights until our requisition for mosquito netting

could be filled. Not all our men were supplied at the first issue, and the unsupplied ones in some instances offered as high as four dollars for a piece of this netting, though it cost the government only a few cents; this fact gives some idea of the torture experienced by us during the first few nights of our stay at Brashear City. Some of our men in their desperation and at the risk of smothering to death folded themselves up in tent cloth and in sail cloth found on the wharves.

The importance of the defense of this place to any careful observer was apparent enough, for here was the base of supplies, and in case the advancing columns of our forces in the Teche campaign were repulsed, the safety of the retreating army would depend largely upon the possession by our troops of this vitally strategic point at Brashear City. The gravity of the situation and our responsibility in the matter of defense were keenly felt by our officers. Among other duties assigned us was the loading and unloading of cars and transports, which was exceedingly distasteful; the care of the sick of other regiments who were left here by the advancing troops was also one of our duties. This service was a painful one, and all the more so because other requirements occupied almost every available moment of our time and we had for these sick soldiers neither hospital stores nor a hospital building nor even a hospital tent.

These sick and dying men, without suitable food, with no adequate protection, bled and poisoned by mosquitoes, breathing an atmosphere loaded with malaria, their clothing soaked at night with heavy dews and occasional showers, and by day their faces and hands almost blistered by the hot rays of the sun, were dying in numbers that were startling. We should have done more for these sick men if we could have bought from the stores of the town or from sutlers articles and provisions that would have been of benefit, but our money was gone and pay day had been long delayed.

Our journal states that "April 10 was a day of unusual activity. Troops rapidly were pushing forward; army supplies were arriving from New Orleans and were despatched to the front; cars loaded with sick men were arriving from New Orleans and were left here to grow sicker and die; at least, if there were other reasons for leaving them no one could tell what they were."

General Banks's headquarters were still on the Brashear side of the Atchafalaya bayou. General Weitzel crossed to Berwick by ferry early in the morning of April 10, and General Emory crossed in the afternoon of the same day. Before evening there was considerable firing as the Federal lines felt their way towards Franklin. The general advance, however, did not take place till the next day, April 11.

Our regiment, meanwhile, was being scattered. Two companies, B and F, were sent up Bayou Atchafalaya about two miles to strengthen the garrison at Fort Buchanan, whose armament consisted of seven thirty-pound guns. The object was to protect General Grover's division and also to prevent a raid on Brashear City from the north.

Company A was sent on outpost

duty four miles south of Brashear to guard against an attack by guerrillas from that quarter.

A number of men belonging to Company C under command of Lieutenant Wilkins of Company I, every commissioned officer of Company C being at that time sick or on detached duty, were sent across the bayou to Berwick and then west on an untracked but partially graded railroad bed to report on the feasibility of establishing an army telegraph line in that direction.

The following spicy account of this expedition is given by one of the men in these words: "We crossed the bayou to Berwick by boats from gunboat *Arizona*, and being in heavy marching order, we borrowed a mule and a horse cart. To this cart we harnessed the mule and into it we loaded our knapsacks and all our luggage except our rifles. We started up the graded railroad bed which ran through a heavy-timbered swamp. There were deep ditches full of water on either side of us. We proceeded in this way till we came to a break in the road-bed filled with water, too wide and deep to cross. Having no pontoon-bridge with us, and nothing with which to build a bridge, we were obliged to return to Berwick, which we reached early that evening, —thanks to the mule and cart. The ditches each side of this graded railroad were wide and deep, and the snakes and alligators were very numerous. On our way out we were very quiet, as the Rebs might discover us and cut off our return. But on the way back to Berwick we indulged ourselves in shooting huge snakes and alligators. I shot one snake and four alligators. On reaching Berwick, which was quite a village of deserted houses and one hotel, there being no inhabitants except two or three sick or wounded Rebs in some of the houses, we took possession of the vacant hotel, discovered a cistern of good water and some iron kettles. We made a fire in a brick fireplace, and some of the boys, with the aid of negroes, brought in their pant-legs tied up sweet potatoes in quantity from a plantation near-by which the darkies had told us of. We put on the kettles, and soon had all the good, boiled sweet potatoes we could eat, and as none of us had had a potato for a long time, we were in good condition to appreciate them. After satisfying our hunger, pipes were in order, and with our heels on the railing of the verandah, with not a man on guard, with the full moon shining as only the Southern moon in that latitude can shine, we enjoyed our surroundings and situation to the fullest extent. Later we selected our several rooms, and lying on our blankets (the furniture in this hotel was gone except a few chairs and boxes we used for seats), we slept the sleep of tired boys till some one woke up about midnight and woke all the rest, saying, 'I am hungry.' 'So say we all of us,' was the response. The kettles were once more filled, fire made up, and another supper of sweet potatoes was enjoyed, followed by pipes as before, and we thought we could then sleep till morning, which we did. We had breakfast of sweet potatoes, and then signaling the *Arizona*, she sent a boat for us, and we returned to our regiment and company."

The companies of our regiment

that were not on detached duty but were still at Brashear, as also those at Fort Buchanan, were constantly in expectation of a raid by guerrillas or an attack by Confederate gunboats that were just above us on the bayou.

The *Queen of the West*, one of the enemy's boats, or rather one of ours that had been captured by the Confederates, was of sufficient armament and strength seemingly to send our entire fleet, then at Brashear, to the bottom, had an attack been made.

After the main army was on the way up the Teche road and near Franklin, the *Queen of the West* and her escorts were seen slowly dropping down the river toward Fort Buchanan with the manifest intention of taking it and also of recapturing Brashear city. Had she succeeded in doing this, both fort and town, with all the stores in them, would have been captured, the base of supplies cut off, and a retreat of our army across Berwick Bay to Brashear and to New Orleans would have been out of the question. There was, as can easily be imagined, no little trepidation among those who understood the perils that threatened us when the *Queen of the West* was seen approaching the fort. But Captain D. P. Upton, as he was called by us (and he was in every way worthy of the title, though only a lieutenant commander), was not asleep. By a belt of trees his boat was well concealed from the Confederate fleet. He ordered his gunners to clear the decks, and to open fire the moment the enemy's boats appeared in full sight. This they did. But the shots went wide of the mark. The Confederate captain, meanwhile, did not deign to waste his ammunition on our little craft. Captain Upton, becoming impatient with the poor marksmanship of his gunners, said, "Let me sight that gun." He did so and the shell flew on its way, landed in the magazine, and instantly a part of the *Queen of the West* went into the air; she was set on fire and soon after sank to the bottom of the bayou. The other boats of the Confederate fleet were in dismay. They wondered what sort of ordnance our fleet was using; next, they were seen steaming as rapidly as possible up the bayou till lost from sight.

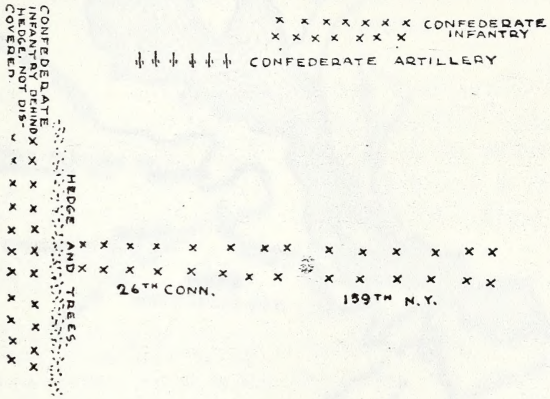
It was the privilege of the Sixteenth to conduct the famous Captain Fuller of the *Queen of the West* to its guard quarters. The fallen commander seemed quite dazed at his capture and the loss of his boat at a moment when he was perfectly sure of playing havoc with the Nineteenth army corps, which seemingly would have been the case but for that fortunate shot of the *Arizona*.

Our boys also that day placed under guard eighty other Confederate prisoners, among whom were Captain Summers, an accomplished artillery officer, son of the commander of the *Albama*, and Lieutenant Vincent, said to be the officer who not long before ordered his men to fire upon unarmed Union prisoners in the city of Richmond.

The fighting, meantime, near Franklin had been severe, but on the whole the Federal troops were having the advantage. During the three days, beginning April 14, there were 1,300 prisoners brought into our lines, many of whom were badly wounded. Our regiment had not a little to do in guarding and caring for these men. The Union troops that suffered most

during these three days were the Twenty-sixth Connecticut, and the One Hundred and Fifty-ninth New York, whose wounded men on reaching Brashear came under our care. The loss in the first mentioned of these two regiments was fearful and sickening.

In a single engagement, the colonel was shot through the mouth, and subsequently died; the lieutenant-colonel and adjutant were both killed outright; and fully half the men killed or mortally wounded.



This fatality was all the more distressing because it easily could have been prevented. If only a few men had been deployed on the left flank of these two advancing regiments, the concealed Confederates would have been discovered and the slaughter prevented.

The above diagram, which was furnished to the adjutant by one of the wounded Confederates, will make the matter perfectly clear:

As will be seen, the Confederate troops that were in ambush at the left had the Twenty-sixth Connecticut completely at its mercy.

We may add, too, that if the general plan of this campaign had not miscarried, the fatality of these troops and other losses incurred while moving up the Teche country would have been prevented.

The intention of General Banks appears to have been to capture the entire Confederate force at some point near the town of Franklin; and except for somebody's trick or blunder this could have been easily done.

The facts are these: On the tenth of April, as we have seen, Generals Weitzel and Emory had crossed the bayou from Brashear City to Berwick Bay, and on the eleventh began their march towards Franklin.

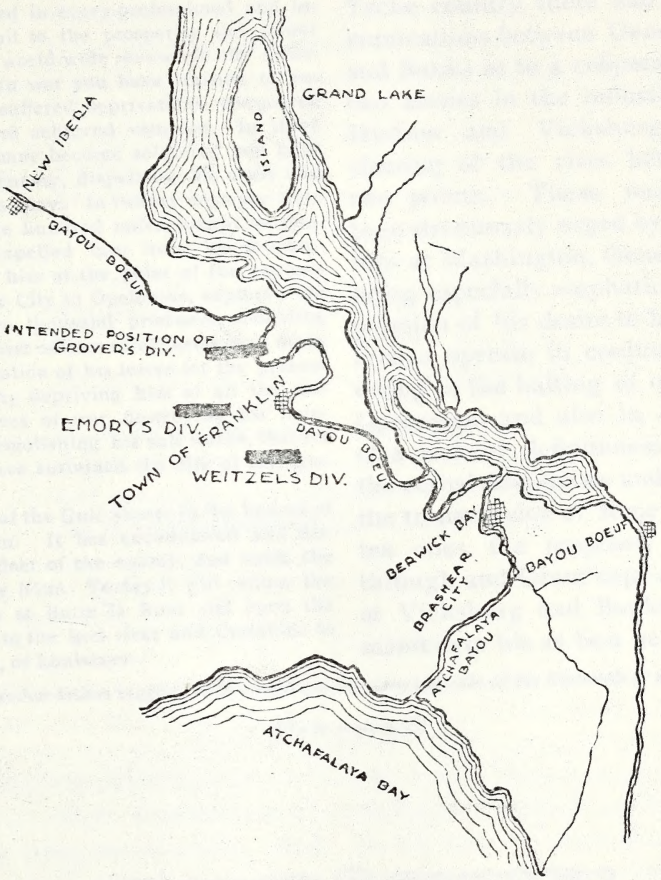
Weitzel was to keep well in the rear of the enemy, while Emory was to flank him on the left. Meanwhile, Grover, by a quick and unsuspected move, was to cross the bayou at a point above the enemy and cut off his retreat north. But owing to some misdirection, Grover had moved his division to an unfavorable place on the bayou, and therefore had to countermarch before crossing it. These unfortunate and needless movements and delays enabled the enemy to discover the intention of Grover, and before he reached Franklin to co-



operate with the other divisions, the Confederates were quietly and safely retreating toward New Iberia, fighting while on the way, and doing our troops all the damage they could.

The accompanying diagram will aid the reader in following the movements we have been describing:

into the business of giving assistance and protection to those who were gathering cotton, sugar, and molasses, shipping them to Brashear City and New Orleans. This doubtless was a legitimate business, but whether our troops should have been delayed for such a purpose is a grave question.



After the three divisions under Weitzel, Emory, and Grover had formed a junction they followed the retreating Confederates as far as Opelousas, about one hundred and fifteen miles north of Berwick, where they went into camp from April 20 to May 5, or in other words, they went

A general order issued by General Banks at this date will be of interest to our readers, and is such, perhaps, as will justify a departure from the design we set forth in the preface that we would not give in this history the text in full of the army orders issued:



HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

NEAR VERMILLIONVILLE, April 19, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER No. 28.

The morning salute celebrates the anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord in 1775, and the assault upon American troops at Baltimore in 1861. The day is consecrated to union and liberty. Soldiers, you have exhibited your devotion to its hallowed memories and the principles it represents. In peace you contributed in every professional and industrial pursuit to the prosperity and power which gave a world-wide renown to the American states. In war you have learned to endure fatigue, suffered deprivations, conquered difficulties, and achieved victories. In three months you have become soldiers; you have defeated the enemy, dispersing his army and destroying his navy. In twenty days you have marched three hundred miles, fought four engagements, expelled him from his fortifications, driven him at the point of the bayonet from Berwick City to Opelousas, captured ten guns and two thousand prisoners, including some of his best officers of all arms, and made the reorganization of his forces for the present impossible, by depriving him of all the material resources of war, destroying his foundries, and demolishing his salt works, that for two years have sustained the life of the Confederacy.

The navy of the Gulf shares in the honors of the campaign. It has encountered and dispersed the fleet of the enemy, and sunk the *Queen of the West*. To-day it will reduce the fortifications at Butte la Rose and open the Atchafalaya to the Red river and Cortableu to Washington, of Louisiana.

Let us be grateful to Him who giveth us the victory and true to the cause we defend.

New glories are before us. The Army of the Gulf will command the attention of the people, and every eye will be fastened upon its movements. Let us be true to the flag we bear, and remember that "to defy danger is to drive it into the ranks of the enemy."

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.
RICHARD B. IRWIN, A. A. G.

Prior to these movements up the Teche country there had been communications between Generals Grant and Banks as to a coöperation of the two armies in the reduction of Port Hudson and Vicksburg and the clearing of the river between these two points. These measures had been strenuously urged by the authorities at Washington, General Halleck being especially emphatic in the expression of his desire to have the two armies operate in conjunction. But owing to the halting of our troops at Opelousas, and also in consequence of a lack of definiteness in some of the verbal despatches and of delays in the transmission of some of the written ones, the proposed scheme fell through and Grant kept all his troops at Vicksburg and Banks was left to manœuvre his as best he could.

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[*To be continued.*]

CLISBÉ.

By Virginia C. Hollis.

Once dear delights, but now delights no more,
Our wonted haunts along the rocky shore;
I fear me much my sweetheart is decoyed,
For Clisbé comes not, and the world is void.

No other maid has half so fair a face,
No other form has such a lissome grace,
No voice is set to such melodious tune;
Alas for me if Clisbé comes not soon.

The sunbeams find reflection in her eye,
Nature salutes when Clisbé passeth by,
Her trailing robes in turn caress the grass;
Ah me! ah me! where is my winsome lass?

O clouds of melancholy, pass away;
O rain of tears, what shall your deluge stay?
Lo! peeps the sun—prismatic tints appear,
All is resplendent—Clisbé draweth near!

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER X.—*Concluded.*

THURSDAY, March 2.

Well, I found out almost immediately. Just as I closed your pages last night, Mother called me down stairs and told me that Alfred had been talking with her and Father about the understanding between us,—(she called it *the understanding!* our engagement!) had told them his story and asked them to consent to our being married in June. In reply, Mother said that both she and Father disapproved of unequal marriages. Alfred knew nothing of the life that I had always lived, while his world was one unknown to me. While they did not forbid our engagement, they wished no mention to be made of it outside the family, for one year. During that time we might correspond if we liked, but that there should be no talk of marriage before two years from this time. Alfred pleaded hard, but they were firm, and he had to accept this as

their final decision. I know Mother too well to expect her to change her mind, and Father is always governed by her judgment in important decisions.

Of course I am somewhat disappointed, but two years will soon pass. I have much to do and to learn before I shall be ready for a place by Alfred's side. I mean to read and study and try to make myself like those fine ladies who talked so easily and moved so gracefully at the party. Then it will take me about two years to do all the spinning that will be necessary if I am to keep house for myself. Oh, I am not impatient. I shall be too busy to have time to be lonely, even when Alfred goes away, which he told Mother he should do soon.

Mon., Mar. 6.

Alfred came down to say good-by to us last night. He said if by waiting he could not take me to New York with him, it would be better for him to go at once. He is bitterly disappointed and inclined to think we have been hardly used, but I tried to tell him how it seems to me and he went away more reconciled to the waiting time. He doesn't in the least understand having his will crossed, and he frets, and makes himself quite wretched about it. He thinks it is grief at leaving me—and so it is, partly, but he could leave me more easily and feel happier about it if he had planned to do so, instead of having some one else do the planning for him. The poor fellow has the worst of our waiting, for while I shall be busy all of the time, he will have nothing to do except "be a gentleman." What a crusty old fellow that uncle must have been, anyhow!

Mon., Mar. 27.

Almost a month has passed since Alfred left me and since I wrote here last! I am so busy all the time that I cannot write as often as I would like. When Alfred went away, he promised to send me books that I might read and study as I wished to, which he has done. I spend all the time that I can spare, over them; and that, with my spinning and letter writing, keeps me from you. Alfred is a tireless correspondent, and it takes a good deal of time to answer his letters. It is a pleasant task, however, for I am never happier than when I am writing to him, if I except the time that I am reading his letters to me.

June 1.

This is the first day of the month in which Alfred wished to be married. Even now I see the wisdom of deferring that event, for the more I study, the more I realize how much I need to. The country is lovely at this season, and it would be harder to leave it than it would be if the springing grass and sweet early flowers were asleep under a snowy blanket. I should be perfectly happy if only Alfred were here! But then, his letters are as delightful as ever. He writes me that he is very busy all the time, as the property is a large one. He proposes to acquaint himself with the details of the care of it, and as he is unused to business, it is something of an undertaking. He writes me just what occupies him and I in turn tell him of our home interests.

July 12, 1809.

A most dreadful thing happened near here last week, which I will write a full account of, as I want to remem-

ber every detail of it—though I am hardly likely to forget anything that has filled the whole county side with horror. Early in the afternoon of the Fourth of July, we were startled by a fearful noise that sounded like the loudest thunder, only there were several reports, which followed each other in rapid succession. The house shook, windows clattered, and dishes in the closet were thrown down and broken by the shock. Of course we all rushed out of the house, supposing that we were in the midst of an earthquake; but the ground was firm and the sky clear except off to the northeast, where a heavy cloud of something that looked like smoke was rising above the tree-tops, and filling the air with a strong, sulphurous odor.

"It must be an explosion at the Fort and a heavy one, too," exclaimed Father. "I guess I had better go across and see how bad things are, for they may need help down there," and away he ran to the boat-house.

Mother and I watched him cross the field to the creek, and then row down stream until the rocks and trees hid him from our view, just because we were too anxious and frightened to want to go into the house by ourselves. We watched and waited for his return till dusk, and when he did not come then, we were sure something had happened to him.

About eight o'clock he came home, covered from head to foot with smoke and dirt, and looking like a ghost.

"Why, Father! What is the matter; are you hurt?" cried Mother and I in terror.

"No, I'm all right," he replied, "but there has been an explosion at the fort and a fearful one, too. I don't want any supper," he added, seeing the table ready for him, "so you can clear away as soon you like. As soon as I have changed my clothes, I'll tell you about the accident," and he went directly to his room. Mother and I were just ready to sit down when he returned to the kitchen, and throwing himself upon the sofa, proceeded to give us an account of his afternoon's experience.

"After I left here," he said, "I went down to the creek to Great Island, following the direction of the smoke which still hung over the lower point of the island. As I approached the fort, I saw, floating on the water, pieces of board and fragments of what looked like wreckage, while boats of every description filled with men and boys were making for the landing. We were all bent on the same errand, and as no one was wiser than another, it was useless to ask questions; but questions were unnecessary, for even while we were landing, we saw before us through the smoke, the house of Colonel Walbach, partially ruined. The side nearest us was stove in and we could look into the dining-room and see in one huge heap, the ruins of furniture, table, and banquet. Fragments of food, dishes, and pictures, mingled with plaster and laths from walls and ceiling, and everything in the room was smashed beyond recognition.

"But the scene outside beggars description. Pieces of iron, timber, cannon-balls, and charred human flesh, were mixed in one horrible, sickening mass. The grass was strewn with pieces of burned cloth-

ing from which was likely to protrude an armless hand or a leg without body or foot. For a few moments, everybody was paralyzed with horror, but we soon rallied from this and began to search for the victims of the disaster. At first it seemed impossible to tell how many had been killed or injured, but after searching about three hours, we learned that only seven people had been killed and six soldiers and several citizens comprised the list of the wounded; then we knew that further search was unnecessary and applied ourselves to clearing away the traces of the accident. It was dreadful work! Why, the leg of one poor fellow who was dismembered, was blown through a heavy door over the dining-room, leaving a hole in the door the shape of his foot," and Father covered his eyes with his hand, as if to shut out the gruesome sight.

"Horrible!" "Fearful!" we shudderingly exclaimed.

"What caused the explosion?" asked Mother.

"The Colonel and his invited guests were at dinner," said Father, "and outside visitors had just assembled on a platform on the northwest corner of the fort for a contra dance. On the northeast corner of the fort, two ammunition chests containing three hundred and fifty pounds of powder and one containing balls, were placed on the platform near the house where the colonel and his friends were dining, and there were also on the platform seventeen two-pound cartridges, for the salute. It appears that the small cartridges were to have been placed in the ammunition chest, but the sergeant thought that they felt damp and left them in the sun for a while, to dry. The wind probably carried a spark from a lighted linstock to the cartridges, and the explosion followed. It was an awful occurrence, and one that no person who was present will ever forget, although the loss of life was not so great as was at first supposed. Ephraim Pickering of Newton was one of the victims—he was killed. You remember him, don't you, Wife?

"The body of one of the two privates who were killed, was found 'way down by the lighthouse, below low-water mark. There were seventy-four men stationed at the Fort before the explosion. Among the Colonel's guests were two physicians from Riverside, both of whom were tireless in their exertions in behalf of the wounded and through their prompt efforts more of the wounded will probably recover than, from the nature of their injuries, one would have a right to expect.

"The countersign given out on the Fourth was 'Dreadful.'"

Father was so unnerved and we were so shocked by the recital, that no one cared to talk, so we soon separated for the night, though I doubt if any one in the house slept much that night.

The remains of the soldiers were buried with the honors of war, in a common grave, last Sunday, July 8.

CHAPTER XI.

Aug. 7.

Alfred has been in Riverside since the middle of July. He comes here frequently, but of course he can't

come as often as when he had no care of any kind. Madam Sherburne drove down here with him a while ago and invited me to go to Riverside and make her a visit of several days, but Mother was not willing for me to stay so long; she would only promise that I might spend a day there, so last Thursday I went and had such a happy day! Alfred drove down after me, and I was glad to learn that I was to be the only guest at his aunt's that day, for I have a nervous dread of meeting their friends. I hope it is only a temporary feeling, but I am always a little uncomfortable when I am brought in contact with Alfred's friends and he is near; probably because I know that I suffer by comparison with them and I hate for him to see it. Alfred is changed somewhat, since he went away; I can hardly tell how, but very likely it is the result of having some responsibility beyond finding amusement for himself, that has made him less boyish and more mature. He was as agreeable and entertaining as possible all the way up to town, and I was happy. It was enough for me just to sit by his side and listen to his conversation, without allowing myself to miss any of the old-time brightness.

When we arrived at Major Sherburne's, the door was opened by old Peter, the white-haired, negro servant, who condescended to bow to me with grave cordiality as he ushered me into the drawing-room. I was almost as much flattered by his silent greeting as by Madam S.'s kind, motherly one.

"My dear Polly!" she said, "I am very glad that you are here at last. I was afraid that your good mother might repent and refuse to lend you to me for one day, even," and she kissed me affectionately.

"Well, Miss Polly, how do you do?" inquired the Major, who now came forward and shook hands with me cordially. "I don't blame Mrs. Tucker for keeping you close, my dear, for you are not likely to be left with her very much longer, and she had better make the most of the time that she has you with her. Where's Alfred, Wife?" he asked in the same breath.

"Gone down to the stable, for a moment," replied Madam S., while I sat there wondering if Major S. could possibly have had any design in making that remark and then introducing Alfred's name at once. Just then Alfred came in. "Now Alfred," said his aunt, "I want you to help me decide what will entertain Polly most, to day. You know we can have her only one day and so we must do the best that we can in that time. Perhaps you have a choice of how the time shall be spent, my dear," turning to me; "I hope you have, for in that case we shall be sure to find the right thing."

"Pray do not think of making special plans for my entertainment, for I shall be quite happy right here with you," I hastened to reply.

"O my dear! two old people like the Major and myself and a young rattlebrain like Alfred, would be poor company for you for a whole day. No, I want you to have a genuine holiday. How would you like to see the new church, for one thing? We think it well worth seeing, and after that perhaps you would like to visit other points of interest in town?"

"Oh, thank you!" I cried. "I

should like it better than anything. I have never had a chance to look about in Riverside half enough."

"Very well, we 'll do the church thoroughly and you shall sit in the chairs that Queen Caroline sent over, — perhaps for that very purpose,—who can tell?" said Alfred.

"O Alfred, what an irreverent boy you are!" sighed his aunt, while Major S. chimed in.

"Yes, he was always that; but if her Majesty could have been sure that her chairs would always be so worthily occupied, she would have had reason to be satisfied."

"Pretty good, Uncle! You see he knows how to turn a compliment gracefully, Polly. I should n't wonder if he had had 'considerable practice in his youth; it looks like that to me. How is it, sir; am I right?" questioned his saucy nephew.

"What do you know about my being able to pay a compliment, young man? You must own I never complimented *you* much,—never had occasion to, you see."

"True enough, in both cases," said Alfred. "But come, Polly, we won't stay with him any longer; let 's go into the other room," and he led the way into the library opposite. There he brought out so many and interesting relics of the generations that have lived in this house, that I felt as if we had stepped back a century.

There was a wonderful miniature of one of his ancestors painted on ivory, which was so lifelike and which Alfred so much resembled, that but for the quaint dress of a bygone day, I might almost have thought had been painted for him. When he found that I am very fond of anything that has historical value, he brought out a bundle of autograph letters from Sir William Pepperell, President Cutts, Lafayette, Marquis de Chastellux, John Hancock, and *Washington*. I was almost afraid to touch these precious papers, but Alfred handled them just as he would ordinary ones, and only laughed at the awe with which they seemed to inspire me.

"Have you ever noticed the hall?" he asked when the letters were replaced in the elegant, massive secretary, which is as old as the house is.

"Only that it is grand and beautiful," I replied.

"These antlers," he explained, as we passed out into the hall where they hung, "were given by a friendly Indian chief to the original owner of this house before it was finished, and were built into the wall, where they have taken good care of the hats of various illustrious guests as well as those of all the generations who have called this old house home. Those Indians up there in the stairway," turning to the broad, low stairs, "were doubtless painted there to commemorate the friendly intercourse which existed between the savages and this far-away ancestor."

"I do n't really like those Indians, Alfred, they look altogether too lifelike to be pleasant," I said, as we eyed their full-length portraiture, each with tomahawk in hand and a crown of eagle's feathers on his head.

"I know just how you feel about them, Polly," he replied, "for those old fellows were the terror of my tender years. They were a *wholesome* check upon my unruly spirits, no doubt, but a check, just the

same. I well remember one boyish escapade for which I paid dearly in my dreams the night following. A company of 'us boys' were collected in our stable, trying to think up something in the way of excitement, when one graceless youngster suggested starting an empty hogshead from the top of the hill just beyond, towards a queer sort of table near the foot of the hill, where a certain peppery-tempered old man sold oysters. No sooner said than done, and we had the satisfaction, such as it was, of hearing the crash of the hogshead and the expletives of the angry old vender as the oysters flew about in all directions. I *happened* to stroll down that way about that time and helped him abuse his unknown assailants and pick up his stock in trade. I then gave him some coppers which, for a wonder, I found in my pockets, and went off to join my fellow-conspirators; but I think we all felt rather small in spite of the laugh we had had at the old man's expense. That night I repeated the whole thing in my dreams, with the addition of being scalped by those two Indians, who jumped upon me as I passed them on my way up stairs.

"The impression was so vivid and the pain so real that I woke; and even then I was afraid to put my hand to my head for fear of touching the raw flesh. It was months before I forgot that sensation, and big boy though I was, I would clip along at a lively pace on my way to bed, until I had put a safe distance between my head and those murderous tomahawks."

"Served you right, too, young man," said Major Sherbune, as he joined us from the library, where he had overheard our conversation. "Why, Miss Polly, Madam S. and I could never have managed to get that boy up to the degree of respectability that he has arrived at, moderate as it is," with a glance of mock severity at Alfred, "if we not had those Indians with their tomahawks to back us up."

"They have been useful, then, if they are not pretty," I replied, laughing.

"Why, Major S.!" exclaimed Madam Sherburne, coming down stairs in season to hear the last remark, "I am afraid you will give Polly a wholly wrong impression of Alfred. I assure you, my dear," addressing me, "he was a very good boy, upon the whole,—a little mischievous at times, but he did very well usually."

"That's right, that's right, Madam S., speak a good word for *him*, by all means; he needs some one to open people's eyes to his virtues; they are not pronounced enough, even now, for ordinary minds to discover without your help," said the Major.

"Perhaps, Miss Polly," he added, turning to me, "he was a good boy as boys go, but good as he was, the care of this model youth has done for me just what he dreamed those chaps," nodding towards the Indians, "did for him. You can see for yourself," and he lowered his head and displayed his bald, shining crown.

"I did n't do it all," retorted "the model youth," "you know Aunt can be severe upon occasion." We were all laughing at the absurdity of this charge and Madam S.'s indignant disclaimer, when Peter announced

dinner and we at once proceeded to the dining-room.

"Well, Miss Polly," inquired Major Sherburne, "what is the prospect for a husking at the Tucker farm this fall? Strange that I have to invite myself every year, don't you think it is?"

"Why Major Sherburne! you know you are welcome to come any time, and if you were not invited until you suggested it last year, it was only because Father didn't think you would enjoy our simple country frolics," I replied.

"Oh, yes I do," he declared. "I like them just as well as he does; but I must confess that I felt a little bit slighted when you let me come off home without giving me one dance. Perhaps you think I can't dance; but I can—and good, strong dancing it is, too," and he looked as if he would like to begin then and there.

"That was too bad of me, and if you will come again I'll dance with you as often as you like," I promised.

By this time Peter had disappeared and we had the dining-room to ourselves.

"The Major's dancing is a good deal like Peter's rhyming," said Madam Sherburne. "Did you ever hear of that, Miss Polly?"

"I believe not," I replied.

"Well," said she, "Peter wanted some favor and was told in joke that he couldn't have the article desired unless he made a rhyme. Now you know what a solemn old fellow Peter is, and can readily understand what a ridiculous thing it was to ask of him, but Peter was rather flattered to think he was considered capable of doing any such work. But he found the task harder than he thought it was going to be, and went about the house muttering 'cat, rat; dog, hog;' and never getting any further. He had no intention of giving up the reward without a desperate effort to secure it, so in his strait, he applied to a friend for help. 'That is easy enough,' he was told. 'Peter Horner, Threw his hat in the chimney-corner.' Of course Peter was delighted and hurried home and told his master that his 'pome' was ready. "Very well, let's hear it,' said his master. With the full sense of the importance of the occasion, Peter drew himself up to his full height, and with an air of dignified triumph announced, 'Peter Horner, T'rew his hat in de—in de *fireplace*.' He got his longed-for finery, his master had a hearty laugh, and Peter's 'pome' has been a proverb in the family ever since. Both Peter and the Major mean well and try hard, and as each is quite satisfied with the result of his efforts, I don't know why we should complain."

"I suppose you mean, of course, unless Miss Polly has to dance with Uncle. To my mind she would have a perfect right to complain in that case," interposed Alfred.

[*To be continued.*]

THE SPRING.

By L. Arolyn Caverly.

Fair as the jewel on a hand we love
  Comes up the radiant spring,
With sounds as if all happy things that move
  Were only carolling.

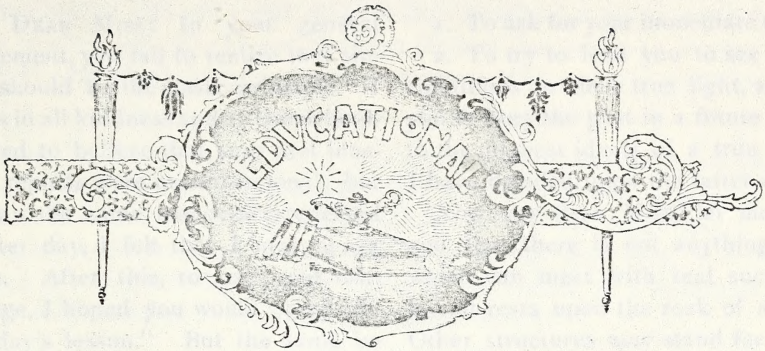
Far, faint and far, elusive as a dream,
  Half bliss, half vague alloy,
Sweet wood notes melt, with echoes that beseem
  The beck's quick sobs of joy.

And ev'ry blos'my branch against the blue,
  Each bud the warm winds kiss,
Constrains the heart to own, with prescience new,
  A subtle bond of bliss.

Life thrills anew within the meadow clod,
  And quickened grasses press,
Out from the mold dread winter overtrod,
  Into spring's blessedness.

And ev'ry bush, erst winter-worn and mean,
  Along the common ways,
Lifts its meek head, engarlanded with green,
  Wov'n on dull, doubtful days.

And ev'ry heart doth melt with sweetest grief,
  Remembering its fears;
And all the earth is happy past belief,
  E'en to the verge of tears.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

HELPING A TEACHER.

By Superintendent J. M. Greenwood.

The following letters from a principal to a young teacher are suggestive and helpful:

My Dear Miss: I have tried faithfully for two years to lead you to see the necessity of neat, accurate, definite work of requiring your pupils to do exactly what you ask them to do.

You do not consider these things necessary; you are not in sympathy with the spirit that dominates the highest standard of work in our schools; you fail to realize that regard to detail, and firm, quiet discipline are indispensable in cultivating attention and in developing thought.

You are ambitious and want to do good work, yet you will not see that close, sympathetic training is necessary.

To neglect the little things of life is to neglect all of life; for our lives are made up of little things. Great events seldom, if ever, enter.

What you need is to plan your work more definitely; to study the art of questioning; to believe in accuracy and discipline.

This criticism is made in the kindliest spirit. I trust you will accept it in a like spirit, and believe me truly your friend and helper.

Sincerely yours, ...

My Dear Miss: I wish you would ask yourself the following questions each evening this week.

At the close of the week, please let me know what you have gained by so doing.

1. Have I required my pupils to do what I have asked them to do?
2. Have they stood still and erect while reciting?
3. Have I required accurate statements from them?
4. Have they been diligent during study periods? If not, why?
5. Has the written work of the day been neat and legible?
6. At nine o'clock in the morning, was the day's work definitely planned?
7. Did I really teach and clinch something new during each recitation?
8. Have I tried to talk above a noise?
9. Have I followed my programme?

Sincerely yours, ...

MY DEAR MISS: In your general management, you fail to realize that sincerity should be the basic principle. I say this in all kindness and as your friend.

I tried to believe that your first inaccurate reports were not intentional; but as I saw the same inaccuracy repeated day after day, I felt that I must speak to you. After this, to use your own language, I hoped you would "profit by yesterday's lesson." But the same inaccurate reports continued. Those three children that you sent back to their seats knew they were tardy. What was the influence?

You manifest the spirit you have shown in regard to this matter at other points. Unless it is checked, it will ruin your work as a teacher, and take out of your life that quiet, restful peace which is the foundation of all true happiness.

After carefully considering the matter, I can see but one of two courses to pursue:

1. To ask for your immediate removal.

2. To try to lead you to see existing conditions in their true light, and help you to bury the past in a future devoted to the highest ideals of a true teacher. I have decided upon the latter course.

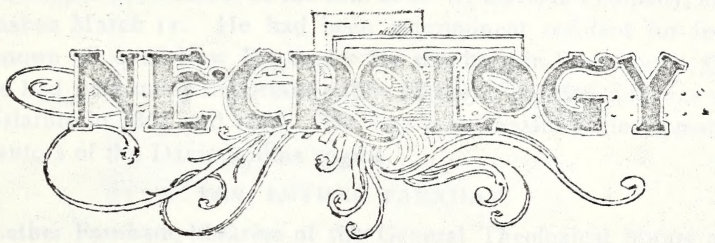
Now, my dear Miss, let me say to you that there is not anything in life which can meet with real success unless it rests upon the rock of sincerity. Other structures may stand for a while, but they soon become top-heavy and fall.

Look at this matter carefully and in the light of judgment, and though the lesson is a hard one, one that will hurt and that deeply, yet feel and know that you can gain from it strength that will change the whole current of your life.

I trust you will accept this criticism in the spirit in which it is given, and feel that you will ever find in me a real friend and helper.

Sincerely yours, ...

NOTE.—The Kansas City, Mo., school report for 1895-'96, J. M. Greenwood, superintendent, contains much material helpful to teachers, particularly in the lines of language and primary numbers.—ED.



JOSEPH B. SMART.

Joseph B. Smart, one of the oldest, most prominent, and best known Odd Fellows in New Hampshire, died in Concord, March 16. He was born at Richmond, Canada, April 13, 1810, but spent most of his life in this state. He was a mason and builder by trade and was identified with the construction of some of the most important business blocks in Concord.

SAMUEL C. CLARK.

Samuel C. Clark, the third oldest member of the Belknap county bar, died at Lakeport March 18. He was born at Gilford January 9, 1832, and was admitted to the bar in 1854. From 1857 to 1874 he was clerk of the supreme court for

Belknap county. In 1867 and 1878 he was a member of the house of representatives; in 1870 and 1872 he was assistant clerk of that body and in 1873 and 1875 its clerk. He also held many local positions of trust and responsibility.

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD.

George A. Blanchard, for many years a famous manufacturer of churns, was born in Concord October 8, 1824, and died in Boston March 13. Early in life he was with the Abbot-Downing company, later went West and engaged in steamboating on the Mississippi, spent a year in Paris, and then came to Concord and engaged in manufacturing until his business was ruined by a disastrous fire. He was the third member to die of the famed Mystic Five.

NELSON CROSS.

Judge Nelson Cross died in Dorchester, Mass., March 13, at the age of 77 years. He was born in Lancaster and practised law in Cincinnati until in 1852 he was appointed judge in New York. He served with distinction in the Civil War as colonel of a New York regiment and at its close was brevetted major-general for gallant and meritorious conduct.

CAPT. G. H. HUBBARD.

Capt. G. H. Hubbard, a cigar manufacturer at Manchester for many years, died there March 9. He was born in Wilton October 5, 1830, was educated in New Ipswich, and resided in Boston and Springfield before the war. He recruited 100 men and was captain in the Tenth New Hampshire regiment. He served gallantly at Fredericksburg. He was city councilman in 1867, alderman in 1868 and 1869, and representative in the legislature in 1891. He was a charter member of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R.

GEORGE W. DAVIS.

G. W. Davis, senior member of the firm of G. W. Davis & Company, machinists, died at Nashua March 11. He had been a prominent resident for forty years, and was known all over New England. He was born in Washington, October 2, 1828. He had held many important public offices in the city, and was a member of the legislature in 1867 and 1868. He was a successful business man and one of the inventors of the Davis-Rollins engine.

REV. LUTHER FARNHAM.

Rev. Luther Farnham, librarian of the General Theological library at Boston, died March 15, aged 81 years, 1 month. He was born in Concord February 5, 1816. He was educated in the schools of Concord and the Kimball Union academy, Meriden. He entered Dartmouth in 1833, graduating in 1837.

REV. J. B. HOLMAN.

Rev. J. B. Holman, a well-known retired clergyman of the Methodist denomination, died in Concord March 11, at an advanced age. Rev. Mr. Holman was for many years a clergyman in the New Hampshire conference. He was then transferred to the Kansas conference, where he spent several years. He returned to Concord about ten years ago. He was a prominent Odd Fellow, and was an inmate of the Odd Fellows' home a considerable time.

Volume XXII MAY Number

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



VIEW IN GORGE, BELOW STONE BRIDGE, GILSUM.

CONCORD · N·H·

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1897

MAY, 1897.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

A NAVAL OFFICER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM, PART II, Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N. 263
OVER THE OCEAN AND FAR AWAY, J. B. M. Wright,—*Poem* . . 274
PETER THE MARINER, Mary H. Wheeler,—*Poem* 274
GILSUM, Dr. I. A. Loveland 277
HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend 298
THE NEW ENGLAND MAYFLOWER, Adelaide George Bennett,—*Poem* . 311
REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS, H. H. Metcalf 311
A LILY, Augusta C. Seavey,—*Poem* 316
POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 316
THE BROWN THRUSH, Ray Laurance,—*Poem* 321
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, Fred Gowing 322
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 323

The June number of the GRANITE MONTHLY will contain "The Old North End," by Frank West Rollins, and "Durham," by Prof. C. M. Weed.

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CONTENTS

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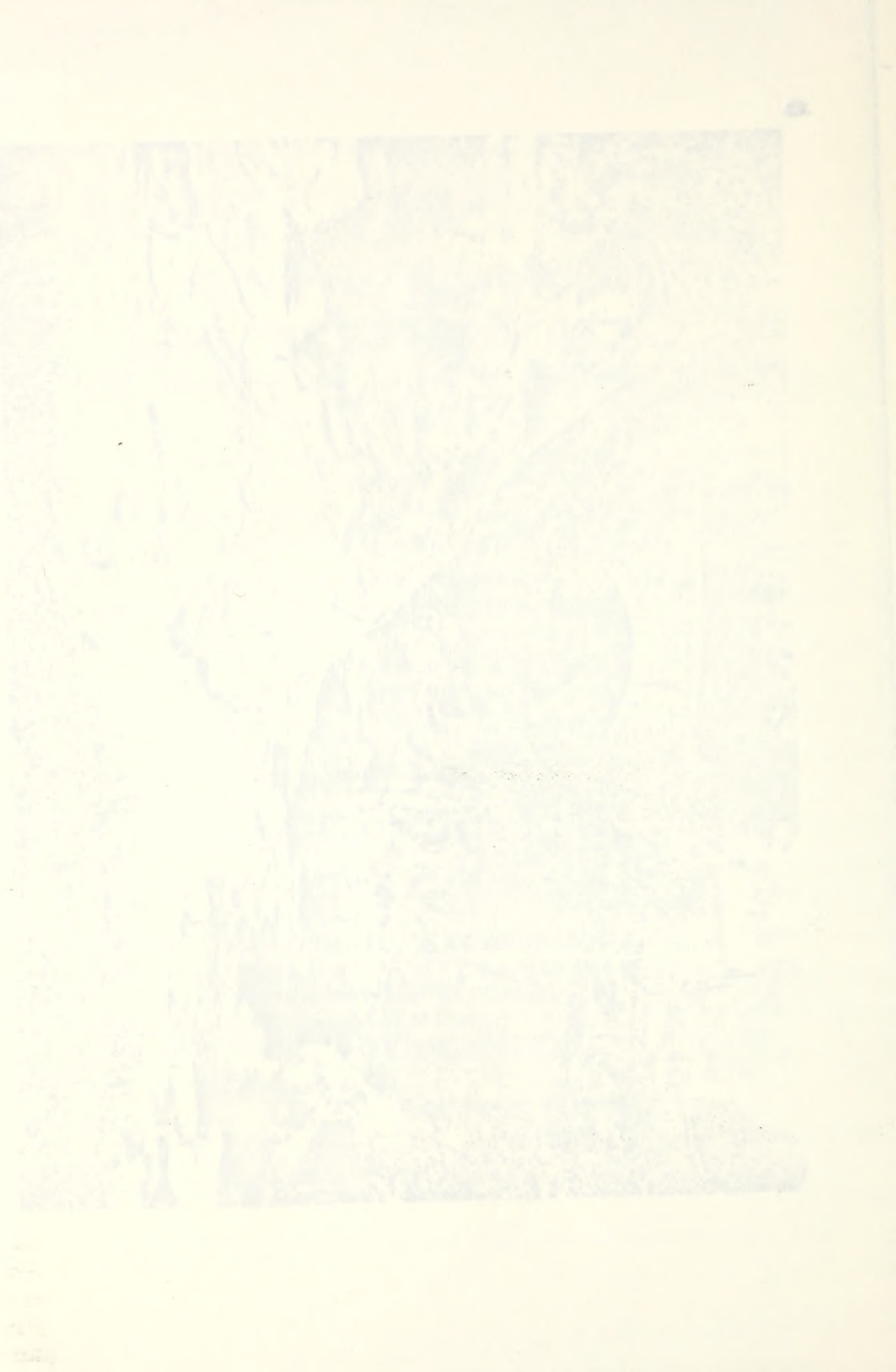
NEW HAMPSHIRE

BLUE BOOK,

1897-1898.



STONE BRIDGE, FROM THE NORTH, GILSUM.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII. MAY, 1897. No. 5.

A NAVAL OFFICER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM.[1]

By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.

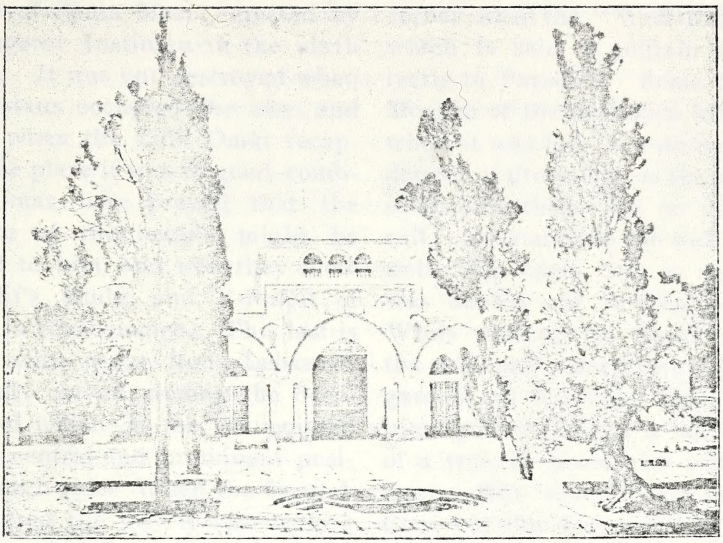
PART II.

BEING a semi-barbarous nation, the Turks are not allowed by the powers to arrest foreigners except for the immediate purpose of preserving the public peace, and even then they must deliver any one so arrested to his consul immediately.

Turkish prisons are exceedingly filthy, and no food is furnished, the prisoners being dependent upon their friends. The result of this is, that the consul is responsible for the behavior of his countrymen within his territory, and so he has to keep up a sort of police department of his own, formed by his dragomen and kawasses. A foreigner is not tried by Turkish courts for offenses he may commit, but by one composed of the various foreign consuls in the vicinity. For this reason the Moslems compel the attendance of a kawasse upon every party of foreigners visiting the harem..

Entering the enclosure by the gate in the middle of the north wall, we first turned to the left and looking out and down to the base of the eastern part of this wall, we saw "Birket Israel," a large cistern recognized as the pool of Bethesda of the Bible. The Turk is now busily employed in filling this up. We then passed along the eastern wall, which is here a part of the city wall also, and looked across the valley of Jehosaphat to the Mount of Olives, Gethsemane and the tombs of Absalom, Jehosaphat, and St. James. Both sides of the valley here are covered with graves, those on the eastern side Jewish, and those beneath the city, Moslem.

Following along the eastern wall to the southward we passed near its middle point the golden gate, which is now walled up. The Moslem tradition is, that when the Christians retake Jerusalem they will enter by this gate, so they have taken precautions accordingly. Just outside this gate is a stone post called Mohammed's pillar and a stone called Mohammed's seat. Upon the latter the prophet is to sit on judgment day, watching mankind try to walk across



Mosque El-Aksa.

a wire stretched from the pillar to the Mount of Olives beyond. The good will succeed and be saved, but the wicked will fall off into Gehenna below. Near the southeast angle of the enclosure, we descended some steps and came out under the immense arches supporting the plateau above. These chambers are called Solomon's stables, and were undoubtedly used as storehouses of the temple. They have also been used as stables, probably by the Knights Templar, for there are holes in each pillar which can only have been used in fastening horses. These vaults have been excavated within a comparatively few years. In all these excavations much of interest has been discovered, and all the buildings within the harem, including the two Mosques, have been built from remnants of the old temples thus obtained.

Ascending again from the stables, we had our feet tied up in bags before entering the mosque El-Aksa. The Moslem keeps his head covered in church, in fact he never uncovers anywhere, not even at meals. I don't know whether he takes off his fez at night, even, or not, but he does take off his shoes, and formerly Christians were compelled to do the same. Now, however, the power of "bakshish" is so great that a compromise is effected by means of a little jute bagging, some big sandals, or even some old played-out rubber overshoes. There is a demand in Jerusalem for these last as being more convenient. Apropos of this subject, it is interesting to see a Turkish officer come aboard ship with some message for the admiral or captain. If of inferior rank, he will invariably shuffle out of his shoes before entering the cabin.

El-Aksa, "the Distant," so called because of his position with respect to Mecca, and next to the Kaaba at that place the most sacred of Moslem shrines, was originally the Christian

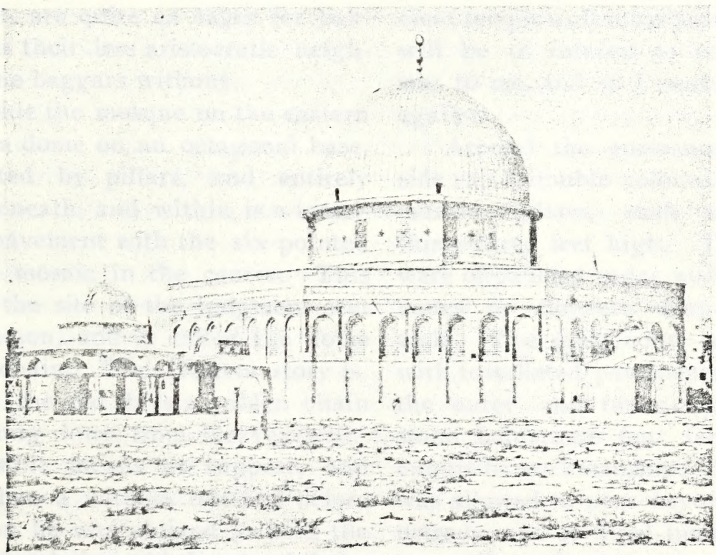
basalica of Santa Maria, erected by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century. It was not destroyed when the Persians occupied the city, and in 636, when the Calif Omar recaptured the place it was in good condition. Omar here prayed that the true site of the temple might be revealed to him, and now they show the Calif's study and "Pulpit of Omar" in consequence. This last is covered with cedar from Lebanon, beautifully carved, among the decorations of which is the six pointed star in a central and prominent position on each side. When the Crusaders captured the city it was made a Christian church again under the name of the "Temple (or sometimes porch or palace) of Solomon." Baldwin assigned a portion of it to a new military order which took therefrom the name of "Knights Templar."

Within El-Aksa are shown within the tomb of Aaron's sons, a footprint in stone said to have been made by the child Jesus, and all along the walls mosaics of the names of the holy men who fell in repelling the invading Christians during the Crusades. With our Christian ideas this last brings us to a sudden realization of the fact that there are always two sides to every question, and here is one side of which we very rarely think. Here, also, are two pillars very close together, between which every one must pass, the dervishes say, to reach the kingdom of Heaven. The good will pass safely, but the stones will come together and crush the wicked. Irreverant visitors have tried the passage, until now there is an iron framework, surrounded by the star and crescent, to prevent. There is also a cistern of stone in the corner called the "Well of the Leaf," which is said to contain a gate directly to Paradise. Some celebrated Moslem of the past once fell into this when it was full of water and was in danger of drowning, as the sides were steep and there was no one within call. By a miracle the well dried up until help came, but as soon as he was hauled out it filled up again. While waiting, he found a door in the side, and passed through into the gardens of Paradise, bringing with him upon his return a small branch of a tree, to prove the truth of his story. The well is now dry for all time, but the door has not yet been discovered.

Passing out of the north door of El-Aksa, we made our way up a short flight of steps to the centre of the harem and entered the mosque of Omar. This is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world and stands in a detached position in the centre of this great plain with nothing near it to hide or dwarf its beauties. It is octagonal in shape, with a flat roof, the walls being covered with a mosaic of blue stone, some of which are verses from the Koran. It is surmounted by a splendid dome of a dull bronze color, with beautiful windows of stained glass around the base. Entering this Moslem temple and passing over the magnificent rugs presented by the Sultan, we saw before us the summit of Mt. Moriah. The dome of the rock, the threshing floor of Ornan, the Jebusite, the spot where Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac, the Holy of Holies of the Moslems, upon which it is a sacrilege for a Jew to look. This summit has been leveled off, and three rough steps cut in the west side to serve as an

approach to the altar. This work is very crude, for the use of iron tools therein was forbidden. In the centre is a hole with a cave beneath, through which the blood of the offerings flowed away. The stone is much scarred and shattered in spots, the supposed cause being the vandalism of pilgrims who came before the Mosque protected it. In the south-west corner of the rock is a footprint made by Mohammed when he ascended from this point into Heaven. It is related that the rock itself attempted to follow the prophet, rising some distance into the air, thus forming a cave underneath, but that the angel Gabriel then stopped it by placing his hand upon it. His finger-marks are shown near the footprint, and judging therefrom he must have had many more fingers than are given the ordinary mortal. In spite of the very visible supporting walls below, the Moslems still believe that the rock is suspended in mid-air, the only excepted support being a small pillar set almost horizontally across the entrance down into the cave below.

Descending into this cave, we see altars dedicated to Solomon, David, Abraham, and Elias. The Moslems say that Abraham, David, Solomon, and Jesus used to pray here, and they call it "the noble cave." It is supposed that Ornan and his four sons hid themselves here from the destroying angel. In the centre of the paving of the cave is a flagstone beneath which may be heard a roaring, rushing sound, believed by the Moslems to be the unrest of the evil spirits of the world. Many believe that the Ark of the Covenant was hidden here before the fall of Jerusalem, and consent to excavate there has often been sought, but unsuccessfully, for the Turk fears the release of the evil spirits. In the rock above, near the side of the cave, there is a big dent in the roof, said to have been caused by the prophet's head. He was standing there ex-



Mosque of Omar.

horting those same spirits and incautiously straightened himself up, with disastrous results to the rock above. In the floor of the mosque is a slab of jasper with some very peculiar holes in it, looking as if nails had been driven into it from above and then pulled through from below, the stone closing in to fill the hole, but leaving the indentation. In three of these holes may be seen what appear to be heads of copper nails, while in the fourth the nail has about sunk from sight. The story is, that there were originally twelve of these, and that mankind was to be delivered over to Satan as soon as they were all pulled through, so the fiend is always busily at work, and the only way in which he can be retarded is by placing a piece of money upon the stone, and the person doing this is secure of the short road to Paradise. Some of our party contributed, but one man was surprised to find that his offering was returned as counterfeit. The holy men who care for the mosque, lineal descendants of the prophet, are quite as eager for bakshish as their less aristocratic neighbors, the beggars without.

Outside the mosque on the eastern side is a dome on an octagonal base, supported by pillars, and entirely open beneath, and within is a tessellated pavement with the six-pointed star in mosaic in the centre. This marks the site of the judgment seat of Solomon, and is called the dome of the chain. The Moslem story is, that in the old days a golden chain here hung down from Heaven without visible means of support, and that when a witness testified before Solomon he was obliged to hold the end of the chain in his hands while he talked. If the truth was told the chain remained quiet, but if the witness perjured himself it was at once violently agitated. A case once came up for judgment, an action brought by a Moslem against a Jew who had failed to repay borrowed money. The two came before Solomon, the Jew carrying a large staff, in the handle of which he had concealed the money which he really owed the Moslem. When called upon to testify, he gave the staff to his creditor to hold, and then swore truly that he had given back the money. The Moslem then returned the staff, and in return swore that he had never received it. The chain was at once caught up to Heaven, and has never since been seen, having failed in its purpose.

The moral taught from this tale is, that when a Heaven-sent test of truth is thus rendered valueless, it is useless for man to try to discriminate between the true and the false. Before leaving the harem, I think that the following description of the ancient temple as it must have appeared, will be of interest to others, as it was to me, and so I venture to copy again:

"Around the enclosure on every side ran a double colonnade of white marble pillars, each a monolith thirty-three feet high. The ceilings were of paneled cedar and the colonnades or cloisters were forty feet wide. The open court was covered with tessellated pavements. Between the outer and inner courts was a stone balustrade four feet high, of exquisite workmanship. No Gentile was allowed to pass beyond this balustrade, and at fixed intervals along it were erected tablets, some in Greek,

others in Latin, giving notice of this prohibition. One of these tablets was discovered by M. Clermont-Gannean in 1871 which illustrates strikingly the narratives in Acts xxi: 26–30. The translation is as follows: 'No stranger is to enter within the balustrade around the temple and enclosure. Whoever is caught will have himself to thank (or will be responsible to himself) for his death, which will ensue.'

"This inscription is in very large characters, just as one would expect in a placard of this nature, and it is probably the most ancient and interesting of any that has hitherto been discovered in Jerusalem. Within the balustrade was an ascent by fourteen steps to a terrace thirteen feet wide which encircled the wall of the inner court, the latter being approached by five more steps. The walls surrounding the inner court were fifty-three feet on the outside and thirty-three within. The principal entrance to this inner court was on the east side, but there were in addition three gates on the north and three on the south, to which were added later three for the women."

Within the inner court was a third enclosure, called the court of the priests, which none but the priests might enter, and here was situated the Temple itself with a small area in front where the altar of "burnt offering" stood. To this enclosure there was an ascent from the Inner Court of twelve steps through a richly-decorated corridor. Beyond this again to the west was the "curtain" or "veil of the temple" within which stood the altar of incense, the shewbread table, and the golden candlestick. Still further to the west was the inner sanctuary, or "Holy of Holies." The above description applies to Herod's Temple, but with the exception of the grand colonnade around the outer court, or "Court of the Gentiles," the ground plan of Solomon's temple was virtually the same. The exact position of Solomon's porch (St. John x: 23; Acts v: 12) in this colonnade, and of the "Beautiful gate" of the temple (Acts iv: 2) cannot at present be determined. The outer court, or low level platform surrounding the inner court on every side, is that from which Christ drove the merchants and money changers. Into it opened four gates on the west from the city and two on the south from Ophel.

"The south side of the colonnade was distinguished from the rest in that it had four rows of columns instead of two, and was of far more striking grandeur than the other sides. It was known as 'Herod's Cloister.' Each of the outer and inner side aisles was 30 feet wide and 50 feet high; whilst the centre aisle was 45 feet wide and 100 feet high, thus towering majestically above the rest. The columns were monoliths of white marble surmounted by Corinthian capitals and the cedar roofs were elaborately carved. The centre line was in an exact line with the old bridge across the Tyropean valley to Mount Zion, the remains of which can still be seen at the spot represented by the ruined arches discovered by Robinson, and of the same breadth. The one thus formed a continuation of the other.

"Such was the position of the Temple and its courts, so far as we can apprehend them from the descriptions of Josephus and of the Talmud.

The appearance of the whole must have been wonderfully grand."

So much of the wonderful buildings in which we are all interested.

Passing from the harem by the Moors or Dung Gate, in the southern part of the western wall, and descending to the right, we come to that part of the foundation wall where the Jews are permitted to come to lament the passing of the temple site into infidel hands.

This is the famous wailing place of the Jews, and there they stand in rows, kissing the stones and chanting in Hebrew the words of the seventy-ninth Psalm: "O God, the heathen are come into thy inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled; they have layed Jerusalem on heaps." As they chant they rock their bodies to and fro from one foot to the other, serving thus with body as well as with heart and soul and mind.

The Jews of Jerusalem and the surrounding country all wear one long curl falling down in front of each ear, showing the fulfilment of the old prophecy as to their being a separate people different from all others, and the sight of men, women, and children, all rocking to and fro in front of the bare wall of rock, their curls waving from side to side, chanting the words of the Psalm without regard to one another, and stooping to kiss the rock at the end of each verse, would be very touching did not so many of them cease their lamentations to demand bakshish.

Leaving this place, we walked through the bazaar the length of David street to the hotel, where we took carriages and drove out the Jaffa gate on our way to Bethlehem. Driving down the lower valley of Gihon and passing near the railroad station, we saw the lower pool of Gihon where Solomon was anointed king, and also the "hill of evil counsel" where "they took counsel together how they might slay him."

On the slope of this hill is the original potter's field, bought with Judas's thirty pieces of silver.

Not far from Jerusalem is shown the well of the magi, within which the wise men first saw the reflection of the star of Bethlehem. Driving out to the southward, we see the valley where the "shepherds watched their flocks by night," a bit of the Jordan and Dead sea through a break in the hills, Rachel's tomb with a Jewish chapel within, the village where Saul was anointed king, and finally, on the hill before us, the town of the nativity. In the distance we see to the eastward Nebo and the mountains of Moab, and to the south Frank mountain, a favorite camp of the Crusaders, on the southern slope of which is that cave of Adullam where David took refuge. In view, at the foot of this mountain, is a fertile plain whereon lay the fields of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned both grain and master.

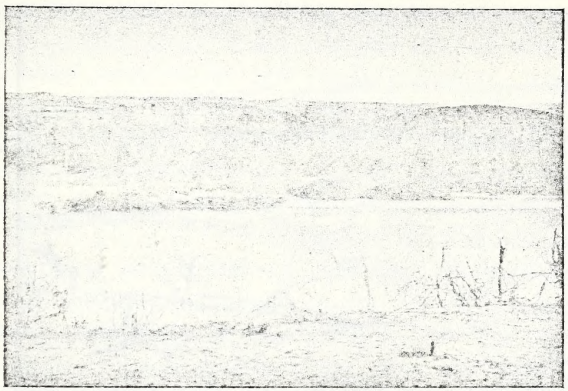
Driving rapidly down the narrow, dirty streets of Bethlehem, to the imminent danger of the crowds of foot passengers, we at last drew up in the large square, before the Church of the Nativity. There is no doubt that this church stands upon the site of the ancient khan or inn where Joseph and Mary stopped, and also that the caves now shown beneath were the stables of the place.

It seems reasonably certain and is generally accepted that the one

now pointed out as the birthplace of Christ is correct. Entering the church, we are first shown one of a row of stone columns supporting the roof, which has five dents in it, arranged in the form of a cross. This heavy mass of stone was once overthrown by an earthquake, and we are told that Helena, the "inventor" of the cross, replaced it with one hand, the tips of her fingers forming the dents in question. Passing down into the cave, now called the Chapel of the Nativity, we were shown three altars marking the spot where Christ was born, where the manger cradle stood, and where the three wise men stood when they worshiped. The cradle itself is in the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in Rome. Near-by, and entered by a narrow cutting, is a small cave to which it is said Joseph retired at the moment of the nativity. In the other caves we see the study and tomb of St. Jerome (vouched for as correct), the tombs of St. Eusebias, Sta. Paula, and St. Eustachia, and the altar of the innocents near the mouth of the cavern, into which the bodies of 20,000 children were thrown after their massacre by Herod's order.

I must venture upon one more quotation: "These various grottoes are minutely measured off and distributed among the rival sects. Many a bitter contest has there been for a few inches of a wall or the fraction of an altar; and more than once the question of the opening and shutting of one of the doors has well-nigh involved Europe in war.

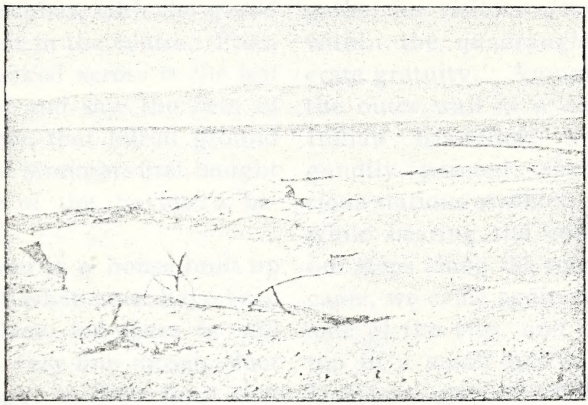
"A Turkish soldier always keeps guard in the Grotto of the Nativity to keep the Christian priests of various sects from flying at each other's throats; and from time to time dreadful outbreaks do occur, even in this most sacred shrine. Only in this very year (1891) one such has occurred, resulting in much bloodshed and loss of life."



River Jordan.

This condition of affairs is certainly a sad commentary and inexcusable blot upon our practical Christianity. Returning to the hotel in time for luncheon at 12:30, we again started out at 2 o'clock, this time on donkey back, and passed out by the new gate, in the northwestern corner of

the city. Passing along outside the north wall to the eastward, we saw the Damascus gate to the right and the Hill of the Skull (of which I shall speak again later) to the left. Then turning the corner of the wall and moving to the southward and eastward, we passed St. Stephen's gate and descended into the Valley of Jehosaphat. Just after crossing the bridge over the then dry bed of the brook Kedron, we stopped at a place incorrectly known as the tomb of the Virgin. Descending a long flight of steps into a large cave, we passed on one side, on the way down, the tomb of St. Anne, and on the other the tomb of St. Joseph. At the bottom, in the body of this very remarkable cavern, stands the stone sarcophagus within which is the so-called tomb of the Virgin. In reality, no one knows what this place is, but it is one of the most curious sights near Jerusalem. It is in this vicinity that the lepers mostly congregate, and a horrible sight they are, with limbs and features dropping away, a veritable rotting of the flesh in life which nothing can arrest. They are importunate for bakshish, more so even than their healthier brethren, and one has to be careful to avoid their touch. They crowd around much too closely for comfort, although they will not absolutely touch one, and keep up their cries (in Hebrew or Arabic, of course) of "Unclean, unclean," or "Leprous, leprous." One is filled with sympathy for them, which is largely turned into disgust, however, when one learns that there is a large free home and hospital for them, of which most of them positively refuse to avail themselves. The reason is, that when they enter the sexes are separated, in order to prevent the introduction into the world of any more such infected beings, and to this they infinitely prefer begging and greater suffering. However, the doctors say that after the disease is firmly established in the system there is very little pain connected with it, but its appearance is so horrible that this is hard to believe.



The Dead Sea.

Mounting our donkeys again, we climbed the Mount of Olives, and entered the large garden on top belong-

ing to the Russians. There is a church here, together with several other buildings, and a high tower which we climbed to the belfry. The view from the top is superb; to the east is the Jordan and the Dead sea with the mountains beyond; to the south Bethany, Bethlehem, and the magnificent scenery seen in the morning on the way to the latter place; and on the west the city of Jerusalem itself, El-Kudsesh-Sherif (the Holy, the Noble) of the followers of the prophet; in the foreground the Harem enclosure bordering on the valley of Jehosaphat, with the grand Mosque of Omar in the centre. From here we also looked across to the hill of evil counsel and saw the field of blood, Aceldama, that burial ground for outcasts and strangers first bought with the price of the Saviour's betrayal.

Near the tower is a house built up over the site of what must have been an ancient palace, for there is still shown there a very fine mosaic floor which is thought to have been that of a dining hall, because of the designs of game, fish, etc. The Greek church is in the ascendancy in Jerusalem and whenever there is a division they always come out ahead. The reason for this seems to be that Russia is the only nation that the Turks seem to fear. The word of the Czar is powerful throughout the land, and when he wishes to buy a piece of land it is generally found to be in the market. Just outside the Russian enclosure is a mosque called the Mosque of the Ascension, whence the Moslems say that Christ ascended into heaven; for they, too, believe in Jesus, but only as a lesser saint. His footprint, impressed upon the rock at the moment of his rising, is still shown. Leaving the summit, we descended nearly to the bottom of the hill, near the tomb of the Virgin, entered the garden of Gethsemane. The original garden was unquestionably here, but the wall now encloses but a small part of what must have been its original area. Entering through a low, narrow door, we found ourselves in a narrow, gravel walk between the high outer wall and the closely wrought iron fence which protects the shrubbery within from the vandalism of visitors. A priest will gather for visitors a few flowers from within the quadrangle, for a moderate gratuity. Around the inside of the outer wall is a series of cheap Italian bas-reliefs in terra-cotta, gaudily painted, showing the various stations at which Christ stopped while bearing the cross. Retracing our steps along the road by which we came, we came again to the northern side of the city, and climbed to the top of a small hill just outside the Damascus gate, the Hill of the Skull. At this place and on Olivet, the only two eminences overlooking the city, the besieging army of Titus encamped, and it was from this place on the north that the city was finally carried by assault, that being the only direction from which the battering rams and other heavy engines of war could approach. Under the leadership of the explorer Gordon, a large number of people have accepted this hill as the "hill of the skull" of St. John, as Calvary or Golgotha, and it certainly much more nearly fulfils the conditions than the site within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

From its top and facing to the

south, as the cross must have done if erected here, the view simply beggars description, stretching away over the city itself in the foreground to the horizon beyond Bethany and Bethlehem. One feels naturally drawn to accept this site because of its natural beauties, which cast such an unfavorable light upon the artificial nature of the commonly-accepted site.

Furthermore, there has been recently excavated at the base of this hill a rockhewn tomb in a cliff which fills in every particular the descriptions of the Bible, in which the other tomb is so lamentably lacking. It was undoubtedly the tomb of a rich Jew, and was being prepared for the reception of a family, having places in course of construction for one man, one woman, and a child. The only one of these that has ever been finished or used is that of the man. The opening through which those looked who came to search for Christ is still there and gives directly upon the one occupied tomb. Along the face of the cliff just outside of the tomb is a rut cut out in the rock, along which a heavy circular stone must have been rolled to cover all the openings in the face of the tomb, together with a cutting at one side of the tomb against which this rock fetched up when the entrance was closed.

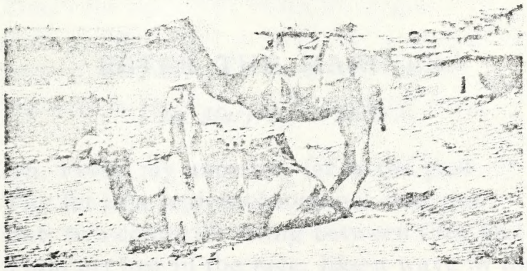
This ended our sightseeing, for our time was limited to one day, which was then nearing its close, so we returned to the hotel to take the train next morning for our return to Jaffa.

And here I must close my letter, doubtless to your great relief, for on looking it over I am struck by two things: first, by its length, which has far overrun the limit which I had expected; second, by the fact that there is nothing in it that you have not doubtless already heard. My apologies for these failings must be that in my comparatively limited knowledge of Masonry, as I have already said, I have feared to omit points that would be of interest to you, and also that I hope that things already familiar may be made interesting by the telling of a friend.

And so I will say farewell, hoping that circumstances will soon arrange themselves so that I may be able to meet you all again.

Fraternally yours,

L. H. CHANDLER.



OVER THE OCEAN AND FAR AWAY.

By J. B. M. Wright.

Paintings wrought by the hands of masters;
Statues fair, with a grace divine;
Cots of the humble, toiling peasant,
Sheltered by growths of sighing pine;
Fruits of many a luscious flavor;
Rulers grand, in their pomp and sway;—
These are the pictures life is showing,
Over the ocean and far away.

Wonderful reefs of coral islands,
Lying fair on the waters blue,
Work of the countless tiny insects,
Busy ever their whole life through;
Fairest sunsets the eye can cherish
Linger long with a golden ray;—
These are the pictures life is showing,
Over the ocean and far away.

Minsters mighty, with great bells tolling,
Rend the air with their merry chime;
Organs' deep-toned music rolling;
Torrents, dashing in force sublime;
Sweet guitars, their soft notes playing,
Keeping time to the minstrel's lay;—
These are the pictures life is showing,
Over the ocean and far away.

PETER THE MARINER.[1]

By Mary H. Wheeler.

Ah, Peter, my ancestor, far in the past
Thy lot in a region of romance was cast;
But, two centuries rising between thee and me,
Thou art lost in the race, like a wave in the sea.

[1] Peter Garland, of England, mariner, born between the years 1590 and 1600, father of John, of Hampton, N. H., born, 1621.

We know not the place where they cradled thee warm,
Or if land or if ocean received thy dead form;
And the count of thy years is forgotten to-day,
Like a cloud, or a breath that has floated away.

Oh, could you but give us a picture or two
Of the scenes which in youth were familiar to you!
Could you tell of your father, your mother, your wife,
Of the joys or the sorrows that varied your life!

Could we see but your bearing, your eyes, and your hair,
Or even the clothing that you used to wear!
Or if we might hear how your voice used to ring
When you spoke—when you laughed! Did you whistle or sing?

But, alas! for the camera's trick was unknown,
And the phonograph never had shadowed a tone,
In the days when 'mid icebergs and sharks and great whales,
You braved the broad ocean with wind-beaten sails.

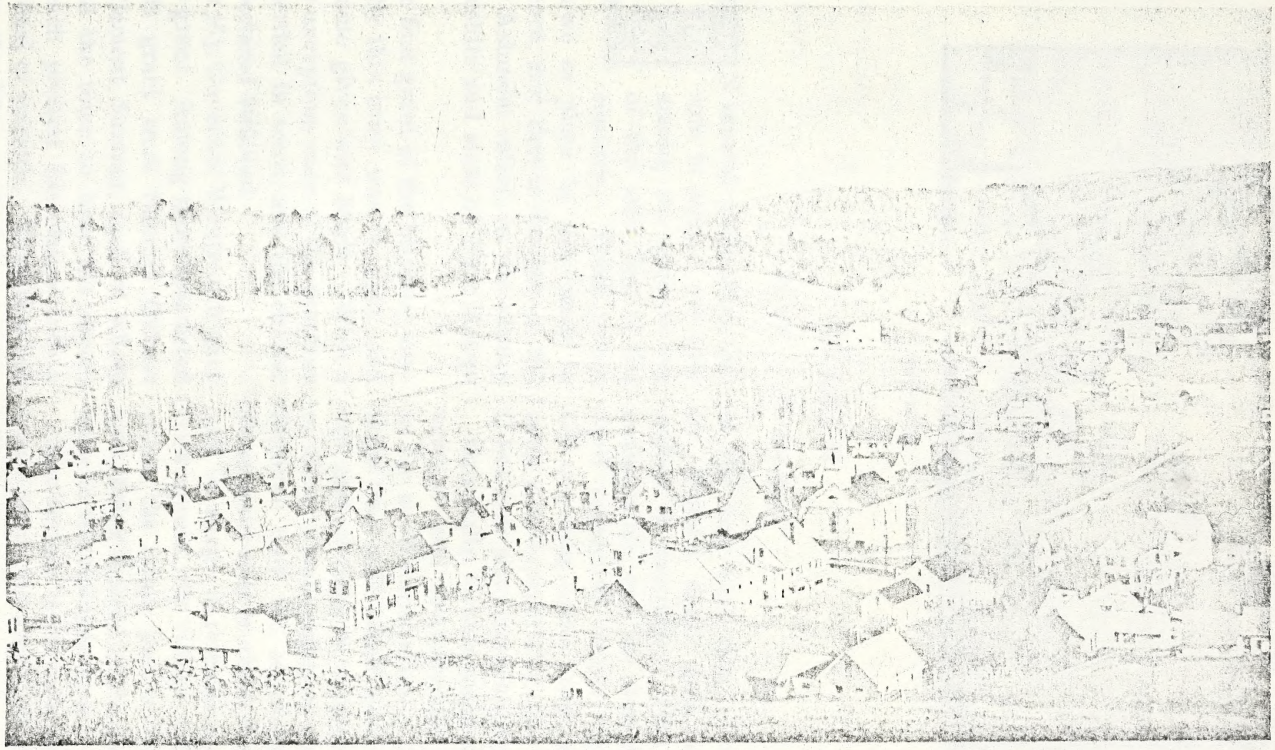
Ah, Peter, at night, on the great, silent sea,
When the winds were at rest and the stars over thee,
As you thought of the little ones sleeping at home,
Had you never a dream of descendants to come?

And did shadowy forms in the foreground appear,
With traits like thine own, as they glided anear?
And clouds of young faces still seem to ascend
Away to the westward in ranks without end?

Did you hear far-off accents in low, vibrant tone,
Inflections and voices that echoed thine own?
And was it a pleasure in dreams to foresee
The race yet unborn that would centre in thee?

Ah, Peter, my ancestor, years intervene:
What are years,—what is time, but a something unseen—
A chasm, a mountain, between thee and me,
On this rainbow-arched isle in eternity's sea,

Where you looking forward and I looking back
May signal a greeting across the dim track
Which was made by the record of our passing race
In this little circuit in infinite space.



Gilsum Village, from the Hill on the West.



Main Street.

GILSUM.

By Dr. I. A. Loveland.

IN several particulars Gilsum is unique, not only among the sister towns of the state but of the country. There is but one town or place by this name in existence, and that is the gem of the upper Ashuelot valley, in the county of Cheshire and state of New Hampshire.

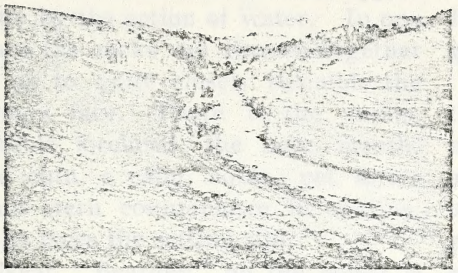
The first grant of the territory covered by this town was in 1752, and the name given was Boyle. With a single exception, none of the grantees ever settled in town, and the charter was declared forfeited.

In 1763, Governor Wentworth gave a new grant. Among those interested in this grant were Samuel Gilbert and Clement Sumner, each of whom desired the town to bear his name, and each pressed his claims with a great deal of warmth. Tradition has it that the dispute had a romantic ending. Sumner had a son, and Gilbert a daughter, and while their fathers were fighting over the name of the new town they were pierced by Cupid's darts, and were soon united in marriage. This led to a compromise, and the first syllable of their respective names were taken, *Gil-sum*—the name under which the town was incorporated, and by which it has ever since been known.

Originally, Gilsum embraced 25,340 acres of land and extended westward as far as Westmoreland. In 1769, a large tract was taken from the western part of Gilsum to form the town of Surry; and eighteen years later Sullivan took the southeast corner. Its present area is about 6,000 acres, and in shape it resembles a carpenter's square, the village, which comprises the larger part of its population, being located at the inner angle close to the Sullivan line.

The surface is very uneven. From some points of view hill rises upon hill, and a landscape of great beauty is presented. On the western boundary is Surry mountain with a height of 1,650 feet above the level of the



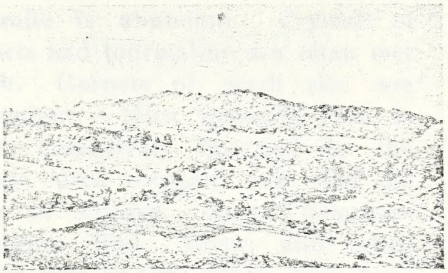


River View, with Polley Bridge.

sea, while the eastern end of the town next to Stoddard attains an almost equal altitude. The northern boundary is elevated, and also a part of the southern. The village lies in a deep basin, so completely is it surrounded by hills. The Ashuelot river passes through the town, and about a mile from the village, near the stone bridge, it dashes through a deep, rocky gorge with nearly perpendicular sides. In some places they are overhanging, so that a stone dropped from the top will strike the water nearly 100 feet below. On the north side of this wall is an inaccessible seat or notch called the "Devil's chair."

When the water is low, one looks upon a scene of beauty as he watches the meandering river so far below him, now meeting with some obstacle and gently turning aside, now expanding into a miniature bay with its pebbly shore, and then again flowing silently onward. But let this same stream be seen when swollen by the spring freshets, and all is changed. It now dashes against the huge boulders in its bed, and is thrown back by them, filling the air with spray and covering itself with foam. Again the waters rush forward and perhaps strike against a projecting point in the narrow channel, only to be deflected to the opposite side. The whole scene is one of sublimity, equal to that of many far-famed resorts.

On the height of land between Gilsum village and Keene, near the Sullivan line, is "Bearden." Here acres of rocks are thrown together in every conceivable form of confusion, apparently by some internal force of tremendous power ages ago. These rocks are mostly irregular in shape,

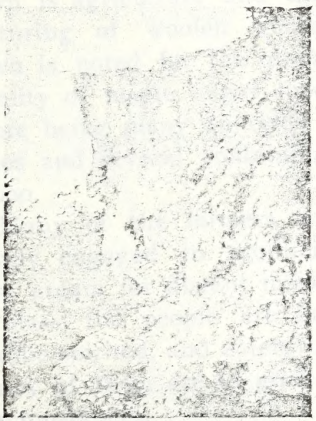


Old Meeting-House and Stone Bridge.

and under and among them are numerous holes and dens, one of the latter being some fifty feet in extent. They formerly afforded shelter to wolves and bears, but now the most formidable animal met with is the woodchuck, the fox, and the hedgehog. In some places the rocks are wedged together very compactly, as if by the hand of the mason. One rock twenty feet long and three and one half feet square and nearly as regular as if made by a stone-cutter, seems to have been caught while falling and one end made fast by overlapping rocks, while the other extends horizontally like a projecting beam for more than half its whole length. Other rocks are seen, weighing in some cases thousands of tons,

with their shelving under sides hollowed into numerous cavities, apparently by the action of water. In one place the rocks are thrown together so as to quite closely resemble the human face. There is the unmistakable forehead, the nose, mouth, and chin, a calm, noble, yet somewhat stern countenance in outline, as he faces the setting sun.

Near "Bearden" on the south is a small swamp which is the chief source of Beaver brook. About an eighth of a mile from its source this brook forms a cascade somewhat smaller than the well-known "Beaver Falls" in Keene, five miles south on the same stream, but it is really more beautiful, the water falling over a bed of green moss.



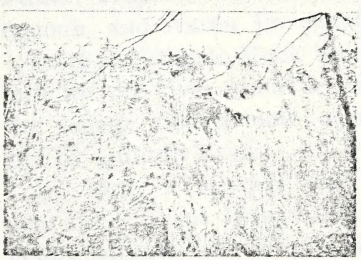
Profile on Bearden Mountain.

Vessel rock is a geologic wonder. During the drift period this enormous boulder was stranded here. It is so called from its resemblance to a ship under full sail. Fragments from it have fallen off, so that the resemblance is not now very complete. The falling off of a large piece from the west side in 1817 was due to an earthquake a short time before. It now measures 45 feet in length, 32 feet in width, and 25 feet in height. It is referred to in many works on geology and is visited by many.

Under the overhanging sides of this rock Rev. W. E. Renshaw once married a couple. Not finding him at home, they started towards Keene and met him near this rock. The pastor, who was always equal to the occasion, suggested this novel place for the wedding ceremony, which was promptly seconded by the happy couple.

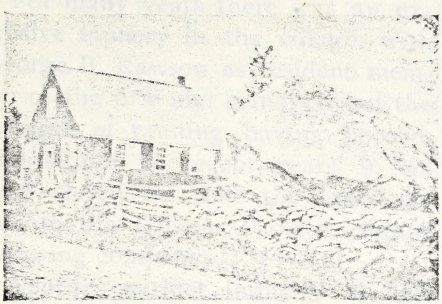
Gilsum has a variety of minerals. Granite is abundant. Crystals of quartz and tourmaline are often met with. Garnets of small size are abundant. Mica abounds, and is now extensively quarried by the Davis Mica company just over the line in Alstead. Surry mountain contains lead, silver, and gold. From time to time efforts have been made to obtain them, but thus far have not met with much success. With modern machinery and improved processes of mining, it is believed by some that these minerals could be obtained in paying quantities.

The flora of the town is varied and abundant. In the spring the trailing arbutus, violet, adder's tongue,



Entrance to Bearden.





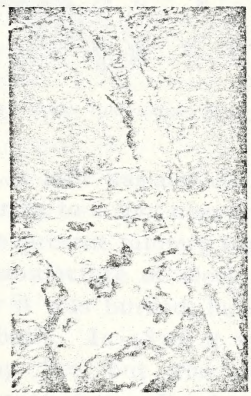
Vessel Rock and School-House.

blood root, trilium, bell flower, spring beauty, and other common spring flowers are found, and later the fragrant azalea. One spot near the river is covered with mountain laurel, the only place for many miles where it is found.

The chief business carried on in town is agriculture and the manufacturing of woolen goods. The town is noted for the quantity and quality of maple sugar made here, there being many orchards of 1,000 trees and several containing nearly 2,000.

Many of the farmers are extensively engaged in producing milk and cream for distant markets. As a class, the people are intelligent, public-spirited, and enterprising, and many of them are in good financial circumstances.

The Ashuelot river in its course through town has a fall of some three hundred feet, with numerous excellent water privileges. The first use of these gifts of Nature that we know of was in 1776, when Elisha Mack built a sawmill and grist-mill near the stone bridge. People came from far and near, often bringing their grists on hand sleds in winter, and upon their backs when there was no snow. This mill was in operation some seventy-five years. It was once rebuilt on an enlarged scale, and the chair business added in 1845. Fire destroyed the mill in 1869. The privilege is the best in town, and is now owned by John S. Collins, who offers liberal inducements to the right parties to occupy it. Another grist-mill was put up in 1802 about half a mile farther down the river, and was run for thirty years by David Fuller, Stephen White, Daniel Beverstock, and Aaron Loveland.



In the Gorge, below the Stone Bridge



Stone Bridge from the South.

In 1830, Orlando Mack built a sawmill up the river about a mile from the village. It is now owned and run by Quincy Nash.

In 1871, a sawmill was erected near the "Burnt House hill," which is now owned and run by S. W. Dart. It contains the only grist-mill in town at present.

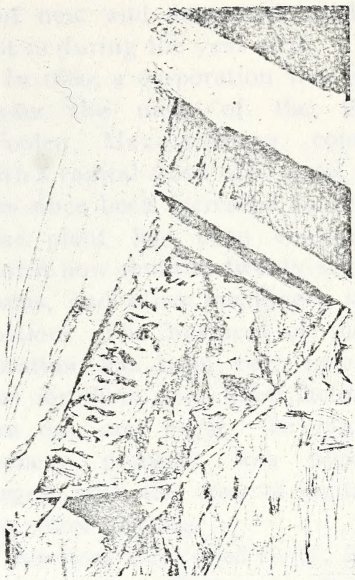
For many years there was an extensive tannery in the village, with George B. Rawson as resident member of the firm and manager, but the business of tanning having become unprofitable in recent years. it has been closed up and the buildings sold to the Gilsum Woolen Manufacturing company.

Another extinct industry is the awl business. It was carried on for twenty years by Luther Hemenway and his sons in a shop near the residence of George W. Taylor, and also by Solon W. Eaton in a shop near the present site of Collins's factory. Mr. Hemenway was the inventor and patentee of valuable improvements in awl making.

Formerly the business of the blacksmith was much more extensive than it is now, for it included the making of edged tools, and the doing of a large class of work that is now done in foundries; the same fact would apply to the wheelwright's business. In both of these industries there were several shops in which all branches of the business were carried on by skilled workmen. L. R. Guillow and W. H. Bates are now our only blacksmiths.

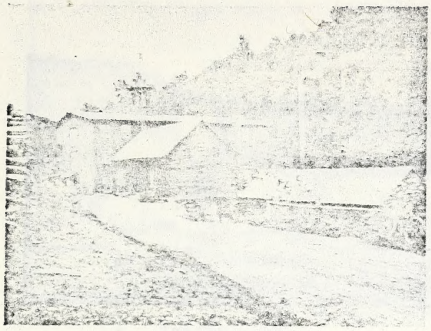


Beaver Brook Falls.



Heading in South Tunnel—Davis Mica Co.

In 1820, a mill was moved from a brook near by to a spot near the west end of the present tannery building, for the manufacture of cloth. Two years later it was burned, but immediately rebuilt. In 1830, it was destroyed by fire, but the citizens helped Deacon Aaron Brigham, who now owned the property, to rebuild on an enlarged scale. For a time success attended the enterprise, but at length the deacon was unable to meet his bills. He induced twelve men in town to lend him $500 apiece, he agreeing to pay them the interest yearly and $1,000 on the principal. These men became widely known as the "twelve apostles." The first year Mr. Brigham kept his contract, the second year he could not pay his interest, and the third year he failed to pay even his help, and the twelve men were forced to take the factory into their possession to secure themselves. They run it about two years,



Mill of Gilsum Woolen Mfg. Co.

when they closed up the business at a loss of some $2,000 apiece.

In 1852, Milton Silsby bought the mill and carried on business till 1858, when the mill was burned, and this closed the textile industry on this spot.

In 1827, Thomas T. Chapin built a dam for a mill an eighth of a mile below this place. He died before he carried out his plans, and Luther Abbott bought the privilege and erected a starch factory, which business he carried on for about five years. Joseph Upton and Harrison G. Howe then hired the factory, and, putting in machinery, began the manufacture of colored flannels. The woolen business was carried on here by several parties, and at one time the making of chairs by Hammond and Loveland.

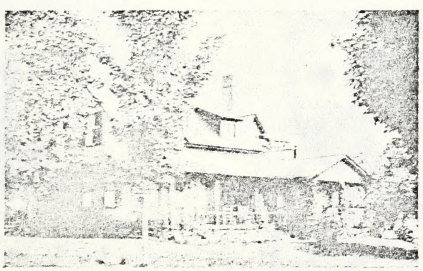
In 1865, Wright, Cornell & Lyman built the present building, which, however, has since been greatly enlarged, and run the mill on flannels for three months, and then failed up and left town.

The firm of Cuthbert, Gould & Company bought it in 1866, and started it up on flannels the next spring. In 1872, John Gould left the firm. Extensive repairs were made and new and improved machinery put in during the year 1878.

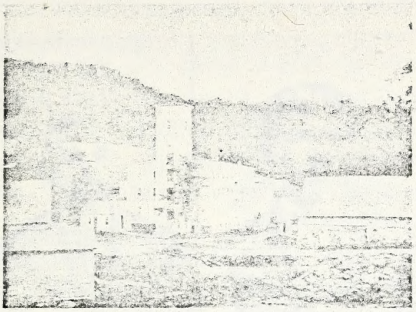
In 1880, a corporation was formed under the name of the Gilsum Woolen Manufacturing company, with a capital stock of $18,000, which has since been increased to $25,000. The plant has been enlarged, so that it now contains twenty-six broad looms, and other machinery in proportion. The business of the corporation has been very successful, and for three years their factory was run day and night. In 1891, the tannery property was purchased largely with the view of controlling the water privilege.

We have mentioned S. W. Eaton's awl factory. This was afterwards changed into a shingle-mill. In 1836, Thurston & Co. took the building for a flannel factory, and carried on the business for two years, when they were succeeded by Isaac Wallis and Arnold B. Hutchinson. In 1840, the property passed into the hands of Faulkner & Colony, of Keene. The late Charles S. Faulkner lived here two years, and personally superintended the business.

In 1848, Gould & Wetherby commenced business here. They moved the old mill across the road and converted it into a boarding-house, and built the present mill. In conse-



"The Wayside"—Residence of Hon. J. S. Collins.



The Collins Mill.

quence of the failure of their commission house, they were obliged to close up their business, selling to Ebenezer Jones in 1849. He was successful in his business, but sold in 1857 to Joshua and Thomas Ward. They soon failed, and the property passed into the hands of Seth and William Ward, who sold it after three years to Henshaw Ward, of Boston. Army blankets were made here during the war.

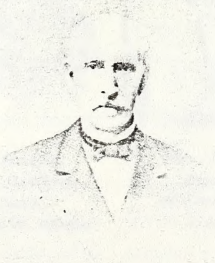
In 1867, the property was sold to Stephen Collins and his sons, Michael and John S. The senior Collins was a thorough manufacturer, and the sons were made acquainted with every detail of manufacturing. The success that has attended the business careers of the sons is due in no small degree to the painstaking instruction of their father, and the habits of industry which he inculcated.

In 1872, Michael Collins sold his interest in the firm, and went to Springfield, Vt., remaining there three years. He then returned to town, and formed a copartnership with his brother John, the father retiring from active business. After a few years Michael Collins went to a suburb of Lowell, Mass., and built a large mill, which he has enlarged at different times, until it has become the most extensive mill property in the state owned and run by a single person. So vast is the business that a corporation has been recently formed to relieve Mr. Collins of some of the care. A village has sprung up about this mill, with a post-office called Collinsville.

John S. Collins has owned and successfully operated the mill here since the retirement of his brother, with the exception of about two years, when George Levy was associated with him. When the Collinses came here there were only five looms in the factory. Now there are twenty-eight broad looms of the most approved pattern, and a proportional increase in all the other machinery of the mill. The factory is equipped with automatic fire extinguishers,



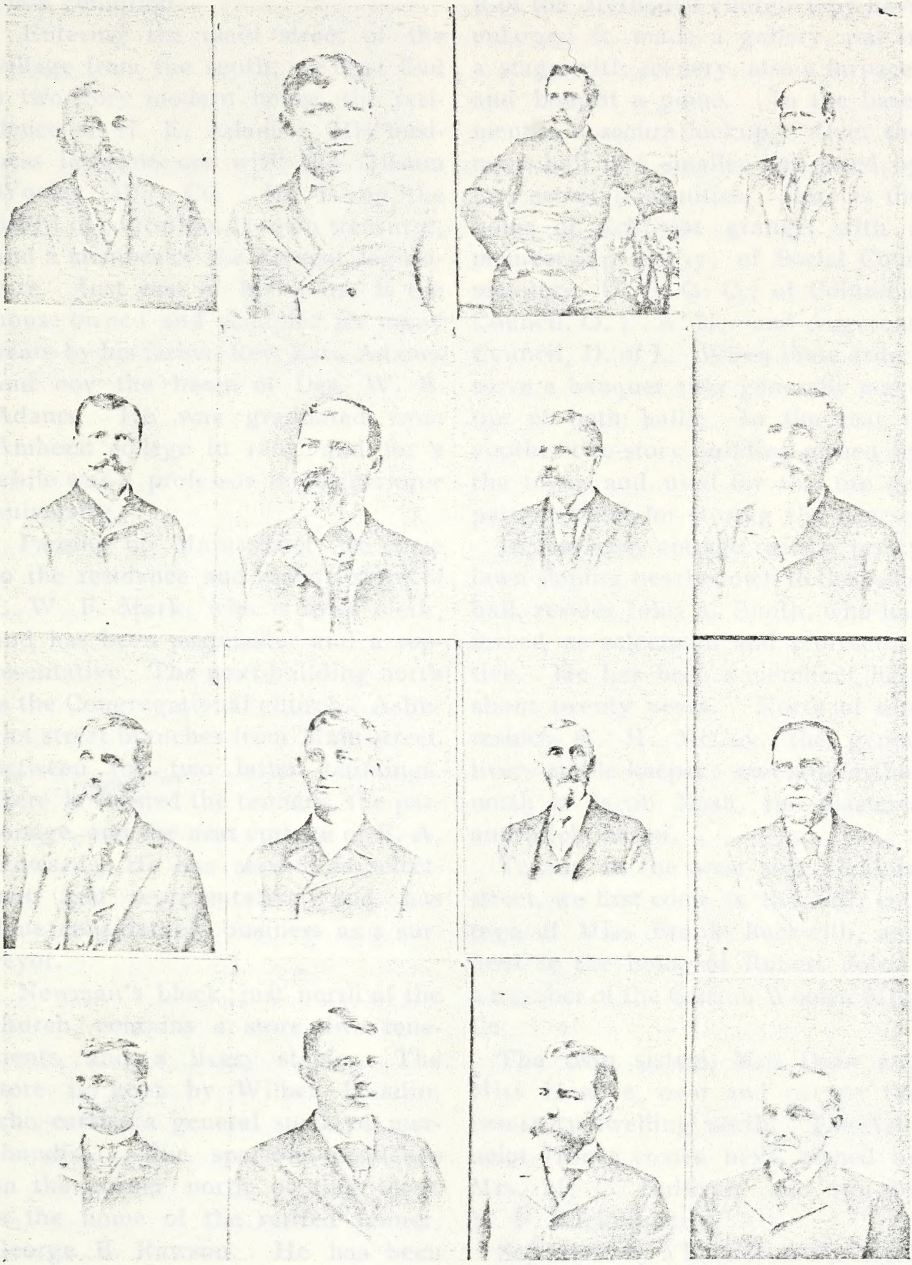
John S. Collins.



Stephen Collins.



Michael Collins.

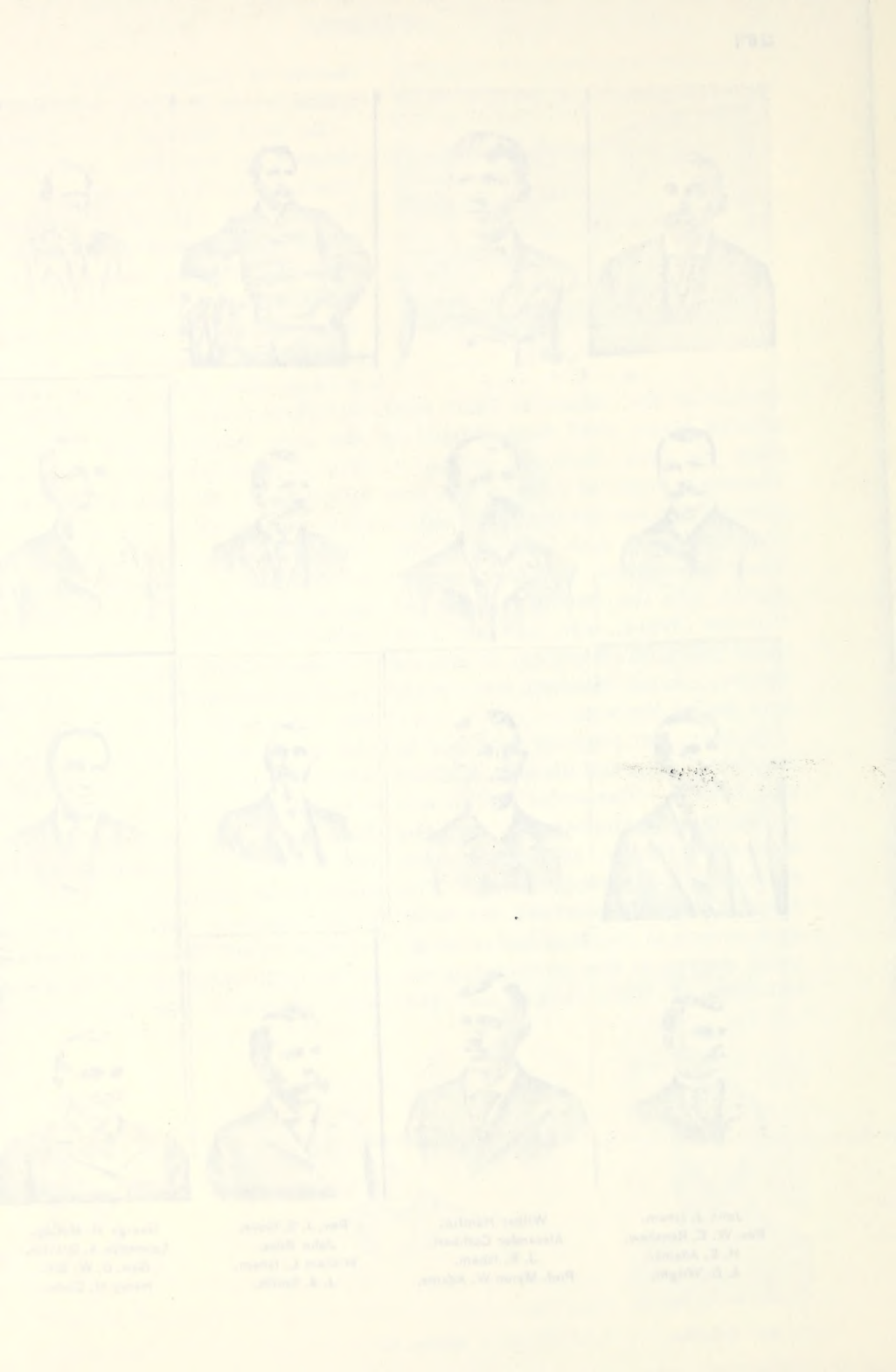


John J. Isham.
Rev. W. E. Renshaw.
H. E. Adams.
A. D. Wright.

Wilber Hamlin.
Alexander Cuthbert.
J. E. Isham.
Prof. Myron W. Adams.

Rev. J. S. Gove.
John Bliss.
William L. Isham.
J. A. Smith.

George H. McCoy.
Lawrence A. Gravlin.
Gen. D. W. Bill.
Henry H. Carter.



and everything about it is in first-class condition.

Entering the main street of the village from the south, we first find a two-story modern house, the residence of H. E. Adams. His business interests are with the Gilsum Woolen Mfg. Co. He is on the board of education, is town treasurer, and a member of the present legislature. Just east of his house is the house owned and occupied for many years by his father, Rev. Ezra Adams, and now the home of Dea. W. B. Adams. He was graduated from Amherst college in 1863, and for a while was a professor in Wilberforce university.

Passing up Main street, we come to the residence and variety store of L. W. F. Mark, who is town clerk, and has been postmaster and a representative. The next building north is the Congregational church. Ashuelot street branches from Main street, between the two latter buildings. Here is located the tannery, the parsonage, and the neat cottage of F. A. Howard. He has served as selectman and representative, and has done considerable business as a surveyor.

Newman's block, just north of the church, contains a store, two tenements, and a livery stable. The store is kept by Wilber Hamlin, who carries a general stock of merchandise. The spacious residence on the corner north of this block is the home of the retired tanner, George B. Rawson. He has been selectman and representative.

Passing by the Kingsbury place, where Hon. George W. Hendee spent three years of his boyhood, and the Widow McCoy's house, we come to the town hall. Since the town bought it of the Methodist church they have enlarged it, made a gallery, put in a stage with scenery, also a furnace, and bought a piano. In the basement is a secure lockup. Over the main hall is a smaller hall, used by four secret fraternities. Here is the home of Ashuelot grange, with a membership of 137; of Social Commandery, U. O. G. C.; of Columbia Council, O. U. A. M.; and Angerona Council, D. of L. When these orders serve a banquet they generally make use of both halls. In the rear is another two-story building owned by the town, and used for the fire department and for storing the hearse.

In that cosy cottage, with a pretty lawn sloping nearly down to the town hall, resides John A. Smith, who has served as selectman and representative. He has been a merchant here about twenty years. North of him resides G. H. McCoy, the genial livery stable keeper; and still farther north is Jacob Nash, the plasterer and brick mason.

Taking in the west side of Main street, we first come to the little cottage of Miss Frank Beckwith, and next to the home of Robert Polzer, a member of the Gilsum Woolen Mfg. Co.

The twin sisters, Mrs. Dean and Miss Hendee, own and occupy the two-story dwelling north. The Ashuelot House comes next, owned by Mrs. M. C. Sullivan, and run by M. F. Buckminster.

Separated by a lawn from the hotel, is the residence and office of Dr. I. A. Loveland. The public library, established in 1893, and now numbering 1,102 volumes, is kept in his house.

The brick house is the residence of



Congregational Church.

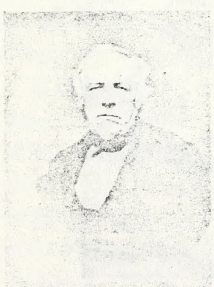
Allen Hayward, the carpenter, who has served as selectman and representative. The widow of the late Col. Daniel Smith lives in the next house, and then we come to the store of his son, J. A. Smith. Col. Smith was a public-spirited and widely respected citizen, and was very fond of a good horse. His son, J. A., may be said to have inherited all these traits.

That large and fine residence north of the store is the home of F. C. Minor, one of our ex-representatives, his only son, Elmer E., occupying the upper part of the house. For nearly thirty years he was actively engaged in manufacturing here. Last fall he sold out his stock in the Gilsum Woolen Mfg. Co., and retired from this business. His fast horses, his real estate, and other interests will prevent him from rusting out, as he lays off the harness he has so long worn.

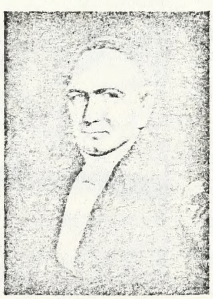
The next, a modern two-story house, is owned by Alexander Cuthbert, a member of the Gilsum Woolen Manufacturing company. Then comes the home of Mrs. Mary A. Hammond, widow of the late Aaron D. Hammond. He was active in the business and politics of the town, kept store in the Newman block quite a number of years, was a selectman many years, representative two years, and moderator more years than any other person in town. Dr. Webster lives in the next house, the last on Main street.

On High street is the large and thoroughly constructed residence of Samuel W. Dart, the sawmill owner, and also that of Wilber Hamlin, the merchant, and of Henry Bowbrick, together with several tenement houses. All these houses have been recently erected.

Sullivan street is the old highway to Sullivan, and upon it a goodly number of houses have been built during the past thirty years. On a plateau rising some fifty feet above the street level is the "Parade," so called from the musters being held there. The school-house is on this street. Near the Ashuelot river is the elegant residence of John S. Collins and the home of his mother and sister, Miss Mary Collins, to whom the writer is deeply indebted for valuable suggestions regarding the illustrations for this article. Mr. Collins has served in both branches of the legislature during his thirty years'

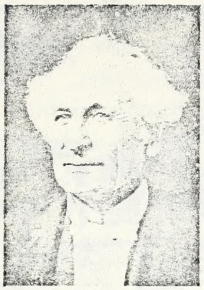


Rev. Samuel C. Loveland.



Rev. David Kilburn.





Dr. K. D. Webster.



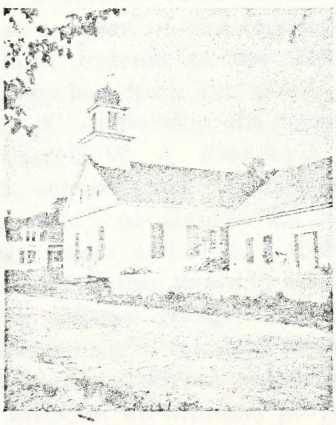
Dr. I. A. Loveland.

residence in town, and is an honored citizen. The Ashuelot river is spanned by a substantial iron bridge.

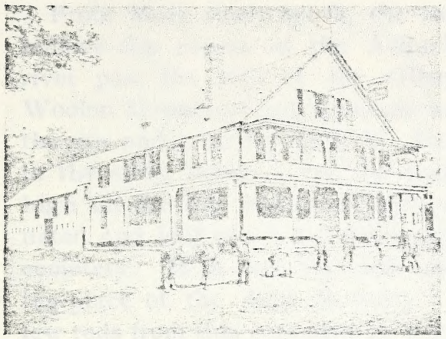
We now come to Collins's mill, and the neat tenement houses for the employés. Opposite the mill pond the road divides. Taking the right-hand one up the hill, we reach the residence and store of George H. Leach. He is also extensively engaged in teaming and lumbering.

This place is a part of the old Loveland farm, the birthplace of Samuel C. Loveland, in 1787. The "History of Gilsum" says "he was one of the most distinguished of the natives of Gilsum." He was a self-educated man. The higher schools of learning he never entered as a student, yet so great were his mental powers and his perseverance that he became a linguist of marked attainments, a writer, and a preacher of note in the Universalist church. He could speak or write over a dozen different languages, including the Chaldee, Syriac, and Arabic. He published a Greek and English lexicon, which was considered a remarkable production in its day. The only known copy of it in the state is in the state library. Middlebury college recognized its merits by giving its author the degree of A. M. He died at South Hartford, N. Y., in 1859. His library of 3,000 volumes he gave to Canton university.

Climbing the hills on a winding road, we come to the Hemenway place. Luther Hemenway built here in 1832. He was a member of the Christian church here, and having a natural gift for public speaking, he became a preacher. Meetings were held in his house and in schoolhouses, and he baptized many converts. He died at Springfield, Vt., at the age of ninety years. Edmund Perley Hemenway, a grandson, was born here. In 1870, he graduated from the scientific department of Dartmouth college. He was for several years chief assistant engineer of the Connecticut River Valley railroad. He is now employed by a large manufacturing establishment in Brooklyn, N. Y., on scientific work. The place is now owned by George W. Taylor, another grandson, and is quite a noted summer resort. A sheet of clear, sparkling water is in front of the house, with shade-trees and cosy nooks in all directions. It is a quiet, restful place, whose beau-



Town Hall.

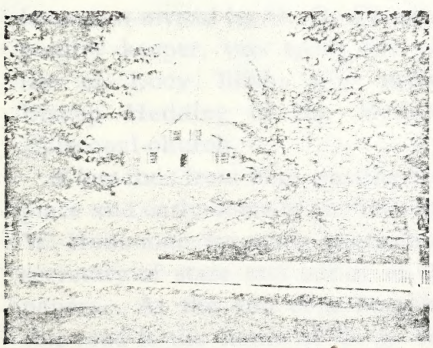


Ashuelot House.

ties are duly appreciated by a few wealthy families from Boston and New York that come here with each recurring summer.

The left-hand road from Collins's mill leads to Marlow. It is the most level road in town, and is often taken for pleasure riding. About half a mile from the mill a mountain brook dashes down and forms a series of cascades of remarkable beauty, second to but few in our state.

Coming back to the village and taking the road leading north from Main street to Alstead, we come to the village cemetery, which is entirely private, owned now by Mrs. Esther L. Newman. North of here is the farm of the late George W. Newman. Here is a sugar orchard of 1,600 trees. Mr. Newman rose from poverty to wealth by his economy, industry, and good judgment. He built more houses in town than any other person, run a sawmill for many years, and was closely identified with the business of the place. He repeatedly served as selectman. In 1893, he was killed by the falling of a tree.



Village School-House.

The road leads on up the hill past several cottages for nearly half a mile. From the summit there is a pretty view. Eastward can be seen Boynton hill in Sullivan, and a lesser range of hills in the same town, while northward one looks upon an apparently prosperous farming district. The hilltop farm is John Wellman's. Here once resided George C. Hubbard, now of Fitzwilliam. He was county commissioner, school superintendent for many years, and a highly respected citizen. This place, too, was the residence of that enterprising person, Jesse Dart, previous to his removal to Keene. The next farm is owned by James A. Nichols, the milkman, and is known as the Eliphalet Webster place. This Webster was a colonel in the militia, selectman three years, and twice a member of the legislature. This farm extends to the Alstead town line, but from the point just mentioned can be seen the farms of J. H. Carroll, W. A. French, A. M. French, whose place is christened "Ledgeside," of George E. Newman, the trader, and of M. J. Kidder. They are all within two and one half miles of Gilsum village, and their business and social relations are such that they are considered as belonging to the town for all ordinary purposes except to vote and pay taxes.

From Main street south, the road follows the course of the Ashuelot river past the mill of the Gilsum Woolen Manufacturing company and the saw and grist-mill of S. W. Dart, to the stone bridge. On the right, high on the hill and beautifully situated and laid out is the Centennial cemetery. It is now the chief resting-place of the dead in town. A few rods from this cemetery is a spot sacred to the Mormon church. In 1775, here was born the mother of Hiram and Joseph Smith, two of the greatest leaders of the Mormon church, who sealed their faith with their blood, both being killed by a mob at Carthage, Ill., in 1844.



Oscar A. Mack.



A D Hammond.



Ezra Adams.

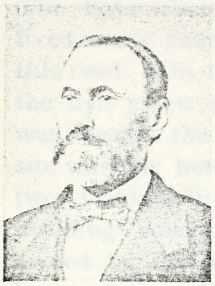
Continuing our journey down the river for about half a mile, we come to another bridge. Crossing it, we are in "Hammond hollow." On the farm now owned by O. O. Cross, the poultry keeper, was spent the early life of Lucy Blish, who married Bishop Hedding of the Methodist Episcopal church.

A few rods from here was the birthplace and early home of the late Isaac W. Hammond, for many years deputy secretary of state and editor of state papers. At the end of a branch of this road is the home of O. J. Willson. He has been selectman, is on the board of education and is prominent in grange circles. The farm extends up the side of Surry mountain, and a good path leads to its summit, from which the greater part of the town of Surry can be seen, a panorama of wondrous beauty. The farm has been fitly christened "Mountain View farm." In a depression on the summit of the mountain is a lily pond of several acres in extent, whose waters are very deep. This place would make an ideal summer resort.

Recrossing the Hammond Hollow bridge and continuing down the river, we come to the Butler place, now owned by Frank P. Crain. The house is on a high bluff above the river and commands a fine view. In natural attractions it would be difficult to find a place its equal for a summer residence.

A short distance from here was the boyhood home of Oscar A. Mack. He graduated from West Point in 1850, ranking eighth in a class of forty-eight. He served his country with distinguished ability and bravery during the Civil War, and died while on special duty in the army in New Mexico, with the rank of colonel.

The stone bridge was first built in



Francis A. Howard.



Col. Daniel Smith.

1860 at a cost of $950, but owing to faulty construction the arch fell in after a few months' use. Another stone arch bridge was soon erected, and this time in the best possible manner at a cost of over $5,000. The arch is the largest of any bridge in the state used for a highway. Before the stone bridges were built a wooden bridge was maintained after 1778.

On the south side of this bridge is a hamlet called the lower village. In 1833, F. W. Day built a store here and did a large business till his death in 1840. The building was used as a dwelling-house until last fall, when it was bought by J. E. Isham, who has remodeled it, and now has a neat store and a good line of groceries, etc.

A few rods south of the stone bridge the roads diverge. The left-hand one is called the "new road," and is the direct route to Keene. It is a county road and was opened in 1839, after a bitter contest.

The residences of the Bridge brothers and of L. W. Wilder are the only houses on the road until Keene street is reached, a distance of eight miles, and yet a drive over it is a source of real pleasure. The road-bed is good. There are level stretches along the Beaver Brook meadows, and there is Bingham hill which must be climbed with its huge ledges and boulders near the summit.

A little west of this road and near the Keene line occurred a noted bear fight in 1777. Eleazer Wilcox and Joshua Osgood were hunting for the bear. While they were a short distance from each other, the bear suddenly attacked Mr. Wilcox, who fired at him but his gun missed fire.



Residence of Samuel W. Dart.

The bear, standing on his hind legs, struck the gun with his fore paws with such force as to bend back the guard and make a deep dent. The man and bear now clinched. He seized the bear's tongue and held on for dear life. The barking of his dog and his cries were heard by Mr. Osgood, who hastened to the spot. At first he hesitated about firing, lest he should kill his friend; but realizing the unequal conflict, he heeded the importunities of Mr. Wilcox and fired. The bear fled, and the next day was found dead. Mr. Wilcox received over forty flesh wounds, and never was as strong as before this encounter. He occasionally had ill turns, which he called "bear fits."

The right-hand road from the stone bridge is the old road to Keene, and leads to the first settlement in town.

The farm where Col. Daniel Smith lived many years is the first one on this road. On that level mowing at the left, a few rods from this place, was located the old church. Opposite was the hotel, and near by were two blacksmith shops and several dwelling-houses. The farm now owned by Edward Loiselle was the home of Gen. Daniel Wright for 30 years. He moved to Westport, N. Y., about 1796, and became an officer in the militia of that state. In the last war with Great Britain he was the commander of the land forces in the Battle of Plattsburg, and "won an enviable reputation as an officer."

Climbing the hill, we come to the Bill farm, which has been in the possession of this family for 119 years,



George W. Newman.



George E. Newman.

the present occupant, Daniel W. Bill, being the great-grandson of the original settler. He has added tract after tract to the farm, until it is now the largest area of land in town under the proprietorship of one individual. The farm contains a maple sugar orchard of nearly two thousand trees. Besides his farming business he has been extensively engaged in the manufacture of ox-yokes and chopping-trays, and in getting out timber for various other purposes. He served as brigadier-general in the state militia, as representative 4 years, selectman 23 years, and as trustee of the New Hampshire Industrial school from 1881 to 1891, besides filling many other positions of honor and responsibility.

From the top of Webster hill, a mile farther on, an extensive view is obtained, with the Grand Monadnock mountain as the most prominent feature. Although it is about fifteen miles distant, it can be so clearly seen in favorable atmospheric conditions as to seem less than half that distance away.

B. H. Britton, who has two sons that have graduated from the Agricultural college, lives on the south slope of Webster hill. Farther south is the Gunn farm, extending to the Keene line, where for many years lived the Kilburns. Josiah Kilburn built a log-house on this farm in 1762, and a few years later put up the first framed house in Gilsum. He was a member of the board of selectmen in 1762, and a moderator at the first meeting of the proprietors. His son, Ebenezer, eventually became the owner of the place. He was the father of the first white child born in town, and bore a prominent



Hemenway Place.

part in the early history of Gilsum. His brother, David, became a Methodist minister, and filled with credit many important appointments, such as presiding elder in the Providence, R. I., district and the Boston district. He had great pulpit power, and was a natural leader. He died in 1865, and was buried in Greenlawn cemetery, Keene.

It is not within the scope of this



George B. Rawson.



Lucius R. Guillow.

article to mention all who have contributed to the good name of the town. The Guillow family has been a numerous one in town for nearly a century. Lucius R. Guillow has been selectman several times and also representative. There have been several families of Fosters, to one of whom belong the ancestors of Leonard P. Foster, of the N. H. Trust company, of Manchester.

Although Gilsum is one of the most healthy of towns, it has had the services of from one to three physicians for more than a century. The first was Abner Bliss, and after him came Benjamin Hosmer, who was succeeded by Henry Kendrick in 1805. J. E. Davis practised here from 1816 to 1820. Dr. Palmer was here also, and remained till 1822. While he was in practice here an extensive epidemic of typhoid fever prevailed, with twenty fatal cases in a few weeks. Timothy S. Lane came next. George Washington Hammond was a physician here for 36 years, removing to New York in 1866. He was prominent in his profession and as a citizen. W. H. Aldrich and F. E. Johnson both commenced business in this town. The former is now in practice in Marlborough, and the latter in Erving, Mass. Kimball D. Webster was graduated from the medical college at Woodstock, Vt., in 1836, and the following year located in this town. He is the oldest practitioner in this vicinity, having passed his eighty-sixth birthday, and having been in practice for sixty years. I. A. Loveland located here in 1882, having previously practised in Westmoreland for seven years.

For a small town, Gilsum has had a large number of churches, and its



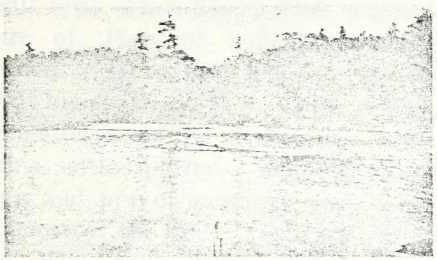
Residence of F. C. Minor.

inhabitants have entertained a variety of religious beliefs. By reason of the marriage of Lucy Mack to Joseph Smith, the Mormon denomination formed a church here with 16 members in the fall of 1842, but it continued to thrive only a short time. Millerism was preached the same year. The excitement was great, and many temporary converts were made.

Universalists and Baptists have

had preaching here, but no church organization. The Christian church had a foothold here for a time, through the efforts of Elders Rollins and Smith, in 1816. At long intervals the few Catholics in town are visited by a priest, who holds religious services.

Methodist preachers came to Gilsum as early as 1801, and preached in private houses, barns, and where-



Lily Pond, on Surry Mountain.

ever they could. It was not till 1848 that a church edifice was erected on the east side of Main street at an expense of $1,450. Preaching was maintained here most of the time till 1876, when the building was sold to the town for a town hall. Most of the members of this church transferred their membership to the Congregational church.

Of the numerous pastors that preached in town two deserve mention, by reason of the distinction they achieved in after life. Martin Ruter preached here when only 16 years old, and was considered a prodigy. The only institution of learning he attended was the common school, but so great was his thirst for knowledge that he became a scholar of the first rank. He was honored with the degree of doctor of divinity; was appointed president of Alleghany college, and was one of the foremost clergymen of his day. The other was Elijah Hedding, who preached here about 1806, and four years later married a daughter of Deacon Blish, of this town. He advanced, step by step, till finally he was elected bishop, the most exalted position in his church.

The Congregational church was the first one formed, has been the most influential, and is now the only church in town. It was organized at a private house in 1772 and was composed of eighteen members. A church building was soon put up in the south part of the town. During the Revolutionary War the people gathered here to make their plans and to enlist.

In 1793, a new church building was put up a little northeast of Vessel rock, which was supposed to be



Isaac W. Hammond.



O. J. Willson.

the exact centre of the town. The pulpit was high, with a sounding-board over head. Galleries extended around three sides of the room. There was no means of warming the church, so between the sermons in cold weather the people would go into the tavern near-by to warm themselves. The women would then fill their foot-stoves with live coals from the open fireplace, and the men would take a little "hot



Residence of F. P. Crain.

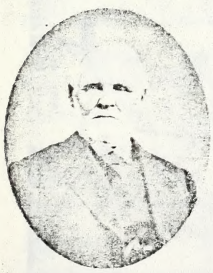
toddy" or "sling" to keep the cold out.

This church had no settled pastor until 1794, when Elisha Fish, a graduate of Harvard college, was ordained. He continued its pastor until his death in 1807. For a long time afterwards, the church was without a settled pastor. Reading-meetings and prayer-meetings were kept up most of the time. In 1819, Rev. Mr. Rich came here, and it was through his efforts that a Sunday-school was organized. Some money for his support was obtained from the New Hampshire Missionary society.

The town owned the church buildings and held its annual meeting and other business meetings in it. Other denominations were given a chance to occupy its pulpit a part of the time. These conditions, coupled with the fact that the factory village, then so called, was increasing in population, induced the church authorities to seek a new location and build a new edifice. In 1834, it was completed on its present site at a cost of $2,000. Preaching has been pretty regularly maintained here. Among those who have filled its pulpit and shed a beneficent influence through town was the devoted Arnold, who was here for eighteen years; the scholarly Tisdale, and the self-sacrificing and gifted Adams and Wood. Silvanus Hayward, a native of the town, a graduate of Dartmouth college, and a person of unusual mental attainments, filled the pulpit four years, beginning in 1875. During this time he wrote the "History of Gilsum," a work that will stand a monument to his ability and industry as long as the town exists. To this work we are greatly indebted for many facts contained in this article.



Residence of H. E. Adams.



N. O. Hayward.



Allen Hayward.

Of recent pastors, mention must be made of the classical Rogers, the logical Phelps, the social and popular Renshaw, and the studious Gove. The latter resigned at the beginning of the present year, after laboring here a little over two years.

Connected with the church is a flourishing Christian Endeavor society, a society of King's Daughters, a Church Aid society, and a Men's Praying band.

Six schools are maintained, with three terms a year. In the village there is a modern school-house con-

taining two grades. Miss Lila Mason, of Sullivan, has taught in the primary grade for eight years. Private schools have been occasionally maintained for a single term at a time. For advanced instruction our scholars are obliged to go out of town. Seven have been to the Agricultural college, of whom five have graduated, and one is there now. Three of the graduates have taken post-graduate courses at Cornell University. The academies at New London, Meriden, Saxton's River, Vt., Ashburnham, Mass., and Northfield seminary have educated a large number of our boys and girls. Four have been graduated from the classical department of Dartmouth college, four from the medical department, and one from the scientific department.

Theron Hayward and Oscar Mack Metcalf were the only natives of Gilsum that ever entered upon the practice of law. The legal career of the former was in Vermont, where he enjoyed the esteem of a large circle of friends. He was judge of probate, and a member of the national convention in 1848 that nominated Van Buren and Adams.

Oscar Mack Metcalf was three years in Dartmouth college, read law in Portland, Me., and was there admitted to the bar about 1875.



Residence of D. W. Bill.



George H. Leach and Family.

Two other persons who became lawyers spent a part of their boyhood in town. One was George W. Hendee. He, too, spent his mature years in Vermont, where he was elected lieutenant-governor, and by the death of Governor Washburn in 1870 he became governor of Vermont. In 1872, he was elected member of Congress. The other was Stephen W. Horton, who settled in Louisville, Ky., and being fluent in speech and a hustler, he was rapidly building up an extensive practice when he died at the age of forty.

Rev. Ezra Adams's youngest son, Myron W., was born in 1860. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1881, at the head of his class, studied theology at Hartford, Conn., and entered upon the Congregational ministry. After preaching at Hopkinton and other places for several years, he accepted a call to the Greek professorship of Atlanta University, which chair he is now filling. Last

year he was elected dean of the faculty.

We have to admit that Gilsum has too many who love the intoxicating cup, yet the town has done much to promote the cause of temperance.

In 1827, Deacon Amherst Haywood raised a small building without rum. Only five persons in town would assist him, while a crowd of rum drinkers stood near and hooted. The Washingtonian movement resulted in the organization of a society here in the fall of 1840. After doing this respect there is a gratifying improvement.

A division of the Sons of Temperance has been formed here at two different times. There was also a Reform club, but the organization that accomplished the most was the Young People's Temperance society. Its aim was to reach the young. The pledge was a triple one, as follows: "We agree that we will neither buy nor sell, nor use, as a beverage any intoxicating drinks, neither will we chew, smoke, or snuff tobacco, or use



Monadnock Mountain, from Webster Hill.

what good they could for three years, the society collected the following facts: Whole number of persons in town, 645; pledged to total abstinence, 309; others not known to drink intoxicating liquors, 107; moderate drinkers, 71; frequent drinkers, 29; drunkards, 16; children not old enough to have a desire for liquor, 113. The society reported that over half the farms were carried on that year without the use of intoxicating liquor. No farmer now finds it necessary to resort to strong drink to conduct his farm operations, and in profane language." In a year and a half there were 144 members. Meetings were held almost every two weeks for nine years.

Beginning with the War of the Revolution and extending down the decades through the Civil War, Gilsum has ever been loyal to her country. During the Revolution not a Tory resided within its borders. The following incident illustrates the dominant spirit of that period. In Keene there were a number of avowed Tories, and Captain Mack of this town resolved to seize them.

With this object in view, he collected a party of armed men in the night, and sent forward a sufficient number of them to guard the various doors of the Tories' houses. At daylight he appeared with the body of his men and ordered his sentinels to "turn out the prisoners," while a search was made for arms supposed to be concealed. He collected quite a number of persons who were confined a few hours in a house on the present site of the Boston & Maine freight depot. The presence of Mack and his men was soon made known to Captain Howlet, who commanded the local militia. He instantly sent messengers to warn his company to appear prepared for action, and at the same time despatched an aid to Colonel Alexander of Winchester, the regimental commander. By the middle of the forenoon, Howlet formed his company on Main street opposite West street. Mack's men extended across the street facing their antagonists. For a time it looked as if a bloody battle was about to be fought. Colonel Alexander asked Captain Mack if he intended to carry out his plans. He said he did, at the hazard of his life. Then he was told by the colonel in a most emphatic manner that he must prepare for eternity; that he should not be permitted to take vengeance in this unlawful manner on any men, even if they were Tories. The ardor of many was cooled by this resolute speech, and after deliberating a while, Mack and his men silently left town.

In the War of 1812 no demand was made on Gilsum for soldiers until the fall of 1814, when it was ordered to furnish seven men for the defense of Portsmouth. A draft was proposed, but 14 men volunteered.

In the War of the Rebellion Gilsum nobly responded to all calls. The town paid a bounty of $300 to each drafted man or his substitute. The whole number of men furnished by the town during the war was 71, of whom 29 were citizens of the town at the time of their enlistment.

The ladies could not go to the front, but early in the conflict they formed the Soldiers' Aid society, and sent to the field dried fruit, bedding, clothing, etc., and over $200 in money was raised for the relief of the soldiers.

Gilsum is not widely known. It does not figure in history, or in the political or financial world. It is, however, the home of 600 souls that are, for the most part, happy and contented. It has sent out into the world scores of its best sons and daughters, some of whom spend a season in town each recurring summer. They often take with them some friend from the crowded city who here finds the desired rest, and who becomes enthusiastic over our charming drives, our winding brooks, cozy nooks and glens, and picturesque scenery.

The number of summer visitors is constantly increasing, yet not one of our many desirable farms is taken by the summer resident. When the natural attractions of the town are more widely known, it is hoped that Gilsum may become the summer home of a numerous, intelligent, and wealthy community.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF FORT BURTON, AT BUTTE Á LA ROSE.

THE territory lying west of the Mississippi and south of Opelousas, called the "paradise of the South," sometimes "the garden of the South," together with its numerous waterways, had been looked upon as valuable fields of conquest for the Union army.

As early as October of the previous year, 1862, General Butler fitted out an expedition to secure control, if possible, of that part of Louisiana.

A fleet of five vessels sailed from New Orleans, entered Atchafalaya Bay, followed up the bayou or river bearing the same name, and entered Bayou Teche.

For the purpose of coöperating with this fleet, General Weitzel with five regiments at the same time crossed the Mississippi at Donaldsonville, and after two or three battles with the Confederates reached Brashear early in January, 1863. But the country was found to be so well defended and there were so many obstacles preventing the navigation of Bayous Teche and Atchafalaya that these undertakings for the subjugation of the Confederates in that section of the state were for the time abandoned.

General Butler a few weeks later was superseded by General Banks. Banks after taking command was equally impressed with the desirableness, if not necessity, of occupying this important territory; accordingly late in the month of January he organized two expeditions, one under General Weitzel with 4,000 men, which was to move up the Teche country from Berwick, and the other under General Emory with 3,000 men to move up the Atchafalaya from the same place. They were ordered to operate in conjunction, and capture Fort Burton at Butte á la Rose and destroy its fortifications.

But owing to difficulties in securing suitable transportation, and owing to the supposed strength of the fortifications at Butte á la Rose and the number of the garrison, this expedition likewise was abandoned.

But now that our troops were advancing up the Teche country it became necessary to undertake again the project that had been twice abandoned, namely, the clearing of the Atchafalaya of all Confederates and if possible the capturing of Butte á la Rose; for while the enemy held that point not only was our advancing army emperilled, but there would be uninterrupted navigation for the Confederates between Red river and Brashear City.

In the adjutant's journal is this note, dated April 15: "The indications are that our regiment will garrison this place [Brashear] until our term of enlistment expires."

But on the morning of April 18, three days later, we received orders to put the regiment in readiness for marching at a moment's notice. Accordingly, at noon we were relieved by the Fourth Massachusetts. Our regiment was at once reorganized into a battalion of six companies.

Company officers who were able to report for duty were assigned command according to their rank, in this new organization.

Meantime, the boys were busy preparing their outfit. They were ordered to supply themselves with one day's rations and one hundred rounds of ammunition. When the order came to "fall in" they were ready and marched to the pier, whence they were to depart on this important, and what was considered perilous mission. The other four companies, being on detached duty, from which they could not then be relieved, were to follow a few days later.

We were distributed on four gunboats that had received orders "to proceed up Bayou Atchafalaya to clear it of obstructions and of Confederate gunboats, and to make an attack on Butte á la Rose. If this attack proved successful, the Sixteenth was to be left to garrison and defend it.

The fleet, consisting of the gunboats *Clifton*, *Arizona*, *Calhoun*, and *Estrella*, was under the command of A. P. Cook. The major and adjutant were assigned duty on the *Arizona*, the courage and brilliancy of whose commander already were well known. It should be borne in mind that the whole country for fifty miles west of the Mississippi, including, therefore, the territory of which we are now speaking, is covered with countless bayous, lakes, rivers, and swamps that cross and connect with one another, many of them during the season of high water being easily navigable for boats of considerable draught. At the time of which we are writing, the Atchafalaya was navigable from the Gulf of Mexico to Red river, and as suggested, Butte á la Rose was the key both to these various connecting bodies of water and to the entire country lying between Opelousas and Port Hudson on the north, to the Gulf of Mexico on the south, to the Mississippi on the east, and to the Teche country on the west.

The accompanying map gives an idea of the number of the larger and navigable bayous in the part of Louisiana of which we are speaking. But aside from these there were numberless smaller ones.



In sailing up the Atchafalaya and across its chain of lakes and connecting bayous, nothing eventful happened during the first day, which was April 18. Just before dark on the evening of that day, near the head of Grand Lake, the flag boat *Estrella* signalled the others that they were to tie up for the night. She alone cast anchor, the others as a precautionary and utility measure were moored to her by hemp hawsers. Should there be, as was expected, a night attack from the Confederate gunboats, which were just above us, these hawsers easily could be slipped and the boats quickly brought into position for action.

At nine o'clock, as an additional precaution, every light on the boats was extinguished or shaded; but the night passed without anything of importance transpiring.

At daybreak we were moving and passed through Chené bayou into a lake of the same name. The country was found everywhere flooded, in consequence of unusually high water, caused, it was said, by cuts in the Mississippi that Grant had made in his effort to capture Vicksburg.

The scenery along the margin of the bayou, as had been that along the shores of Grand Lake and other bayous the day before, was monotonous and uninspiring. The heavy foliage of the trees, the immense growth of moss, the dense undergrowth of vines, brushwood and saplings afforded the fittest place in the world for "the slimy pathway" of moccasin and rattle snakes and for the stealthy creeping of numberless alligators and other reptiles, but was a miserable enough place for boys whose birthplace had been on the shores of the transparent streams and lakes and among the granite mountains of New Hampshire.

The vaporous atmosphere and tropical cloud-drapery of this section of Louisiana, apart from their novelty, were quite destitute of interest after the first few hours.

In this advance the gunboat *Clifton* was in the lead, but at nine o'clock she met with an accident by running into a tree and dropped back for repairs. The *Arizona* meanwhile took the lead. Near noon, being within two miles of Butte á la Rose, she was made fast to a tree and we waited anxiously for the coming of the rest of the fleet that had been detained by reason of the accident to the *Clifton*.

Commander Upton was desirous of making an attack on Butte á la Rose alone, and most of our men were willing if not over-anxious that he should do this. But his orders from the cautious Captain Cook were explicit; he must, therefore, await the coming of the other boats. As they did not put in an appearance, the *Arizona*, late in the afternoon, dropped down the bayou, but in doing so became unmanageable; a strong current swung her against a tree and smashed the wheel-house.

At length, in a somewhat dilapidated condition, she reached the remainder of the fleet at the head of Lake Chené. Here the boats were moored for the night in a manner similar to that of the night before.

The chief matters of interest during the day were the difficulties of navigating the tortuous bayous, the shooting of two of our gunners by Confederate guerrillas, who were concealed somewhere in the swamp and behind the trees, and the taking

of two prisoners who were in citizen's dress, rather poor at that, and who were questioned and cross-questioned, but the information gained was of no material value. One of the men, who claimed to be a Unionist (of this, however, there was some doubt), after assuring Captain Upton of his perfect loyalty and thorough acquaintance with the entire country, was taken into the wheelhouse to assist in piloting the boat.

At daybreak, April 20, the boats were again freed from their moorings and started up the narrow bayou, the *Arizona* this time being in the lead.

Coming within sight of the fort at Butte á la Rose, she dropped back by order of Captain Cook, and the *Clifton*, under command of Captain Frederic Crocker, having by far the heavier armament, led the fleet.

Everybody was now in a state of expectancy. The guns of the fort and those of the two Confederate boats were trained on our slowly advancing fleet. We were in danger, also, or at least felt as though we were, of being picked off by sharpshooters concealed among the trees skirting both sides of the bayou, who had wounded one and killed another of our gunners the day before.

At ten o'clock the "ball opened" with a hundred pounder from a Parrott gun on the bows of the *Clifton*. From that moment the work was lively on both sides. The reverberations of the larger guns among those dense forests skirting the narrow channel were deafening. The rapid discharge of muskets, too, showed that our boys were doing in earnest their part in this assault on the enemy's works.

The *Clifton* concentrated her fire upon the Confederate gunboats, while the *Arizona* brought her guns to bear on the fort. Captain Crocker, hearing the port guns of the *Arizona* and knowing that she would take care of the fort without his help, began a chase after the retiring Confederate gunboats. Meantime, both the *Clifton* and *Arizona* sent their broadsides of grape from the starboard guns into the forest to keep in check any lurking guerrillas that might be concealed there. Shell, grape, and spherical case were flying in every direction where an enemy was likely to be concealed, though the fort and Confederate gunboats received far the larger part of our attention.

While in close quarters with the enemy, a well-aimed solid shot from the fort struck the walking beam of the *Clifton*. She was thought at first to be completely disabled, but fortunately this was not the case. That, however, was the last shot of the enemy. Under our rapid and close firing, the Confederates could not reload their heavier guns, and soon we saw their flag pulled down and a white flag, or rather rag, raised in its place.

The *Calhoun* and the *Estrella* next came into position; but all that was left for them to do was to take formal possession of the fort.

The *Clifton* and *Arizona*, without waiting for orders, started in pursuit of the two Confederate boats, the *Webb* and *Mary J.*, which soon after the attack began, had taken flight. But within twenty minutes they mysteriously were lost from view, excepting the smoke they left behind. Our shells were sent after them and an occasional broadside was discharged into the forests in answer to the

sharpshooters who now and then sent us a greeting without, however, doing our boat much damage. These concealed enemies were especially dreaded by both our boys and the marines. Even the fearless Upton was seen involuntarily to duck his head as the crack of the rifle was heard and the bullets went whistling past him. These "swamp devils," as the boys called them, took their stand behind some huge tree or among its branches, fired their deadly rifles and the next moment were in perfect hiding.

The *Clifton*, being somewhat disabled, soon gave up the chase, but the *Arizona* continued until we were twelve miles up the bayou, beyond Butte á la Rose, and still nothing but the smoke of the Confederate boats could be seen, which were then sailing well to the west of us. Soon it dawned upon Captain Upton that we had been fooled. That tall, lank Louisiana (Yankee) whom we had taken on board the day before, who pretended to be a Unionist, who appeared to be honest as the days were long, who claimed to know thoroughly every waterway in the state, and who was allowed to pilot us, confessed at length that a bad mistake had been made, but that he was entirely innocent.

We believe, however, that the whole business was a put-up job to prevent the capture of the Confederate boats. This man had allowed himself to be taken prisoner the day before by the foremost boat of the fleet, judging, no doubt, that it also would lead in the pursuit of the Confederate boats if they were compelled to take flight during the fight at Fort Burton. In this he had judged correctly. The *Arizona* was the fastest boat in the fleet and had taken the lead. As the *Webb* and *Mary J.* sailed up the bayou under cover of smoke they passed into a narrow channel that turned sharply to the left, while the *Arizona*, which quickly followed, kept on in what appeared to be the main channel, but really was not. The channel taken by the Confederates was the main one; while the one taken by us was Bayou Alabama, an unimportant stream, which after meandering for several miles and becoming unnavigable, reaches again Bayou Atchafalaya.

At last the rebel pilot reported to the captain that owing to shoal water he could go no further. This was true, though the other things said by him we think were lies. We now had lost so much time that we could not return to the point of departure and renew the pursuit of the Confederate boats, which already were miles away.

After putting our lately self-constituted pilot under arrest, Captain Upton regretfully headed his boat for Butte á la Rose. On the way down we landed on a plantation belonging to a Confederate, Davis by name, who had been a banker in New Orleans, but was then serving in the treasury department of the Confederacy in Richmond. His estate, one of the few then out of water, furnished excellent foraging ground. There were fowl, sheep, small cattle, swine, articles of household furniture, guns, and other useful articles that were appropriated without restrictions, for Banks's headquarters were now far away, and his staff could no longer forbid the execution of international military foraging laws.

On reaching Fort Burton we landed

and took possession of better barracks than we had seen since our enlistment. They were more roomy and better built than those at Concord, or than those in New York.

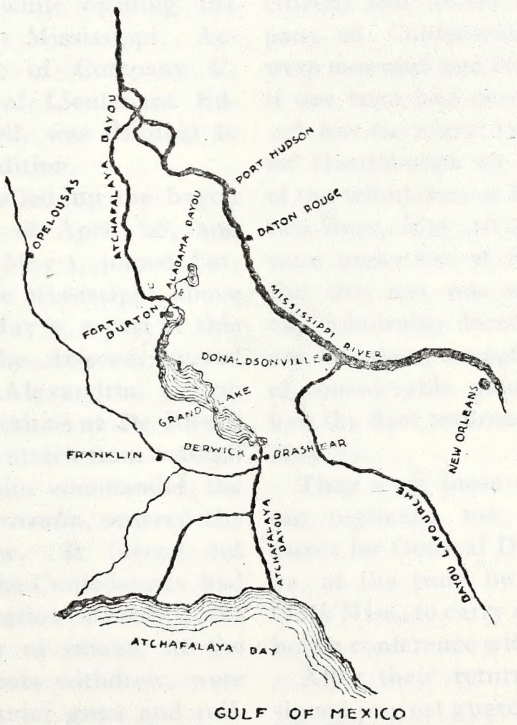
There were sixty Confederates, including five commissioned officers, who were made prisoners. Under guard of men detailed from Company A, Lieutenant Cooper commanding, these prisoners were sent to Algiers.

Had it not been for the stupidity or perfidy of our pilot, we certainly should have overtaken and captured the two Confederate gunboats, that afterwards caused us no little annoyance; and also we should have taken a much larger number of prisoners, for according to the reports of contrabands who had witnessed the flight, the two boats were crowded with those who had garrisoned Butte á la Rose, the larger part of whom were young business and professional men from New Orleans—"the flower of the city" it was said.

We ought, however, to have been satisfied. We had lost but two men killed and two wounded, and these were gunners, and we had captured Fort Burton, the most strategic point north of Berwick Bay and south of Red river. But for our boys it was to be an expensive capture. Its Confederate commander, as we stepped upon the parapet, made a significant remark to one of our officers:

"You are doubtless glad to get here, but you will be gladder when you leave."

No prophet of early or late times ever has offered a truer prediction. The following diagram will give the reader an idea of the topography of the country:



CHAPTER X.

DETACHED SERVICE.

I. Service Rendered by Company C.

The captain of the *Arizona*, of whom we have already spoken, D. P. Upton, the son of one of the "royal merchants" of Boston, Mass., is entitled to more words of praise than we have space here to give, but we cannot refrain from saying that he had a heart brave as that of a lion, and yet was at all times a courteous gentlemen except to cowards, and in the thickest of a fight was always conspicuously present and at all times was perfectly composed. He had studied our boys on the way up the Atchafalaya, saw their metal when under fire during the fight and capture of Fort Burton, and asked for a detachment of the Sixteenth to accompany him while opening the Atchafalaya to the Mississippi. Accordingly, a part of Company C, under command of Lieutenant Edward J. O'Donnell, was detailed to go with this expedition.

The *Arizona* sailed up the bayou on the forenoon of April 28, and three days later, May 1, joined Farragut's fleet on the Mississippi, above Port Hudson. May 3, a part of this fleet, including the *Arizona*, started up Red river to Alexandria, but on account of obstructions at De Russie and because of an attack from masked batteries, the senior commander, the captain of the *Australia*, ordered the fleet to withdraw. It turned out afterwards that the Confederates had ordered an evacuation of their works and under cover of smoke, at the very time our boats withdrew, were spiking their heavier guns and rolling the smaller ones into the river. The Confederate gunboat *Mary J.*, loaded with cotton, had been set on fire, and the *Webb* in the fight had been disabled. A little more perseverance or persistence would have secured a notable victory, instead of one that is hardly worth the mention.

Reënforced by some of Admiral Porter's rams, which had run the fortifications at Vicksburg, the fleet returned the next day to De Russie, meeting, however, no opposition. The *Arizona* then proceeded to Alexandria, reaching there nearly twenty-four hours in advance of the other boats, and our men of the Sixteenth had the satisfaction and honor of raising the United States flag in that city, in the face and eyes of Confederate citizens and within sight of a company of Confederate cavalry, who were mounted and ready to take flight if our boys had moved toward them.

A few days later the *Arizona* sailed for Harrisburgh on Boeuf river, one of the tributaries of Red river, and for two days, May 10 and 11, our men were under fire at Fort Beauregard. But this fort was so well defended and admirably located that it could not be taken, except by a land force of considerable numbers, and therefore the fleet returned to Alexandria, May 12.

They were these detached men of our regiment, too, who formed an escort for General Dwight, May 16 to 22, at the time he went to Grand Gulf, Miss., to carry despatches and to hold a conference with General Grant.

After their return, they were assigned provost guard duty at St. Fran-

cisville. A little later important despatches between the staff officers of General Grant and those of General Banks were carried under the escort of our men.

It must be conceded that this detachment of Company C, during its brief absence from the regiment, performed a great variety of important services and from all reports it is evident that those services were rendered in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. These men left the regiment April 28 and returned June 14.[1]

II. Service Rendered by Company G.

As already stated, the country surrounding Fort Burton and up and down the Atchafalaya was occupied and scoured by Rebel guerrillas who were ready at all times to fall upon any detachments of the Union army. They were constantly firing upon unarmed transports passing up or down the river. Not many days after our arrival at Butte á la Rose, the steamer *Louisiana Belle* on the way down the river, having on board a large number of sick and wounded soldiers on their way to the hospitals of New Orleans, called at Fort Burton for assistance, having been fired upon a few miles above. The captain of the boat was mortally wounded. This dastardly and cowardly act of the Confederates aroused the indignation of our men, and the captain of Company G, George W. Bosworth, anticipating that the next boat coming up the Atchafalaya would call at Fort Burton for a detachment of soldiers to assist in defending the boat, went immediately to regimental headquarters and asked the privilege of performing such service if it were required. On May 30 the anticipated request was made, and Captain Bosworth received orders to go on board the steamer *Union* with all available men of his company. Quite a number of the company had been sent to the hospital and several were on picket duty, so that there were but twenty-eight available men to respond to the call. The remainder of the account of this expedition will be given nearly in the words of Captain Bosworth:

"There being a large quantity of bags of oats at Fort Burton, these were taken on board the steamer and were utilized as a breastwork on the lower deck in the rear of the boat. The pilot-house was protected by seven-inch square timber, with portholes and sheets of boiler iron. We were ready to start at half past twelve o'clock, Sunday morning, May 24, and proceeded up the river or bayou, intending to go as far as Simsport. Here we expected to disembark and return to the regiment on the next boat down river.

"When we arrived at Simsport about dark Sunday night, the place which had been held by a detachment from Banks's army, we found to our great disappointment to have been abandoned on that very day, the troops having proceeded to join the main body of the army in the investment of Port Hudson. The Rebels who were in the immediate vicinity of Simsport, would enter the place probably by daylight the next morning. We took in the situation, and not caring to see the inside of Rebel prisons, we pursued the only safe course left for us, which was to stay on board the steamer that night.

[1] The author is indebted for these facts largely to Comrade Holt, who was with the detachment.

But the next day she was ordered to proceed up the Atchafalaya, into the mouth of Red river, thence down Old river to Bayou Sara, twelve miles above Port Hudson. There was nothing for us to do except to go with her. A portion of the main army already had crossed over and proceeded down to invest Port Hudson.

"The first duty of the commander of Company G was to report to the ranking officer in the place, how many men he had, how he came to be there, etc. The officer in command was Colonel Hollabird of General Banks's staff. The first question he asked, was this: 'What kind of men have you? Will they get drunk?' My answer was prompt: 'As good men as were ever born and brought up in the old Granite State. They will neither steal nor get drunk.' 'You and your men are just what I want here now. This is a terrible rebellious place and is full of Rebel women, who convey all information possible to our enemies. The business portion of the town on the river has been burned, as you will see. There are dwelling-houses a little farther back from the river; go and select any house you want that is not occupied. Make your requisition for rations and I will approve it. Make your men as comfortable as you can and I will give you plenty of work to do, keeping order.'

"The first thing we attended to was to find a house that was fairly well supplied with water. We found one that had two huge cisterns, half or two thirds full of rain-water, which came off the house; they stood between the main house and the cook-house. This was a big find for our boys, for we had not known for weeks what it was to have a drink of pure water. Here we made ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances. We made our requisitions and drew rations, or what rations we could draw from the quartermaster. It must be borne in mind that the Mississippi was completely blocked at that time, which will account for the shortness of our rations. We drew pork, coffee, hardtack, and a few candles.

"The quartermaster said: 'If you want any beef, get it yourselves.' We proceeded to do the same to our entire satisfaction. We then began to improve the appearance of our headquarters, by cleaning up the grounds, straightening the posts and fences, and leaving the marks of Yankee thrift and ingenuity about our quarters.

"On the evening of the second day, a squad of twenty-eight Rebel prisoners, taken from opposite Port Hudson on the west side of the river, were sent to us for safe keeping. One who appeared to be a leader among them, bright, smart, and intelligent, said to me: 'Captain, we are hungry; we have not had a mouthful to eat since morning.'

"I replied, 'It is impossible for me to draw any rations for you to-night, and all the rations I have are already issued to my men. The food is theirs, and no officer can take it from them, but I will suggest to them that they lend you of their rations, enough, at least, for your supper, and to-morrow I will draw rations and you may pay them back.'

"I made the suggestion, and to their credit be it said that every member of Company G responded and

said they would divide. They sat down, prisoners on one side and our men on the other, and we counted out our hardtack, measured out our coffee and a portion of all the food we had, sufficient to give the Rebs. as good a supper as we ourselves had. The next day I drew rations for the prisoners, and they at once paid back with exactness the food they had borrowed.

"After keeping these prisoners under guard several days, we became weary of performing so much guard duty, day and night, the prisoners numbering as many as ourselves, and besides we had many other duties assigned us, and therefore we concluded to place our prisoners under lock and key in a jail at St. Francisville, a mile and a half distant; and they quite surprised and disgusted us by making requisition for 'a nigger' to cook their rations. They were told to cook their rations themselves or eat them raw, just as they pleased, but they could have 'no nigger' to do that service for them.

"While we were at Bayou Sara, we were visited by a wealthy lady, who begged us to go out to her plantation about three miles distant. She said that it was very humiliating to her to come to a Northerner for help. Of course we rendered her all the assistance she needed, and when we left she urged us, as long as we remained in that vicinity, to come to her plantation if we needed anything in the form of food and we would be welcome to anything we desired, and added 'you must always get the best.'

"One day, a large transport steamer landed a load of contrabands just out of bondage; she was literally black with human beings, and we took them in charge. It will be remembered that the land is very flat, and a little noise can, therefore, be heard a great way. It being one of our duties to keep order and quiet, and hearing a good deal of noise and loud talking, I took Sergeant Jones with me, and we soon learned that a prayer-meeting was in progress in the open air. We found about three hundred contrabands gathered, holding a most fervent prayer-meeting and returning thanks to God that they had been delivered from bondage.

"Knowing that they had a hard march before them the next day, I ordered them to keep quiet, lie down, and rest. Early the next morning many of them came to us for food. They numbered in all about twenty-three hundred. I do not believe there was food enough among them all to give a comfortable meal to twenty-five. They were started off early in the morning for Contraband camp at Baton Rouge, where they arrived after a long, hungry, and wearisome march, escorted by a squadron of cavalry.

"In about a week we received orders to pack up and be ready to start for New Orleans, taking the prisoners with us. We embarked on the steamer *Union*, where we remained for several days, waiting orders, there being several other small steamers going with us. The water in the bayous we were to pass through, fell so rapidly that it was apparent, owing to this delay, that we could not reach New Orleans by water. We were, therefore, ordered to disembark and proceed to Port Hudson by land. A force of cavalry was sent to protect

the teams and property which we took with us from Bayou Sara. This move was made at night, and we arrived at Port Hudson the following morning. We reported to Colonel Hollabird, who immediately took us to General Banks's headquarters. We were rigidly questioned, and gave General Banks all the information possible respecting the people and their condition, stating among many other things, that we had not seen an able-bodied Rebel since we left Fort Burton, all such being in the Confederate army.

"He ordered us to proceed to Springfield Landing in the afternoon, thence by boat to New Orleans. This we did, and delivered over our prisoners to the provost marshal and reported to the commanding officer, General Emery. This was Saturday morning; we remained until Sunday, then returned to Springfield Landing.

"Lieutenant Ballon, who was in command of the balance of our company, was to get together the men left behind and to proceed to Springfield Landing. I was ordered to return and take command of that post.

"Several of our men, by reason of remaining at Fort Burton, and being thoroughly poisoned by malaria, were sent to the hospital, and quite a number of them died there. Several of those who returned from Bayou Sara, by reason of the hardships of that expedition, were prostrated with malarial fever, the commander of the company being among the number."

The historian already has spoken of the service that the men of Company C rendered in carrying important despatches between Generals Banks and Grant. As an illustration of what this kind of service involved, we insert at this point a report of one of the bearers of despatches, who belonged to Captain Bosworth's company.

"It being necessary," says Captain Bosworth, "that Admiral Farragut should get despatches through to General Banks, who was then before Port Hudson, one of his staff came to us and asked if we had one or two trusty, energetic, and strictly reliable young men who could be trusted to take important despatches through in the night to Banks's headquarters. Sergeants Andy Holt and Charles J. Wright immediately volunteered for that undertaking." The following is Sergeant Holt's account "of carrying these despatches from Bayou Sara to General Banks's headquarters in the rear of Port Hudson."

"We were on board the steamer *Union*, at the village of Bayou Sara, when Captain Bosworth asked for volunteers to go with despatches from Admiral Farragut to General Banks's headquarters, about fifteen miles distant. Sergeant-Major Charles J. Wright and myself volunteered for this service. We left Bayou Sara about nine o'clock p. m., with one horse, and procured another (in the ordinary way) at St. Francisville about one mile from Bayou Sara.

"It was then near ten o'clock p. m. After a lonely ride, without any particular or startling adventure, we approached what proved to be the Union outpost pickets, and inquired for headquarters. These pickets were unable to give us any information as to how we could get there; we,

therefore, cautiously felt our way as best we could, and soon discovered that we were on the extreme right of Port Hudson. We found some Union troops encamped there, and again made inquiries. An officer of a New York regiment told us the only way to reach headquarters was to go back about three miles and then take a road which would lead down to the east part of Port Hudson, and that somewhere in that vicinity were Banks's headquarters.

"Back we started, but while passing a piece of woods, before we reached the road, the flash of a gun and the whistle of a Minié ball near our heads convinced us that all in that vicinity were not friends. Putting spurs to our horses, we made our flight through woods and across fields until we reached the main road, where we found some Union pickets.

"We were soon directed to General Banks's headquarters, reaching there very early the next morning. Without further adventure, we delivered the despatches to an orderly, who awoke General Banks. Our horses were completely exhausted, and so were we. We spent the remainder of the night on a pile of oats, and reported to Adjutant-General Irwin at sunrise.

"The following day General Martindale sent a train and a cavalry escort to Bayou Sara, to bring down Captain Bosworth and all of Company G who were with him, together with the prisoners. On reaching headquarters, we joined them and went to New Orleans. I did not rejoin the regiment again until it was inside of Port Hudson, as I was detailed at Springfield Landing to do vidette duty and to carry despatches to General Banks. I made five trips with important despatches from this place to his headquarters. About the twentieth of July I rejoined the regiment."

Two Other Expeditions.

There were two expeditions which in this connection may be mentioned briefly that we may fulfil to the letter the requirements enjoined upon an impartial and faithful historian. Though in order of time these expeditions should have been given an earlier place in our history, and though in magnitude they may not greatly affect the destiny of nations, still they really may have amounted to quite as much as some of the more famed military exploits of our army that cost much treasure and many lives.

The first of these expeditions took place in February and the second in March, 1863. We give the account of each in nearly the words employed by an army correspondent, Comrade R. W. Allen, who was one of the heroic survivors in these undertakings.

According to Comrade Allen's story, it was about the middle of February that orders were received to march two or three companies of the Sixteenth regiment on board the steamer *Sally List*. The orders, as might be expected, were unhesitatingly obeyed, and the troops were landed at Plaquamine, which was between Donaldsonville and Baton Rouge, a little nearer the latter place. The object was to subjugate that part of the country and open the bayou bearing the same name. The troops engaged with ours were the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts, One Hundred

and Eighth New York, Fifteenth New Hampshire, and a Rhode Island battery. Not finding the enemy in force and being bent on serving the country in some way, these troops "borrowed all the molasses they could" and the movement was converted into what was known as "the molasses candy expedition." "Although it rained just as it did in the days of Noah, only a little harder," says our comrade, "yet over every camp-fire was a kettle of molasses, and soon the boys were busily engaged, doing three things at once, swearing, pulling candy, and trying to pull their brogans out of the Southern soil, which was knee-deep in spots."

Within a day or two "the object of the expedition was accomplished," and the victorious troops returned to their several regiments.

The second expedition of the class now under consideration was undertaken a month later. For the facts we depend, as in the former instance, upon our Comrade Allen, whose statements are substantially the following:

"Two detachments, one from the Fifteenth and the other from the Sixteenth New Hampshire regiments, were detailed on board a small stern-wheeled steamer to go up rather a swift-flowing stream, which empties into Lake Pontchartrain some seven miles from our camp at the Parapet, to capture some Confederate commissary stores that were thought to be there. We made little progress, as our boat was ill adapted to stem a stream having any noticeable current. We puffed and crawled along at a snail-like pace, hugging well all the time the shore. Night came on; the weather was misty and the night dark. We ran out of wood and went ashore for a supply. Having loaded up, we cast off and swung into the stream.

"After some hours of steaming, we ran short of wood the second time, and seeing a light on shore, hailed it and asked if we could get wood there. The reply being in the affirmative, we landed and renewed our stock. Again we cast off and went on our way. Towards morning, but while it was still dark, we were again in need of fuel and hailed another light, in order to get a supply. 'Can we get wood here?' we asked, 'and what is your price per cord?' The owner replied, 'I guess you can have it at $3 bein' as you fellers have got wood here twice before to-night.'

"The fact was we had not been over half a mile from that wood pile all night long.

"When it was light enough to make observations, it was apparent that our vessel could not make any progress; we therefore turned and went back to the point from which we had started the afternoon before, and 'the object of the expedition was accomplished.'"

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[*To be continued.*]

THE NEW ENGLAND MAYFLOWER.

EPIGÆA REPENS.

By Adelaide George Bennett.

As when in dusty tomes of ancient lore,
Turning perchance the yellowed pages, we,
'Mid dry, insensate facts, the sweet face see
Of some fair Pilgrim maid in garb she wore
In those quaint, reminiscent days of yore,
So, searching carefully on bended knee,
'Neath some old forest's deepening débris,
We find this memory-sainted flower once more.
How like the sense of all we hold most dear,
Comes the sweet perfume stealing unaware
That since the Mayflower stanch dropped anchor here,
These namesake blooms no rival preference share
Within that shrine where 'neath life's herbage sere,
Blossom the buds the heart has hidden there.

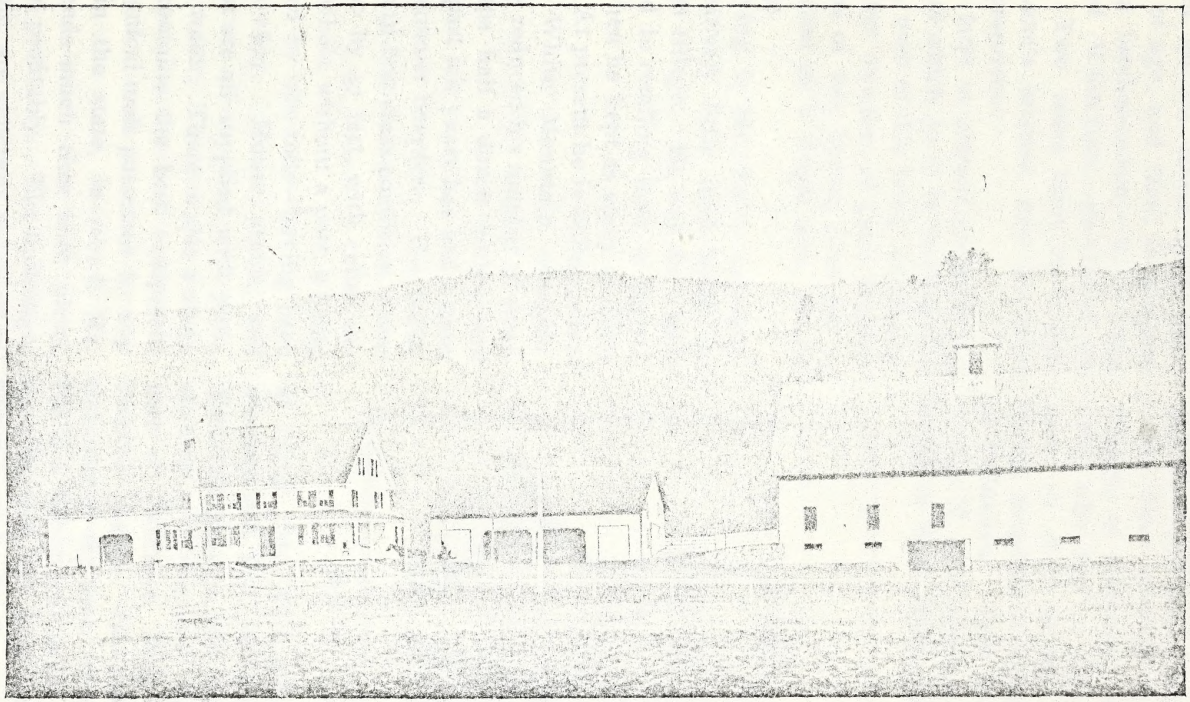
REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

By H. H. Metcalf.

NOAH FARR, LITTLETON.

One of the best farms in the thriving town of Littleton, which, although better known as a summer boarding resort and mountain-travel centre, also ranks among the leading agricultural towns of the state, is owned and occupied by Noah Farr. This was formerly known as the Timothy Gile place, and is located on the Ammonoosuc river, a mile or more below the village. It was on this farm that the first settlement was made within the town limits, a party of temporary settlers having built a rude log barn on the meadow in 1769, and the first permanent settler, Nathan Caswell, coming here with his family in the following spring. In this log barn, the night after their arrival, April 11, Mrs. Caswell gave birth to a son, the first white child born in town.

Mr. Farr is a native of Littleton, a son of Gilman and Philena (Allen) Farr, born December 10, 1836, on what is known as "Farr hill." He received his education in the town schools, and when eighteen years of age, his father having purchased this farm, he removed with him hither, where he has since had his home,



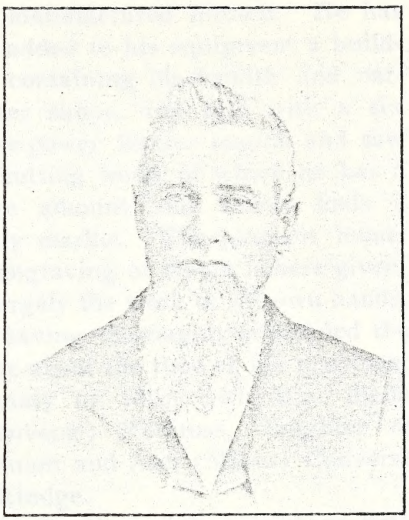
Farm Buildings of Noah Farr, Littleton.

pursuing the farmer's calling, in which he has taken much interest and been quite successful. He worked for his father until thirty years of age, and then, in company with a brother-in-law,—B. F. Lane, now of Whitefield,—purchased the farm. Two years later, he bought Mr. Lane's interest, and has since been proprietor.

The farm at present embraces 225 acres, of which 50 is in mowing and tillage, most of this being Ammonoosuc River meadow, of great fertility, six tons of hay having been cut in one season on a single acre, in two cuttings.

Dairying is Mr. Farr's specialty, comparatively little land being devoted to tillage. He was for a time engaged in retailing milk in the village, when he kept as many as thirty cows. At present he is selling cream to the White Mountain creamery, and has reduced his number of cows. He keeps half a dozen horses, and for the past few years has had a number of summer boarders. His buildings are in first-class condition, a new barn—90 by 47 feet, with cellar under the whole, without a post, it being supported by iron rods—having been built in 1877. House, stable, and basement are all supplied with pure, running water. There is also a shop, which contains the best equipment of mechanical tools possessed by any farmer in the state, in which Mr. Farr spends much time both pleasantly and profitably. The buildings, as a whole, are generally regarded as the best set of farm buildings in the county. Mr. Farr is an admirer of Holstein stock, and was the first man to introduce this favorite milk-producing breed into Littleton, procuring a fine blooded bull of 2,000 pounds weight, some years since, through which the stock of the neighborhood was greatly improved.

Mr. Farr married, first, Mary B. Griggs, of Littleton, in December, 1868, who died in May, 1870. October 10, 1871, he was united with Sarah, daughter of Jerediah Farmer, of Bethlehem. They have two sons, Arthur N. and Albert L., the former living at West Milan, and the latter



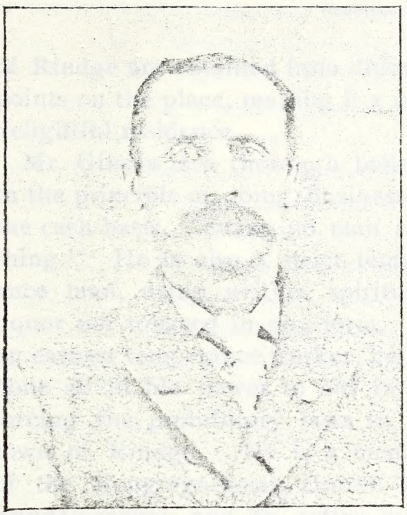
Noah Farr.

at home. Mr. Farr was a charter member and first steward of White Mountain grange, and has served as overseer and treasurer; also as treasurer of Northern New Hampshire Pomona grange. He has also been treasurer of the town school district. He is a Republican and a Congregationalist, and has been several years librarian of the Sunday-school.

ALONZO W. GIBSON, RINDGE.

Alonzo W. Gibson is of the eighth generation of the descendants of John Gibson, who came to America in

1639. Born in Salem, Mass., September 23, 1852, when two years of age his parents, John A. and Mary (Davis) Gibson, moved to Rindge, N. H., which has since been his home. At the age of fourteen years he started out to make his own way in the world, being employed by farmers through the summer, and working for his board and schooling winters, until manhood, attending the district schools and one term at

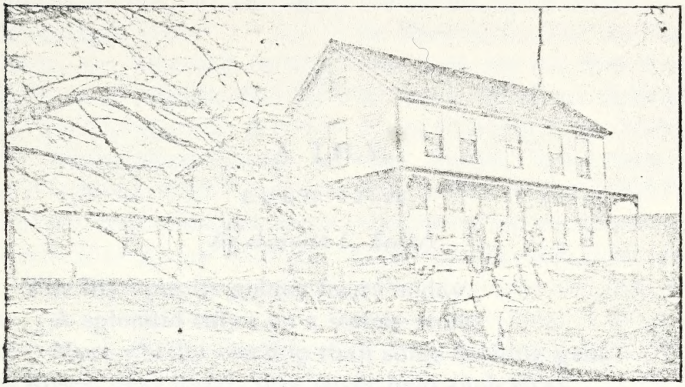


Alonzo W. Gibson.

an academy. Called home by his father's failing health, he assumed charge of the family, tenderly caring for his father during the remainder of his life, as he was also the support and dependence of his mother and younger brother and sisters. After his father's death he purchased the home farm. Subsequently an adjoining farm was added, making one hundred and fifty acres in all, of which thirty is mowing, the balance pasture and woodland. His specialty is dairying, forty pounds of gilt-edged butter being produced weekly, which he delivers to private customers in Winchendon, Mass., who also furnish a market for eggs, milk, cream, vegetables, and all farm products. Though not large, the farm is a productive one, and is run on the intensive plan, Mr. Gibson doing most of the work himself with the best attainable machinery, the additional labor required being hired by the day. No farmer in the region is better supplied with machinery, some of which, being quite a mechanic, he has manufactured himself. He has just added to his equipment a building containing blacksmith and carpenter shops, and mill with a six horse-power Baxter engine and saw for cutting wood, of which he has a large amount and which finds a ready market. The pleasant home, an engraving of which is here given, is largely the work of his own hands, he having thoroughly remodeled the same about the time of his marriage, January 19, 1887, with Mrs. Idella (Converse) Norcross, daughter of Zebulon and Ann (Mixer) Converse of Rindge.

At the time of her marriage with Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Norcross, who came of a family long prominent in this region, had a little son, eight years of age, to whom Mr. Gibson has been a most indulgent father. This son, Arthur Z. Norcross, is now a student in the state college at Durham, class of '99. One daughter, Florence Idella, now five years of age, has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson.

"Meadow View Farm," as the Gibson place is known, is situated on a hill overlooking the Converse reservoir, or meadow, and some of the finest views in the beautiful hill town



Residence of A. W. Gibson, Rindge.

of Rindge are obtained from different points on the place, making it a most delightful residence.

Mr. Gibson is a thorough believer in the principle of doing business on the cash basis, "owing no man anything." He is also a strict temperance man, using neither spirituous liquor nor tobacco in any form. As an earnest temperance worker, he has done all in his power to aid in enforcing the prohibitory laws in the town of Rindge. He is a member of the Congregational church and Sunday-school, and an active member of the Christian Endeavor society, of which he has been president. Politically, he is a Republican, but has never sought public office at the hands of his party or townsmen. He is an enthusiastic Patron of Husbandry, and his voice is often heard in the discussions at the meetings of Cheshire County Pomona grange, of which he is a member. Both he and Mrs. Gibson were charter members of Marshall P. Wilder grange, No. 134, and both have worked long and faithfully to promote its prosperity. Mr. Gibson has served as steward, overseer, lecturer, and master, and Mrs. Gibson has been chaplain, lecturer, and master, being the first lady master in Cheshire county. Both received the seventh degree of the order at the meeting of the National grange in Concord, in November, 1892.

A LILY.

LUKE 12:27.

By Augusta C. Seavey.

The lily opes its golden heart to-day,
A splendid calyx on a stately stem,
More worthy worship than some flashing gem.
Roses, dear heart, sure never held such sway
O'er thee and me as lilies hold alway.
Another loved them,—Christ of Bethlehem
Bade his disciples to "consider" them,—
For e'en the king wore not such brave array.

Dear heart, in other days within our home
Oped other lilies glorious to see.
Why does this blossom seem less fair than they?
Ah! one who watched it bud sees not its bloom.
Since thou art far away, in vain, for me,
The lily opes its golden heart to-day!

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER XII.

"THERE, Madam Sherburne, you see the result of holding your husband up to ridicule when that pet lamb of yours is present," said the Major, in pretended reproach; then to Alfred, "I shall remember that remark of yours, young man, and you 'll be sorry yet that you ever made it."

"I presume so; I 'm sorry now that you can't dance any better, and sorry for poor Polly, too. But you must n't feel so badly about it, sir. Other great men besides yourself have been poor dancers," said Alfred cheerfully.

"'Poor Polly' don't need any of your sympathy, nor I either," growled the Major. "Do you wonder that I am a blighted being, Miss Polly, when my own household are my persecutors?"

"Never mind," I said soothingly, "come to our next husking, and I will dance with you till you are tired, and when they see how well

we keep step, they will realize how they have misjudged you."

Dinner over, we returned to the drawing-room, and Madam S., Alfred, and I were preparing to visit the church, when some friends of Madam S.'s arrived from a town across the river, and detained her; so she told Alfred to go on with me, and to be sure and explain everything to me, just as she would.

"That sounds simple," said Alfred in an aside to me, "but you know Aunt's capacity for explaining." "I'll do my best," he answered her aloud, as we left the house together.

The new church is just above Major S.'s house, on the brow of the hill and overlooking the broad, impetuous river,—a beautiful situation for a beautiful edifice. It is very large and handsomely decorated inside with what Alfred tells me is frescoing. After looking at the church as long as I cared to, Alfred showed me the furnishings; first of all, the chairs which Queen Caroline sent for Queen's chapel—the predecessor of this church, and which was named for her. They are very handsome; the square backs are divided into several sections, each of which is elaborately carved in a pattern of oak leaves. The Bible, communion service and christening bowl of silver, each piece bearing the royal arms, were also her gifts.

"Sit down, Polly," said Alfred, as he explained all this to me; and he seated himself in one of the chairs, while I, half astonished at my own boldness, took the other. "Well!" said he, "I don't think Her Majesty is a very good judge of a comfortable chair, if this one is a sample of what she can do in that line; I really think I could do better myself." Presently he showed me the marble baptismal font, and told me that it is supposed to have been an African relic, as it was brought from Senegal by Colonel Mason, more than fifty years ago, and was presented to Queen's Chapel by his daughters. The font, plate, chairs, and Bible were rescued when Queen's Chapel was burned three years ago, by a friend of Uncle's rushing into the burning building and dragging them out. "So they have an added interest for us," said Alfred.

Then we went up into the gallery to see the organ, and as I never saw one before I was full of curiosity about it and wished,—oh, so much! —that I might hear it played, for it seemed impossible to get music out of such a clumsy-looking instrument, so Alfred tried to open it but it was locked. It is a great mahogany box almost as high as the church wall from above the gallery floor to the ceiling, but narrow in proportion; the great gilt pipes are of graduated heights, the highest in the centre, and reach to the top of the organ. On the floor of, and extending under, the instrument are great slats which the player presses with his feet, Alfred says, as he sits perched on the high bench in front of the organ. He tells me the keys are like those of a spinet, only there are two rows,—banks, he called them,—besides stops on each side.

"What a wonderful thing!" I exclaimed. "I suppose in years to come we shall hear of inventions that will surprise us, but I really think there can be nothing more astonishing than this!"

"I 'm sorry that you can't hear it

played," said Alfred. "You might if you can only go to church with us some Sunday,—don't you think your mother would let you? Aunt would be delighted to take you—and you know nothing would give me greater pleasure," he added in a tone that brought a blush of happiness to my face.

"I should like to come but I know it is useless to expect to, for Mother wouldn't be willing," I said sadly; and for a moment I felt as if Mother is just a little bit more strict in her ideas of propriety than she need to be.

After leaving the church, we stopped on the very top of the hill to get the river view. The scenery was beautiful, but the river was so broad and swift and looked so resistless in its strength, that it seemed to me like a greedy monster pursuing its prey.

"It makes me dizzy," I said, turning my head away.

"Then you probably would n't like to take the ride that a young man of this town once did, as I 've heard Uncle say," said Alfred. "It was in winter and he was driving fast round this hill when, just about where we stand, the horse lost his footing and away he rolled down into the river, dragging the sleigh and its occupant after him. The whole establishment was fished up right away, none the worse for its unexpected dip into the river. But the young man did n't come up here to church after that,—he went to the North church, because he liked the location of it better."

"I do n't blame him. It is a dangerous place and I do n't feel safe here even now," I said shudderingly. "Do n't you think we had better go along?"

"Whenever you are ready," replied A., laughing at my panic. So we went on to see the house where Washington, Lafayette, John Hancock, and others whose names are dear to Americans, have been entertained while visiting this favored town, and Alfred told me many interesting anecdotes of the house and neighborhood. On our way back to Major S.'s, we passed an old building which Alfred said used to be a museum when he was a boy. The proprietor was a jolly little man whom all the boys in town delighted to visit and hear talk.

"He used to take great pleasure," said Alfred, "in telling us about his courtship, and we were never tired of hearing of it. He said he had long admired a young lady of his acquaintance, and one Sunday when they happened to sit together in her father's pew in Queen's Chapel, he marked in the Bible which he handed to her, in the first verse of the second epistle of St. John,—'Unto the elect lady,'—and then the entire fifth verse: 'And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another.' 'The elect lady' understood the appeal and immediately turned down the leaf at the first chapter of Ruth and marked the sixteenth verse: 'Whither thou goest I will go,' etc., and passed the Bible back to her happy suitor."

"That was certainly an original way of making known his wishes," I replied, "and a most satisfactory one in this case, it seems."

"Yes, that did very well, but there are other ways,—counting apple-seeds, for instance," said that irre-

pressible Alfred with a sly look at my downcast face. When we arrived at Major Sherburne's, we found it was rather later than we thought, and Madam S. had ordered an early tea on account of my having so far to ride before dark. I gave a full account of my afternoon, and the tea-time, with its bright conversation and kindly spirit, was no less delightful than every other hour of that happy day had been. As soon as we arose from the table, I had to prepare to go home.

The horse and chaise had been brought to the door and the good-bys had been said when Major S. suddenly slapped his pocket and exclaimed, "Where 's my snuff-box? Have you seen it, Wife?" She said, "No, never mind it now," and kept on with a message which she was giving me for Mother. "Alfred!" called the Major, and Alfred came to him from the foot of the steps where he was waiting for me. "Just run up stairs to my room, will you, and see if I did not leave my snuff-box on the table? It may be there or on the mantelpiece, for I remember that I had it up there this afternoon." "All right, sir, I'll find it," said Alfred, good-naturedly running up stairs, while I took my place in the chaise. No sooner was I seated than the Major caught his hat from the antlers close by, and springing into the chaise with unexpected lightness, said to Madam Sherburne, "Tell Alfred he need n't look for my box, for I do believe it was in my pocket all the time; and just tell him, besides, that I *can* dance and that I can make him dance, too," and laughing heartily at his practical joke, off he drove. I was disappointed for a moment, but the joke was too good, so I soon joined the Major in his laugh and we had a lovely drive home. When we got there, Major S. stopped only just long enough to tell Father and Mother about the trick which he had played on Alfred, and then drove off chuckling,—but not before Father had invited him to our next husking. Alfred came down the next day and was half indignant and half amused at the march which his uncle had stolen upon him.

"I might have known that he was up to some mischief after the warning that he gave me at table," he said, and he could n't help laughing, vexed as he was. "Do n't you see, Polly," he continued, "how much better it would be to be frank about our engagement? Then you could visit us freely and we could go about together without question. As it is, we are to have company at the house all summer, and I can't get away from them half as often as I would like to come here without its being noticed and placing you in an unpleasant position, and then before very many weeks I shall have to go back to New York. Do n't you think your mother would relent if I went to her and told her all this?" But I knew Mother never decides hastily, and once decided, there is no use in asking her to change her mind, so I had to tell Alfred that there was no appeal from what she had said, and he went off, feeling as if he had been wounded in the house of his friends. I was sorry for him, but powerless to help him.

Sept. 3.

I should like to tell you of other pleasant happenings of the summer, but if I neglect to set them down at

the time, there seems to be but little to write about them afterwards. The day which I spent at Riverside was *the* day of this summer—and of every previous one, to me. Alfred went back to New York last week. He came here as often as he could, but as he told me there would be, from the day of my visit at Riverside until he went away, there was a constant succession of guests at his aunt's, to whom he had to be attentive, and that kept him away from here.

He frequently drove by the house with a carriage full of fashionably-dressed people, and he always looked and looked at every window until he was past the house,—but I seldom gave him a chance to bow, as the vine which shades the window where I usually sit in the afternoon, screens me completely, so I could see without being seen. Mother doesn't seem to be as well as usual, and in consequence I have had much of her work to do besides my own this summer. Sometimes when Alfred drove by, looking so bright and happy, the wish would arise that I could go, too; but of course under the circumstances it would not do for us to go about together, and under any circumstances I could not be away from Mother much, so things are better just as Mother planned them. Poor Mother seems to have no strength and she coughs a good deal; still she will not consent to see Dr. Pierpont, as we want her to, but seems to think that when the hot summer is over she will feel stronger. I hope she will, but she looks so frail and delicate that I am afraid to fully trust her prediction. What if she should not?

Oct. 17.

Mother is no better, though cool days are numerous, and some days she cannot sit up all day. I have had all the indoor fall work to see to, and have little time or inclination for writing. Even my letters to Alfred have to wait till I can attend to them, and he waits to hear from me before writing again, so I do not hear from him as often as I did. I know he is all right at heart, but I don't think men realize how much women depend upon words of kindness when they are anxious and overworked.

There is another thought that haunts me and adds to my uneasiness. It is the same feeling that I experienced when the eyes of that portrait made me so uncomfortable at Madam Sherburne's party. What right have I to aspire to Alfred's position when I am not fitted for it by nature or acquirement, and all my associations have been so entirely different from his? I do not turn to him in my trouble,—now that sadness and anxiety overshadow our household I do not long for his presence, for I know that he would be quite out of place here, and I have the feeling that *he* must not be troubled, no matter what I may suffer for want of his support and sympathy in this, my hour of distress and grief.

My reason tells me that the union of two lives so dissimilar in aim and surroundings as ours are, cannot result in happiness for either, and I wonder if Mother, with her keen insight into character, foresaw this last March? But he is the poetry of my life, and my heart has grown fast to his and aches unspeakably at the thought, only, of being separated from him. Perhaps I am morbid. I

know I am tired and very anxious,—so likely enough I am borrowing trouble. But it is a relief to put this thought into language, and even if Mother were well I could n't tell her this, for it seems like doubting Alfred, and that is the last thing that I would do,—so I come to you. In all the world you are my one refuge at this time, my diary, and now that I have told my little worry to you, I think I may feel better.

[*To be continued.*]

THE BROWN THRUSH.

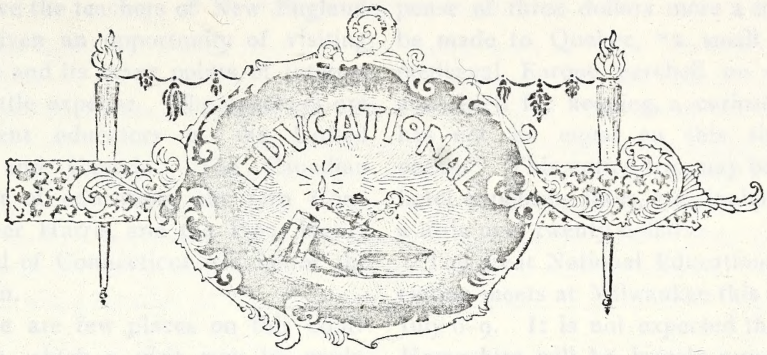
By Ray Laurance.

On the edge of a pond
Where the blue iris grows,
Near white water lilies
Just tinted with rose,
Is a long stretch of woods
With a path winding down,
'T is the haunt of the minstrel,
The thrush, rusty brown.

When the first flush of dawn
Tints the east with pale red,
The brown, wildwood minstrel
Then lifts up his head,
And a flood of sweet music,—
A bird song of prayer,—
Like a censer of incense
Is poured on the air.

When the shadows are length'ning
And the day fades from sight,
The minstrel is chanting
A hymn to the night.
As the fires of the sunset
Burn low o'er the hill,
His vesper song echoes
Through green forest still.

Brown thrush, sweetest minstrel
Of wild woodland birds,
Singing herald of daylight,
Thy songs without words
Poured forth on the morning
And evening tide there
Are the dewdrops of music,
A bird song of prayer!



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

THE SUMMER'S OPPORTUNITIES.

The teachers and friends of education in New Hampshire are to have unusual opportunities the coming summer for attending educational assemblies.

It is generally conceded that the salaries paid to rural school teachers will not allow many extras in the way of the summer school and institutes, but when such rich programmes are offered them free by the state, should they not use every possible effort to be present at one or more weeks of the state summer school? A teacher can not afford to absent herself, if she hopes to rise in her profession.

The fifth session of the summer institute will be held at Durham in the buildings of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts from August 7 to August 28. Heretofore the sessions have been held at Plymouth. It has been determined that another section of the state shall be benefited, and the president and faculty of the college having extended a cordial invitation to the Superintendent of Public Instruction to hold the school in Durham, the invitation has been gladly accepted. In previous years the institute has been of two weeks' duration. This year it will be three. The Summer School of Science, conducted by the Agricultural College, will hold its sessions during these three weeks, and teachers may thereby derive benefit from the two courses. The strongest lecturers on methods of instruction have been engaged by the department of public instruction, and it is intended that the programme shall be as rich, varied, and beneficial as heretofore.

The rural school teachers will have, as last year, a series of lectures. Teachers from the city schools will be inspired and helped by their close contact with the best educators in the country.

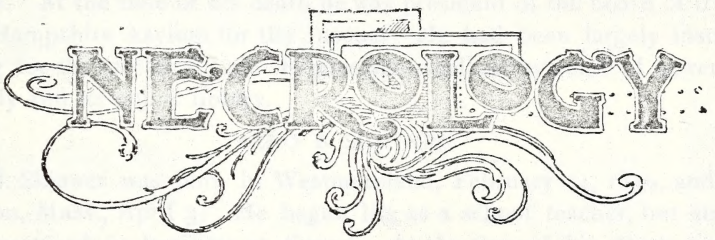
Durham offers many attractions to the teachers, and several excursions will be taken to the various points of historic interest in that vicinity. One day will be passed at the Isles of Shoals.

To teachers who can afford to take the trip (and there are many in the state), the announcement of the American Institute of Instruction at Montreal will prove most attractive. Never be-

fore have the teachers of New England been given an opportunity of visiting Canada and its many points of interest at so little expense. The speakers are prominent educators of the United States and Canada. The Canadian minister of education, our own Commissioner Harris, and the Hon. Henry Barnard of Connecticut will honor the occasion.

There are few places on this continent to which a visit may be made, giving so many novel and instructive experiences as Montreal, while at an expense of three dollars more a trip may be made to Quebec, "a small bit of mediæval Europe perched on a rock and dried for keeping, a curiosity that has not its equal on this side the ocean." This entire trip may be made, hotel expenses, fares, etc., included, for a little over twenty dollars.

The great National Educational association meets at Milwaukee this season, July 6–9. It is not expected that New Hampshire will be largely represented —at the same time it is probable that some few teachers may be present.



WILLIAM S. STEVENS.

William S. Stevens was born in Canterbury 80 years ago, and died in Dover, April 15. He was engaged in the manufacture of glue and of sandpaper in Dover for fifty years. He was mayor of that city from 1870 to 1872, and for several years a member of the school-board. He was a member of the legislature in 1855–'56 and 1872–'73; was for many years a director of the Boston & Maine railroad, and at the time of his death was president of the Strafford National bank.

DR. JONATHAN S. CURTIS.

Dr. Jonathan S. Curtis was born in Epsom, June 11, 1821, and died at Hartford, Conn., March 31. He was graduated from the Dartmouth Medical college and the New York University of Medicine, and practised in Abington and Lawrence, Mass., California, and Hartford, Conn., having been a resident of the last named city since 1852. He served in the late war as surgeon of a Connecticut regiment.

CHARLES MORRILL.

Charles Morrill, a native of Hanover, died in New York city, April 5, at the age of 69 years. He had been a resident of that city since he was eighteen, and had built up an extensive business in the manufacture of hardware specialties of his own invention. He was also a successful architect.

GEORGE R. FOWLER.

Judge George R. Fowler died in Philadelphia, April 11. He was born in Concord, April 25, 1844, and was graduated at the Albany, N. Y., law school, being admitted to the Merrimack county bar in November, 1866. He served two years as assistant clerk of the New Hampshire state senate, and the same length of time as clerk. He began the practice of law in Boston in 1870, and continued it most successfully. In 1874, he was appointed one of the justices of the West Roxbury district court, a position which he held at the time of his death. His specialty was mercantile law, but he was also very prominent in railroad matters. For four years he was a member of the Republican state central committee of Massachusetts.

DR. GEORGE B. TWITCHELL.

Dr. George B. Twitchell, a native of Petersburg, Va., died at Keene, March 30, at the age of 76 years and 6 months. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and had practised his profession at Keene since 1843. He served as regimental and brigade surgeon in the war, and in March, 1863, was commissioned as surgeon-in-chief of the Sixth and Seventh divisions of the Seventeenth army corps. At the time of his death he was president of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane. He had been largely instrumental in securing for the city of Keene its present excellent systems of sewerage and water-supply and its public library.

AZRO B. SKINNER.

Azro B. Skinner was born in Westmoreland, February 14, 1839, and died at Winchendon, Mass., April 3. He began life as a school teacher, but since 1865 had been engaged in business at Keene. At the time of his death he was the proprietor of the largest general store in that city.

WILLIAM JACKSON.

William Jackson was born at Melford, Ireland, February 3, 1807, and died at Littleton, March 29. From 1831, for nearly forty years he was engaged in the manufacture of woolens at Barnet, Vt., and at Littleton. He was a Democrat in politics, a Scotch Presbyterian in religion, and stanch in his adherence to both.

HENRY F. SANBORN.

Hon. Henry F. Sanborn was born in Epsom, February 26, 1819, and died in Princeton, Mass., March 26. He resided in his native town until 1882, and served it as selectman and representative. He was also twice a member of the state senate. During his residence at Princeton he was repeatedly chosen a member of the school-board, and was treasurer of the trustees of the Goodnow Memorial building.

JOHN FOSTER.

John Foster was born in Hudson, December 30, 1817, and died in Boston, April 9. He was in the grocery business in that city from 1836 to 1872, and amassed a fortune, which he invested in real estate. He gave generously to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and also remembered the towns of Hudson and Warner with benefactions.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE



Sullivan House. Church. Slave House.

VIEW IN YARD OF SULLIVAN HOUSE

CONCORD · N.H.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

1897



JUNE, 1897.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

CONTENTS

"THE OLD NORTH END," Frank West Rollins 325
AT MIDNIGHT, Laura Garland Carr,—*Poem* 340
HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS, Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend 341
THE DREAMS OF JUNE, L. Arolyn Caverly,—*Poem* 351
POLLY TUCKER, Annie J. Conwell 352
THE TOWN OF DURHAM, Clarence Moores Weed 361
SINGER, SING, John Vance Cheney,—*Poem* 384
REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS, H. H. Metcalf 385
A GARDEN SONG, F. H. Swift,—*Poem* 389
PERFECTED, Augusta C. Seavey,—*Poem* 389
EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT, Fred Gowing 390
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY 393

"Birds in the Heart of New Hampshire," by Mrs. C. P. Webster, and "North Woodstock," by Justin Conrad, will appear in the July GRANITE MONTHLY.

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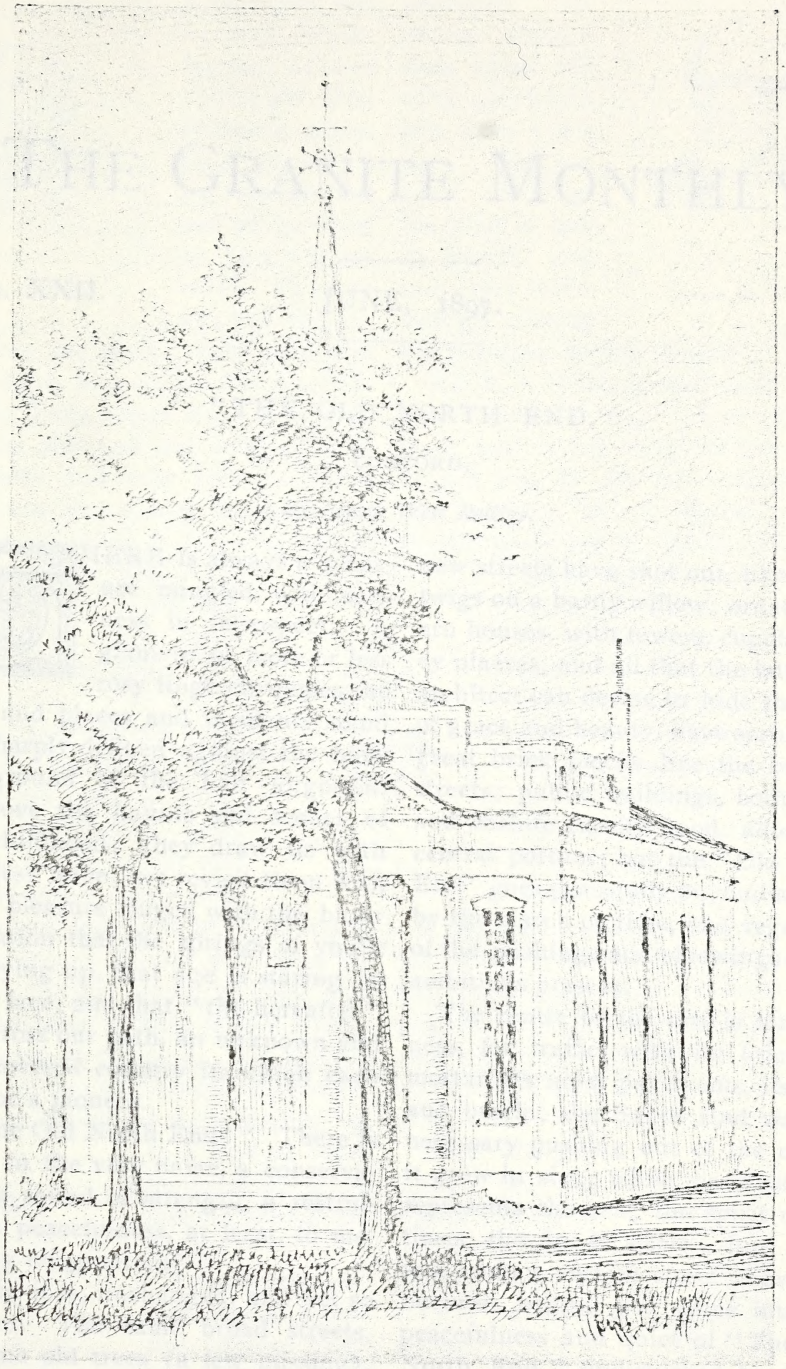
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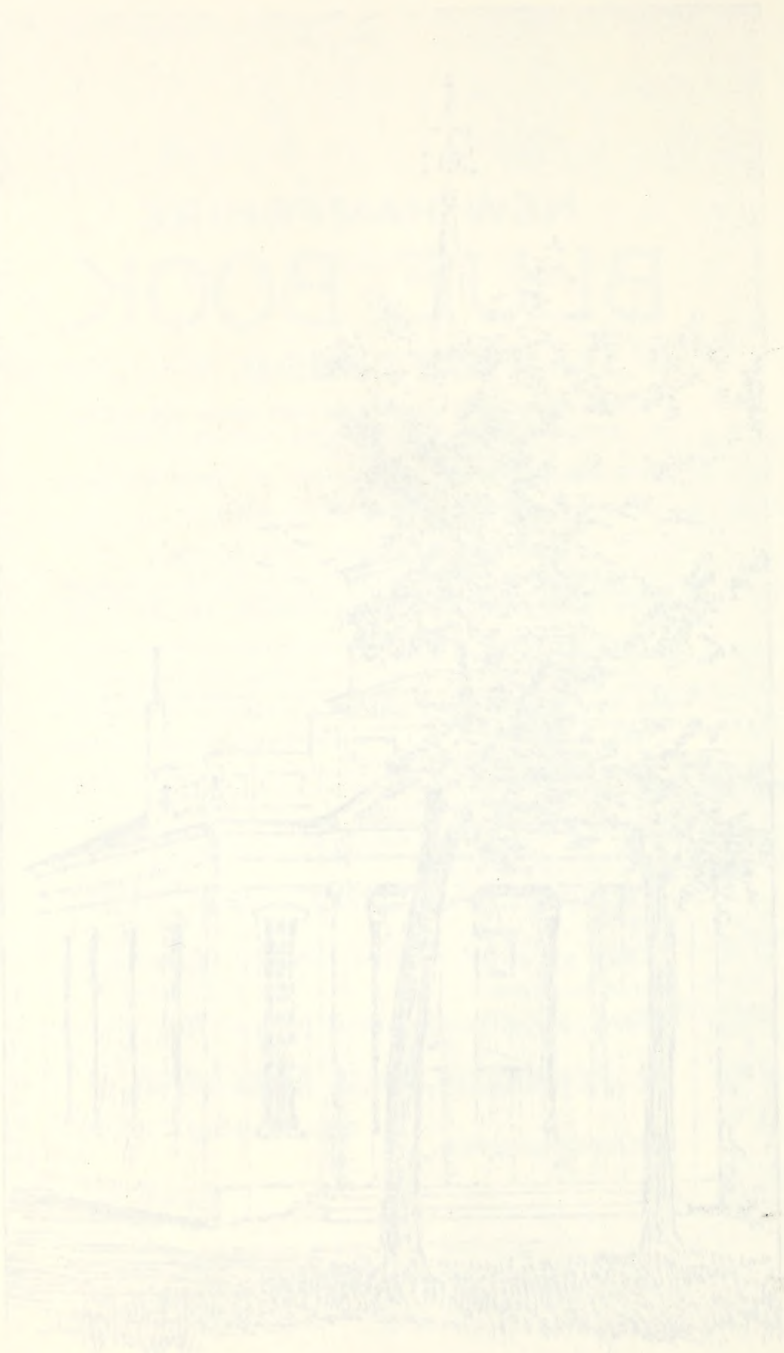
Concord, N. H.

AGENTS WANTED.

325-226



THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.
Erected, 1842. Burned, June 29, 1873.



THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XXII. JUNE, 1897. No. 6.

"THE OLD NORTH END."

CONCORD.

By Frank West Rollins.

THERE is always a pleasure mingled with sadness in retrospect. A glamour of more or less rosy tinge envelopes the past, and places and incidents stand out sharply defined against the hazy background of the half forgotten. We love the haunts and scenes of our childhood; they draw us with resistless force; we revisit them with sweet pleasure tinged with the bitter realization that the springs of youth are drying up, that age is staring us in the face, and that "the hereafter" lies across our path, an unknown and undiscovered country in which each must be a pioneer.

"The Old North End!" There is music in the very name, a conservatism, a sound of strength, a restfulness, a peacefulness, at least, to me. Is it my imagination?

There it is, unchanged, and yet so changed. The same broad streets, the same old trees (a few missing), the same old houses. Other parts of the city have grown, have expanded; new streets have shot out, like young twigs on a hardy willow; ornate modern houses, with towers, cupolas, fancy piazzas, and all that the latter-day architect can devise to hide the lines of grace and beauty, have sprung up; great brick blocks line the business streets; public buildings, both costly and architecturally good, adorn the central portion; but the "Old North End" goes peacefully on, undisturbed by the march of time, and regardless of the pushings and elbowings of the ambitious present.

The centre of the city is for business, for traffic, with its brick and mortar, its noisy pavements, its push and bustle; the South End was the necessary pushing out of the city as it grew in size; while the West End represents the *new*, the spirit of the times, the fin de siècle. But, when you cross a certain street above the business centre, you come into the peacefulness and quiet of "The Old North End," undisturbed by trade, unmoved by modernism, stretching its roots deep into the past, yes, even



Joseph B. Walker.

land, under and across Washington street through Mrs. Gilbert's place, then through my father's land and so on down to the steam mill, thence across the intervale to the river. Both pool and brook have long since disappeared, and the fields where they once glistened in the sun are now covered by houses and trim lawns. There was at one time a boat on this pool, and I have poled it down as far as the old prison wall. As near as I can remember, the brook ran just about where Beacon street now lies.

Let us begin at the north end of Main street and note some of the changes. Hon. Joseph B. Walker looks much as he did, except that time has added a little more silver to his hair, but he is the same unobtrusive, courteous gentleman as of yore, and his ancestral home and the noble trees around it still stand, a landmark in Concord. My mother used to tell me she remembered when there was a flight of steps leading up to a row of seats in one of the great trees in front of the house.



John H. George.

Col. Enoch Gerrish, whose house was always open to me as a boy, and whose bluff kindness was appreciated, remains, though seen about the city perhaps less than years ago. He has spent much of his time of late in travel, and talks very interestingly about the countries he has visited.



Enoch Gerrish.

Mr. F. A. Fiske passed away some years since, a man whose kindly smile and loving neighborliness endeared him to all the community. His son, Mr. W. P. Fiske, retains the old home and his father's sterling traits of character. The old F. A. Fiske store, one of the few remains of the days when the North End was the business part of Concord, still stands, though the business has passed into the hands of Mr. Patrick H. Larkin, who was educated in it by Mr. Fiske himself.



Luther Roby.

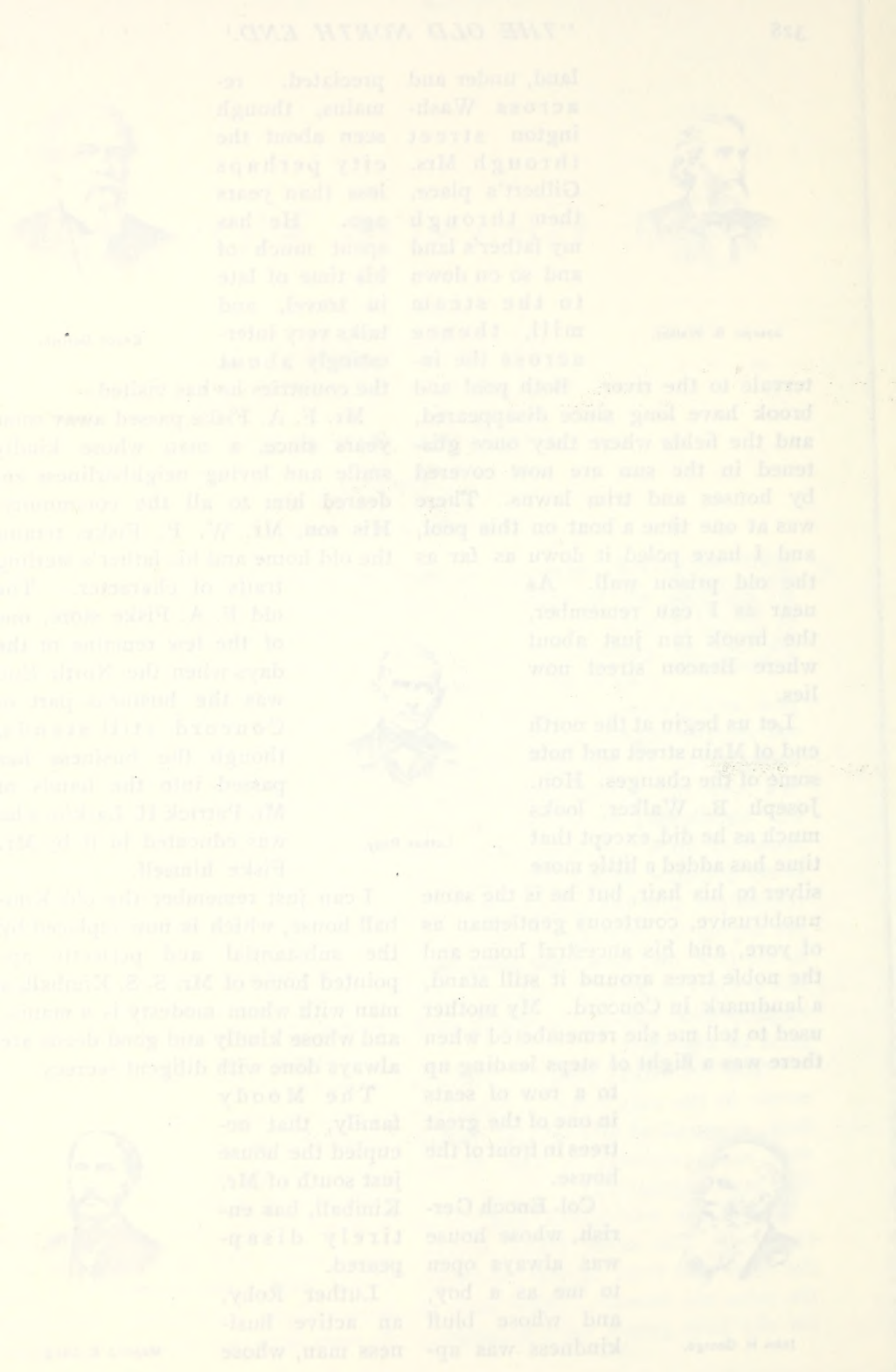
I can just remember the old Kimball house, which is now replaced by the substantial and perfectly appointed home of Mr. S. S. Kimball, a man with whom modesty is a mania, and whose kindly and good deeds are always done with diligent secrecy.

The Moody family, that occupied the house just south of Mr. Kimball, has entirely disappeared.

Luther Roby, an active business man, whose



Major J. E. Lang.



face was familiar in those days, has gone, and the stately old home with its long sweep of lawn and handsome elms is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Murdoch.

Referring to the Roby house, Major Lewis Downing informs me that it was occupied in his early years by Benjamin Kimball, son of Deacon John Kimball, and that it was probably built about 1795. He says that way back in the twenties he used to visit there, as Mrs. Kimball was his mother's aunt, and that he has lately come into possession of a letter, written by his mother, then Lucy Wheelock, in



The Benjamin Kimball House.

that house, April 26, 1813, eighty-four years ago, which is still in a good state of preservation, and very much valued by himself and family. By the way, the Major should reduce to writing his recollections of Concord, its buildings, and citizens, as they were four or more decades farther back than I am telling about at the present time, and I hope he will do so.

The old house opposite, which has at various times been a tavern, the home of Hon. John Y. Mugridge, General Patterson, and others, has now many tenants, and belongs to a syndicate.

Who cannot remember Col. John H. George! I can see him now, hurrying down the street with quick, short steps, always ready with a hearty handshake and some quip or story; warm-hearted, quick to anger, and as ready to forgive and forget, large of frame, large of heart; his home was always open, and his hospitality was boundless. His son and daughter keep up the traditions of the family, and I believe their front door is never locked, at least, I never knew any one to ring the bell.



R. E. Pecker.

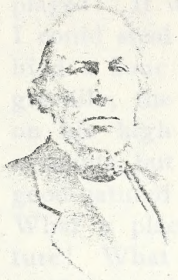
Major J. E. Lang is not forgotten by his many old friends, though he joined the "silent majority" a number of years since, and most of his family have moved away.

Mrs. Robert E. Pecker lived in the house now occupied by Dr. W. G. Carter, and many a good dinner have I eaten at her hospitable board. She passed away some years since, respected and beloved by all who knew her. This house was built in 1791 by Philip Carrigan, and on account of its size and expense was called "Carrigan's Folly." It was at one time a garrison house.

The Rev. Dr. Ayer has endeared himself to all our people during his long and faithful ministry. He is now frequently seen upon his bicy-



Mrs. R. E. Pecker.

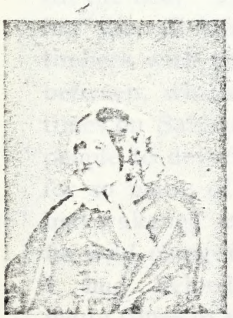


John Abbott.

cle. Shades of Nathaniel Bouton! What would the people of "The Old North End" have said fifty years ago to have seen one of their pastors astride a wheel? But times have changed, and every one adopts this beautiful and sensible style of locomotion. It is even becoming a factor in the spread of the gospel, and many a missionary and poor minister, too poor to own a horse, finds a wheel a means of reaching outlying posts and parishioners.

Deacon Charles F. Stewart, for so many long years city clerk, lived on the corner of Franklin and Main streets. His spare figure was well known upon our streets, and his name appeared on every marriage and death certificate. The site of his low, old-fashioned brick house is now occupied by the attractive home of Major McFarland.

Mr. Cyrus Paige, on the opposite corner, died a few years since, and Mr. John H. Pearson has moved to Court street, and our esteemed chief justice occupies the Pearson residence. Mr. Pearson appears as young as he did twenty years since, and is respected by all who come in contact with him.



Mrs. Nancy Montgomery West.

"Honest John Abbott" was tenderly laid to rest several years ago. Never was there a more honorable, a more kindly man. His heart was as large and tender as his frame was massive and towering. A devoted husband and a loving father. I remember him with especially tender feelings, for I spent so many happy hours at his home, and knew him intimately. Mrs. Abbott and her daughter still live in the family residence, while the sons are filling positions of honor and trust away from home.

Judge Asa Fowler has gone to his reward, and his family are no longer numbered among the residents of Concord. They, however, have not forgotten the place of their nativity, and have made the distinguished name of their father familiar to the younger generations by the "Fowler Memorial Library." Their home is now owned by Gen. F. S. Streeter.



John West.

Next south of Judge Fowler's house was a shoe shop, presided over by one Shuff, an irritable man, whom we boys used to delight in stirring up.

Did you ever sit around the stove on a cold, winter night at John West's store? If you have, the picture of the place will come vividly to your mind. I can see the old, familiar faces. Samuel Wallace, James Morrill, James Roby, Nathaniel Abbott, Lyman Merrill, James Donegan, and many others. The

stories they told, the jokes they played! It was a treat to me when I could steal away, and getting behind a flour barrel, drink it all in greedily, the while John West sat on his high stool, casting up his accounts, but always ready to take a good-natured part in the badinage. What a place to study human nature! What a place to cultivate good temper!

Opposite the store was the carpenter's shop of Mr. Samuel Wallace, the site of which is now occupied by Merrill's store. Next south of that was Mr. Samuel M. Griffin's house and then his carriage works, which, together with the North church, were burned one summer's night by that crazy man, Greenough.

The burning of the North church was a personal loss to me. I loved the old building, with its high tower, its box pews, and tall pulpit. It had ample grounds and a high iron fence around it, and not the least loss by the fire was the row of beautiful maples which encircled it. Many of my ancestors were Congregationalists, and attended this church, and I always felt nearly as much at home in it as in my own.

In this great conflagration the massive timbers of the spire resisted till the last. The covering or boarding was all burned off, leaving the timbers with the great bell hanging between, which had rung so many times on Sabbath mornings to call its people to devotion, which had tolled for so many of the departed, which had wakened me so many times with its wild clangor of alarm, and which I had helped, surreptitiously, so many times to peal out its glad welcome to the morn on May Day and Fourth of July. The bell went first, and many a man felt sad as it crashed into the fiery furnace below, there to be turned into the molten mass from which it was cast. The spire did not long survive. For minutes we watched it sway and totter, while the flames and sparks poured up its sides and into the blackness of the heavens above in one great, riotous, jubilant roar. You could almost hear the fire fiends laugh with delight. Then it swayed dizzily towards the south, then tottered towards the east as though bowing a final adieu, and then at last took one grand plunge toward the west, right into the ruins of the church itself. A mass of sparks and flame swept upwards, then blackness settled down, and a chill fell on every heart, for we realized that the Old North church was no more.

Captain Horace Herbert, a veteran of the late war, lives in the old Herbert house, one of the *very* old Concord residences, but the Woolson and Richard Herbert families have passed away.

Dr. Ezra Carter! Does not that name call up memories to all North End people? I can see his smiling, benignant face now, entering the sick room, and bringing cheer, hope, relief, by his very presence. He was the most perfect representative of the old family physician—the gentleman of the old school—I have ever known. None knew him but to love him, and his death would have been an irreparable loss if his noble traits of character had not been transmitted to his son, Dr. W. G. Carter, whom I venture to state never had an enemy in his life, and whose practice would only have been limited by the num-

ber of hours in the day had his health permitted.



Dr. Ezra Carter.

Mr. James M. Moore, the veteran hardware merchant, still lives, but J. D. Johnson has passed away, and his home is now the residence of Mr. John C. Thorne.

Hon. Edward H. Rollins died in 1889, and I think I may justly say that his life was not without its uses. He served his state and his constituents faithfully, and was always true to himself and to his friends. Part of his family still live in Concord, but the old West house, becoming too old for habitation, has been torn down.

Major Henry McFarland, who for many years lived just south of the Rollins place, has come back to us after a long absence, and no man could be more welcome. He is the best type of the good citizen. I well remember, as a boy, playing tick-tack on his windows one night. We boys were all hidden in the arbor in our yard, and had a string running over to one of the windows of the Major's house. We were getting along swimmingly, when a figure darted around the corner and we scampered in all directions. The Major was pretty light on his pins in those days, and he finally captured one of the malefactors down near the steam mill. He marched him up to his study, and delivered a moral lecture on the evil of boys in general and tick-tack in particular.



Judge Asa Fowler.

Mrs. Sweetser lived in the house now occupied by Mr. George H. Marston, and the home was noted for its hospitality. Mrs. Sweetser and all her family have passed away, though her descendants are living about Boston. In the garden of this home there was a famous cold spring, reached by a flight of stone steps. I believe it has now been filled up.

Ford's plow store still exists much as of yore, though the old piazza on the front is gone.

The Historical Society building was then the Merrimack County Savings Bank, presided over by Mr. Ebenezer Towle. It was a quaint old bank, and Concord was a law-abiding community then. Their vault was unique, and the system of locking it was probably never used in any other bank. This lock was, undoubtedly, the first combination lock ever invented, although I believe it was never patented. The vault had two doors, an outside and an inside.



Dr. Carter Place.

The outside swung out and was locked with a key in the usual manner. After closing the inside door, which swung inward, and locking the outside, the custodian proceeded to a room back of the vault and unfastened a little wooden door in the wall. From this opening a hole ran through the vault and a big iron bar was thrown against the inside door by means of a bed-wrench. Thus you see the embryo combination lock, a key, a hole in the wall, and a bed-wrench. The festive modern burglar would have had a picnic there, but the citizens of Concord were honest. Now the bank has joined the march of progress and, leaving "The Old North End" to its slumbers, has spacious modern banking rooms down town.



New Hampshire Historical Society Building.

In what is now a tumble-down ruin was at that time Miss Dora Merrill's school, a very successful and popular school in its day. A bridge connected the house with the second story of the Historical Society building, which was used as part of the school. Miss Merrill has moved away, the old school is a ruin, and her scholars are washing the faces and combing the hair of another generation of school-boys and girls.



E. H. Rollins.

Dr. Warren and Mr. Hoyt, who set out the hedge around the court house, are both gone. Where John Morrill now lives was then a lumber yard connected with the steam mill. Miss Clara Morrill and her old home have both vanished; and Hook's Tavern, which stood on the corner of Court and Main streets, reached by a flight of steps from the street, and the only recollection of which I have is of its being used for drinking purposes on election day, has given place to a smooth grass plot.

Hon. Asa McFarland was then a prominent figure on our streets, but he has passed away, full of years, and leaving behind him a blessed memory of good deeds and the open record of a well-spent life.

The Rev. Nathaniel Bouton's name will always be a prominent one in the history of Concord, not only for his long ministry, but because of his love for, and association with, the records of the city. His clear-cut features, his erect figure stand out before me as a silhouette upon the background of the past.

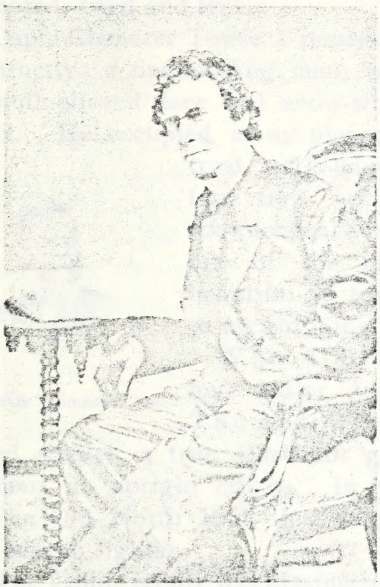


J. D. Johnson.

Bishop Niles had just arrived among us, and while we knew him by reputation, he did not

then occupy that large and prominent place in our affections and respect which he holds now. I doubt if New Hampshire ever had a man within her borders of broader learning, of greater brain power, of more wonderful memory and grasp of facts, and with nobler ideals and aspirations.

Hon. George G. Fogg was just rounding out his career of statesmanship, and he has joined those who have gone before.



Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, D. D.

Mr. Woodbridge Odlin still remains to connect us with the *long* distant past. It is a common saying when something which happened many years ago is inquired about—"Go ask Woodbridge Odlin." In fact, he is a very Encyclopædia Concordia.

In years agone North End people bought their silverware of Ivory Hall, who kept a jewelry store just north of Dr. Conn's house. I have a good deal of silver bearing his name. Ivory has been gathered to his fathers, and his family has vanished.



Oliver Pillsbury.

Dr. G. P. Conn is still in active practice among us, in the prime of life, a man of broad experience, inexhaustible good humor, and widely known.

Hon. Onslow Stearns, once so prominent in political and railroad circles, a man of strong business instincts, of great executive ability, and a good citizen, died some years since, and his house is used for other purposes.

At the lower end of State street, Luther S. Morrill, the urbane gentleman, the kind friend, was taken from us in his prime; while Dr. Gage, his father-in-law, has also passed away, full of years.

It is a constant source of congratulation to me that the Hon. William L. Foster has survived his recent illnesses and has been spared to us. No more courtly gentleman ever walked our streets, no more eloquent advocate ever appeared at the bar of our courts. May he be spared many years, not for his own sake, but for ours.



Dr. Prescott.

Mr. Charles Minot was another truly

good man who has left us. A fine specimen of the high-toned business man, using the expression in its right sense.

Evil-doers no longer have to face the venerable Judge Dana, but his name has been prominently connected with our police court ever since I can remember, and I am happy to say he seems well and active yet.

Oliver Pillsbury was deeply regretted when he was taken away. A man of ripe judgment, honorable, honored, tried and true.

Capt. Ebenezer Towle I remember distinctly: a fine-looking man, with smooth-shaved face and snow-white hair. He occupied many places of trust. His daughters now occupy the ancestral home, one of the most beautiful in town, to my thinking.



Ai B. Thompson.

Who did not love Major A. B. Thompson? A tried soldier, a true Christian gentleman, an upright citizen. In him "The Old North End" lost one of its beacon lights.

The Coffin family has disappeared, like so many of our old family names, I am sorry to say, and nothing remains but the famous elm to mark the place. To me this glorious tree is the most beautiful I have ever seen. Its strength, symmetry, and grace are simply magnificent. I wonder if it is half appreciated!

I should not pass the "Old Cemetery," where so many I have mentioned are sleeping peacefully their last sleep, without notice. If you want to find Concord's old families, the old familiar names, many of them



Hon. George G. Fogg.



Woodbridge Odlin.

forgotten, go there, spend a quiet hour with the dead, and then meditate on the mutability of all things human and the fleetingness of the vanishing present.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North Wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own,
O Death!"

Hon. Samuel C. Eastman, a little older, a little, just a little gray, is an active factor in our community, a trusted counselor, an able advocate.

Mr. Moses Hazen Bradley bears a name distinguished in our annals and closely connected with our early history. I am sorry to say he is the last in the male line of the name, and with him the family name will disappear.

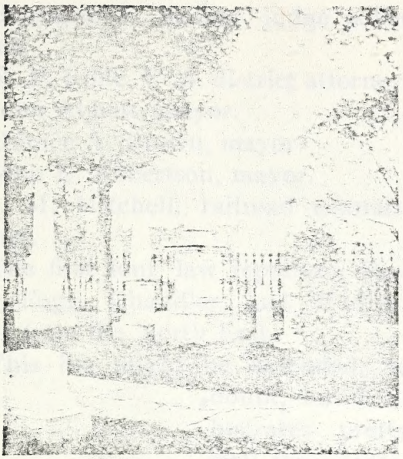
I have thus briefly sketched some of the more prominent names of my childhood,—not all by any means. Many I have left out whom I would gladly have paid tribute to, but for want of time. Have I not brought before your mind's eye a goodly ar-



Francis A. Fiske.



Dr. Charles P. Gage.



Pierce Monument in Minot Enclosure, Old Cemetery.

ray of noble names, of goodly lives, of men who did not live in vain? and I have not mentioned the good, true, beautiful women of "The Old North End," the devoted wives and mothers, who reared large families of children in the love of God and respect of fellow-men, and who did so much to build deep and strong the foundations of our civic life. They would require a separate article and deserve it. But this hurried résumé shows you the changes time has wrought, calls to your mind the names of loved ones, who are not dead, but passed beyond.

Did you ever stop to think how many notable men and officials this part of our city had brought forth or contained? At a recent dinner, Hon. Henry Robinson read a list, and, as near as I can remember, it was as follows:



Mrs Gen. Davis.

Isaac Hill, governor and senator.

Franklin Pierce, president of the United States.

George G. Fogg, minister to Switzerland and senator.

Edward H. Rollins, speaker house, congressman, and senator.

William E. Chandler, secretary navy, speaker house, senator.

Jacob H. Gallinger, president senate, congressman, senator.

Onslow Stearns, president senate and governor.

Nathaniel Baker, speaker house and governor.

Charles H. Peaslee, congressman.

Jonathan Kittridge, chief justice (lower court).

A. P. Carpenter, chief justice.

Ira Perley, chief justice.

William L. Foster, judge supreme court.

Asa Fowler, speaker house and judge supreme court.

N. G. Upham, judge supreme court.

Samuel C. Eastman, speaker house.

John Y. Mugridge, president senate.



Judge Kittridge.

Ai B. Thompson, secretary state and major, U. S. A.

I. W. Hammond, deputy secretary state.

S. A. Carter, state treasurer.

A. D. Ayling, adjutant-general.

J. N. Patterson, U. S. marshal and brigadier-general.

Oliver Pillsbury, insurance commissioner.

James O. Lyford, bank commissioner.

I. A. Watson, secretary board of health.

Sylvester Dana, judge police court.

Benjamin E. Badger, judge police court.

H. P. Rolfe, U. S. district attorney.

John Abbott, mayor.

Horace A. Brown, mayor.

John E. Robertson, mayor.

J. M. Mitchell, railroad commissioner.

The first four law reporters, Foster, Fogg, Chandler, and Hadley, were from the North End.

This list might be extended, no doubt, but it illustrates pretty well the character of our people.



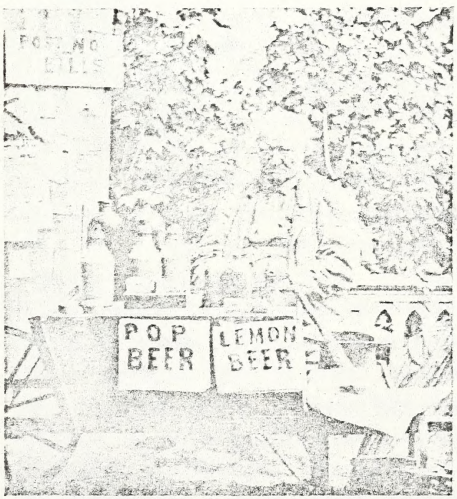
Hon. N. G. Upham.

I cannot close without touching on some of the old buildings. There was and is the Merrimack school, where my ideas began to sprout. In those times Miss Eliza Day, now Mrs. Charles H. Roberts, presided over the primary school; Miss Emery, over the intermediate; Miss Laura Webster, now Mrs. William K. McFarland, over the second grammar; and Mrs. Akerman, over the first grammar and the whole school. They were all fine teachers, and did their best to cudgel some knowledge into as rattle-headed and thick-skinned a set of children as were ever gathered together. My boy comes home from school now and talks about this grade and that grade, the first period and the second period. I ask him whether he is in the intermediate or second grammar, and he looks at me with an expression signifying that I am out of my head. "I don't know anything about your



Horace A. Brown.

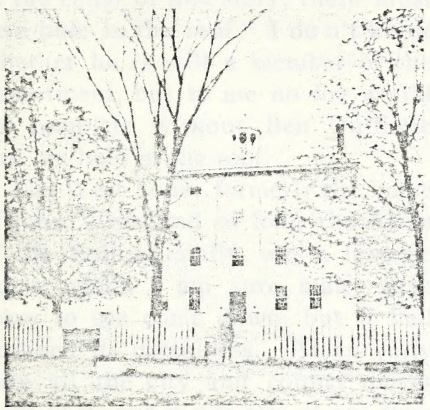
intermediate and second grammar," he says with scorn. Well, I don't know anything about the fifth grade, and to this day I don't know where my boy is in school, and I'm blest if I can find any one in Concord who can tell me, though I have asked many. The only thing I can do is to watch him through, and when he gets into the highest class I shall know where he is. If I were to criticise, which, of course, I shall not, our present school system, I should say there was too much red tape and too many well-kept lawns. Is the school yard the place for well-trimmed lawns or for landscape gardening? Is it not the place for these young colts to loosen up their muscles, to start the red corpuscles moving, to work off the animal so as to get at the intellectual? Why, in my day a spear of grass would n't have been



Benjamin Green.

tolerated for a moment in the Merrimack school yard!

I can see the old school now on a warm spring afternoon, Mrs. Akerman sitting at her desk, straight and stern, the battered air-tight stove, the melodeon with the well-thumbed dictionary on top, the bent heads, the low buzzing of study, the shuffling of feet, and the distant, monotonous mumble of recitation going on beyond the blackboards, while ever and anon the shriek of the circular saw over in the prison shops would

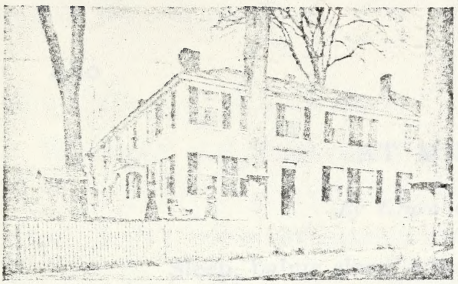


The Old State Prison.

break in upon the semi-quiet. We could see the guards on the wall, walking back and forth in their monotonous round, and this always made me sleepy.

The old prison itself was one of the features of the North End, one, however, we were not sorry to get rid of. Its rough, forbidding-looking walls, its decidedly prison-like style of architecture, were not cheerful to contemplate. Prisoners used to have more privileges then, at least some of the trusty ones, and were frequently seen in their black and red garb outside the walls. I used to know the one who had charge of the stable, and he was a famous hand with a jack-knife. He produced those ivory toothpicks made to shut up like a pocket-knife, and was an object of great admiration to me. He used to sit in the sun by the stable, working away on these little toys, which he sold very well.

In my boyhood the old hand tubs played an important part in our fire department, and played well. The best company was the No. 2, whose house was on top of Chapel street, just in the rear of the Methodist church. The company was a large one, and comprised a good part of the young, active men of the North End. When the alarm bells rung, and the populace shouted "Fire!" which every one did as soon as he could get his head outside the door, there was a race for the No. 2 house. The first to arrive threw open the doors, grabbed the steering handles, and, without waiting for any help, started the machine out of the house and down the hill. The old tub would rattle down to Main street like a locomotive, and then the enterprising steersman would mount the machine and ring the bell on top till enough men arrived to man the drag-ropes and pull it to the fire. This No. 2 company was a very enterprising one, and there was great rivalry between it and the other engines. The one to get on the first stream was very proud of the fact. It used to be darkly hinted that sometimes the members of this company got advance news of fires to come, but of this I cannot speak. There was one member of the company who was my particular admiration. His name was Ben Ouillette, a Frenchman, and in five minutes after he arrived at a fire



The Rollins (or West) House.

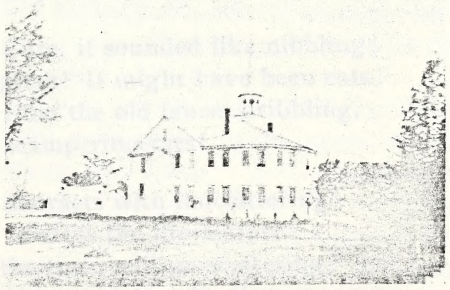
he always appeared on the roof and chopped a hole in it. It did n't matter where the fire was, whether it was in the cellar or first story, there must be a hole in the roof. I do n't know whether he is still a member of the department, but to me no fire would be complete without Ben Ouillette and his hole in the roof.

The West house, formerly the home of John West, and so long the home of the Rollins family, was a historic house which I am sure many were sorry to see come down, but it had outlived its usefulness. At an early date all the city and county offices were in it, and it was also at one time the post-office. It was for many years the headquarters for the Republican party of New Hampshire, and many a political campaign was mapped out in its library. It was also the scene of a great many social gatherings, and to the writer every room is enshrouded in tender memories of dear friends and childhood's happy hours.

At the corner of State and Church streets stood a small, square, brick school, called the "Old Brick," and in it a large portion of Concord's North End people absorbed the rudiments of their education. It had no pretensions to architectural beauty, and nothing to hallow it but old recollections and memories of childhood. It was torn down some years since, and a new building, placed on the land formerly occupied by the Methodist Institute, fills its place.

The *real* Old North church antedated the one I have described by a great many years. It stood where the Walker school now stands, was built of wood, painted white, and was of rather an ambitious style of construction. In my boyhood, it was used as a Methodist seminary, and one of the yearly duties incumbent on us boys was the horning of the students and professors on May Day morning. Those students were muscular Christians, and we were assailed by every kind of a missile, in a most un-Christian-like manner, much to our delight. *They* did n't turn the other cheek. They turned the hose on us, or anything they could lay their hands on. This old building also went up in flames one night, and the North End boys were deprived of a great source of amusement.

If I had my way, I would preserve "The Old North End" just as it is. I would embalm it so that it could not be improved out of existence, but I suppose ere long the march of modernism will invade it, and that the old homes will follow the old families into the dim recesses of forgetfulness.



The Old North Church.

AT MIDNIGHT.

By Laura Garland Carr.

Sleep, balmy sleep, why this freakish partiality?
  Why this neglect of an old and tried friend?
Have I not met you with promptest cordiality?
  Have I not tried with your humors to blend?

Have I not begged of you, almost imploringly,
  Just one short cat-nap, to give me a rest,
While from yon chamber there comes to me snoringly
  Proof that another is getting your best?

Have I not run through the long, weary catalogue,
  Means and devices your favor to keep,
Said o'er my lines from the primer to decalogue,
  Numbered the pigeons, and counted the sheep?

Is there a memory in my brain lingering
  That has not brought all its phases to light?
Is there a theme for the mind's restless fingering
  Still unconsidered, to claim me to-night?

How the night wind, piping low and sarcastical,
  Tries all the doors in the long, airy hall!
How the arc-light throws its shadows, fantastical,
  Over the curtains and over the wall!

Oh, that tall clock, marking time off so lazily,
  Sending each beat, like a spike, through the brain!
Oh, this small nickel here, ticking on crazily,
  Like a poor racer, all hurry and strain!

What 's that! A mouse! Sure, it sounded like nibbling!
  It might have been burglars! It might have been cats!
It might have been drops from the old faucet dribbling,
  Wind-rustled paper, or scampering rats!

Ugh! that south window distracts with its clattering!
  We must have—Hark! That 's the fire-alarm!
Good! All the dreams of the town will go scattering!
  When they return, one may weave me its charm.

HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH REGIMENT, NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS.

By Adjutant Luther Tracy Townsend.

CHAPTER XI.

THE GARRISON OF DISEASE AND DEATH.

IN our narrative we now return to Fort Burton, at Butte á la Rose. It will be seen by the accompanying diagram that Butte á la Rose is a slight elevation, which is said to have been artificially constructed by the Indians, before the appearance there of white men, and was resorted to as a place of refuge when the surrounding country was flooded during the spring overflows.

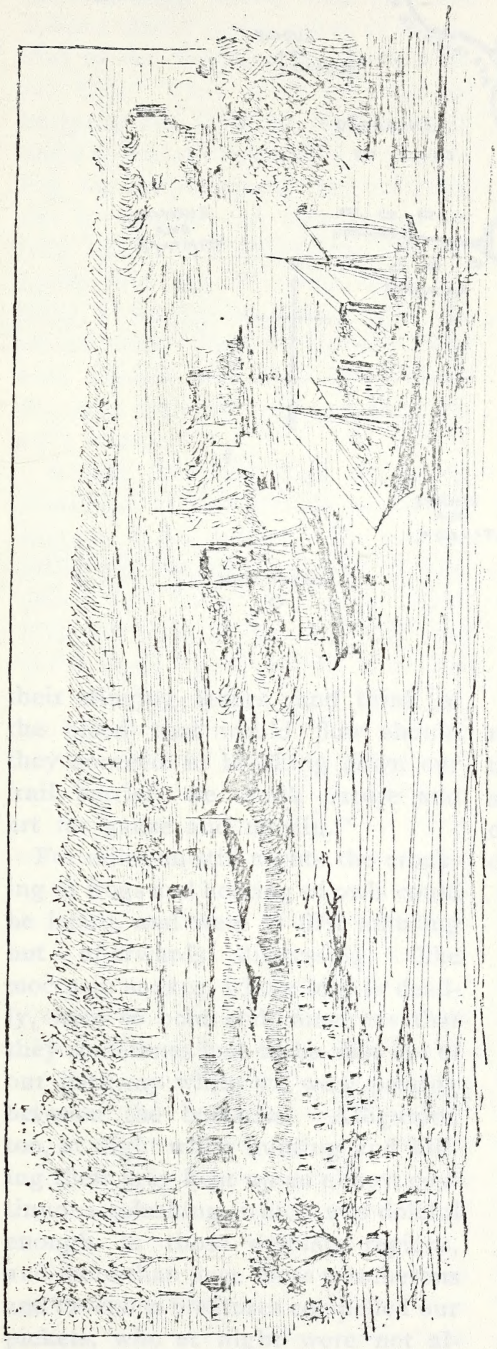
Early in the war Butte á la Rose was occupied by the Confederates, made into a fortification, and, as already suggested, was one of the most strategic points in the Southwest. Southern Texas and southwestern Louisiana, when seeking the waterways to the upper Mississippi, or to the Red River country, could best do so by entering the Atchafalaya. But as Fort Burton effectually commanded this great bayou, the Confederates had determined to hold it as long as possible. All the more anxious were they to do this because at that time the Mississippi was blockaded by our fleet, both above and below Port Hudson.

When we took possession, Butte á la Rose was essentially a little island surrounded for miles with water, excepting on the west, where land could be reached through a swamp at a distance of five or six miles.

At the north, also, there were two or three plantations on the shores of the Atchafalaya that were not entirely under water; but at the south, as far as Brashear City, and east, as far as Port Hudson, even the arable land was covered with water in many places to the depth of from seven to ten feet, so that the small, flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamers that ply in those waters were sailing at that time through dooryards and over corn and cane fields. Nearly all fencing was out of sight under water.

Butte á la Rose, aside from being a very strategic position from a military point of view, proved also to be such from several other points of view. It was the grand rendezvous of mosquitoes, fleas, wood-ticks, lice, lizards, frogs, snakes, alligators, fever bacteria, dysentery microbes, and every conceivable type of malarial poison.

From about sunset till daylight, the mosquitoes came upon us in dense battalions. Had it not been for the mosquito bars, that were issued to us when we were being devoured by these pests at Brashear City, not a man of us, seemingly,



could have lived at Butte á la Rose for a fortnight.

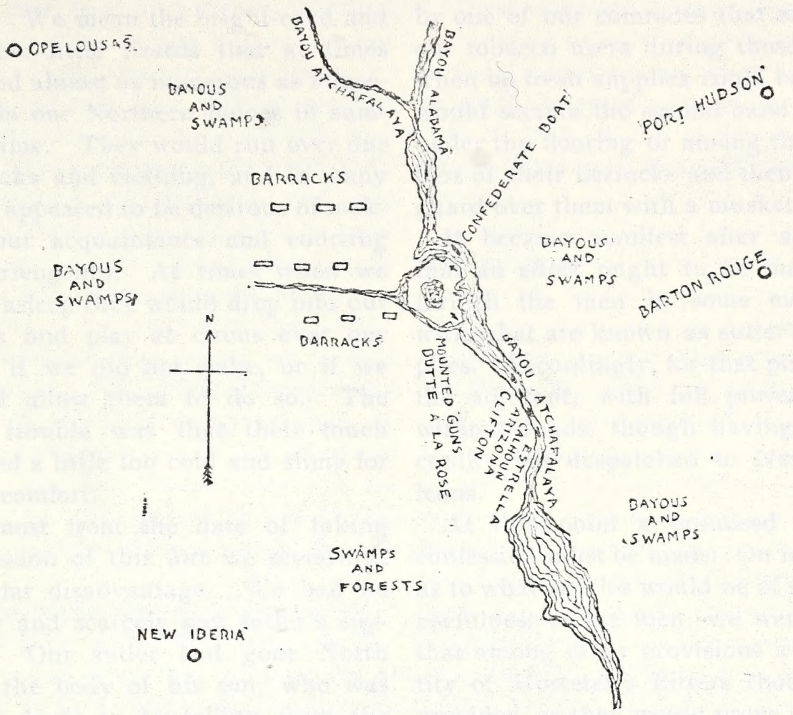
One of our correspondents in writing home thus speaks of these tormentors:

"Let me pay my respects to those little winged co-habitués with ourselves of these detestable surroundings. These little rascals are comparatively civil and respectful during the day, but at the approach of night their scattered forces are heard returning from all quarters, and can be seen 'massing' their columns in the immediate vicinity of their intended point of attack, and piping up their accursed strains as a kind of prelude to combined assaults upon those whose blood they seek.

"Denuding ourselves of hat, blouse, vest, and pants, after a careful and most wary tucking of the folds of our net under the edge of the blankets and performing sundry imposing flourishes around our heads with some outspread Northern paper, we slyly but quickly raise a portion of the gauze aforesaid and make a plunge within its generous recess. Readjusting the net and straightening out our pedal limbs, we compose our thoughts to listen with complacency to the gathering of wrath and baffled malice from those infuriated bloodsuckers.

"And as we rest from the heated labors of the day within the mazy fortress, and listen to the continuous hum and buzz of those disappointed inhabitants of the swamps and marshes, secure in our assurance against

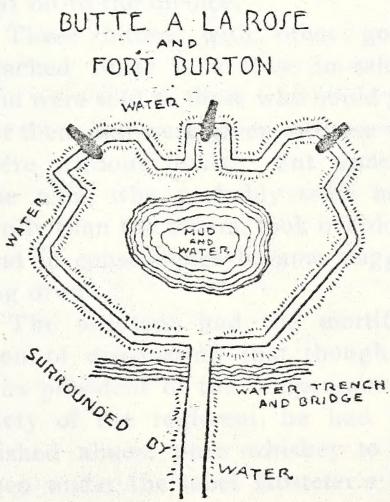




their stinging lances, and think of the blood that would flow should they succeed in breaking down our frail barrier, we thank nature and art for gauze and muslin."

For miles on still nights the croaking of frogs and hooting of owls could be heard, and were at first amusing but afterwards distressing. The moccasin snakes, whose bite is deadly, were so bold and numerous that they sometimes had to be shot out of our pathway while we were passing between the barracks. Alligators, too, at night while hunting and killing their prey kept up an almost continuous splashing, which was doleful enough in those desolate regions, and more than once those treacherous and ravenous creatures compelled our pickets, who at night were not allowed to fire upon them, to move in near to our barracks for safety.

We must not forget in this enumeration of pests that we had, nevertheless, some friends among the insect or rather reptile family, which often warned us against the approach of snakes and other venomous creat-



ures. We mean the bright-eyed and sociable little lizards that at times seemed almost as numerous as house-flies in our Northern homes in summer time. They would run over our barracks and clothing, and in many ways appeared to be desirous of making our acquaintance and courting our friendship. At times when we were asleep they would drop into our hands and play at circus over our faces if we did not wake, or if we would allow them to do so. The only trouble was that their touch seemed a little too cold and slimy for solid comfort.

Almost from the date of taking possession of this fort we seemed at singular disadvantage. We had no sutler and scarcely any sutler's supplies. Our sutler had gone North with the body of his son, who was killed April 13 by falling from the cars on the passage from New Orleans to Brashear City. The afflicted father, who by his genial nature had won our esteem, had the heartiest sympathy of our men when the death of this promising lad was announced.

As the days wore on, we found ourselves without lemons, oranges, or fruit of any kind, for which we had an intense craving in consequence of the different kinds of fever that had begun to prey upon us.

The discomfort of those who were deprived of tobacco was especially noticeable, and any of our readers who have used tobacco for years and then suddenly have been deprived of it know how keen is the distress.

The quids that had been chewed and even re-chewed were not thrown away, but were dried and then smoked. We do not vouch for the statement, but recently we were told by one of our comrades that some of our tobacco users during those days when no fresh supplies could be had, would secrete the second-hand quids under the flooring or among the timbers of their barracks and then stand guard over them with a musket.

It became manifest after a time that an effort ought to be made to furnish the men in some measure with what are known as sutler's supplies. Accordingly, for that purpose, the adjutant, with full powers but without funds, though having some credit, was despatched to New Orleans.

At this point a promised public confession must be made. On inquiry as to what articles would be of special usefulness to the men, we were told that among other provisions a quantity of Hosteter's Bitters should be provided, as they would prove a most excellent prescription for such of our men as were suffering from chills. A stack of recommendations extolling their merits and enumerating the remarkable cures wrought by them was furnished, and accordingly two or three cases of Hosteter's Bitters were put on to the invoice.

These bitters with other goods reached Butte á la Rose in safety, and were sold to those who could pay for them and were given to those who were without funds. But some of the men, who probably were more chilly than the others, took overdoses and in consequence became staggering drunk.

The adjutant had the mortification of discovering that though he was president of the temperance society of the regiment, he had furnished almost pure whiskey to the men under the label Hosteter's Bit-

ters. But as no ill had been intended the president of the temperance society was not deposed from office.

We not only were without a sutler at that time but our chaplain had gone North on leave of absence in consequence of sickness, and our quartermaster was not with us, and most of the time during our stay at Butte á la Rose we were without a surgeon. Dr. Campbell had died; Dr. Sanborn was North on a furlough; Dr. Fisk, besides being overworked, had been assigned duty, if we remember correctly, at Brashear City; and Dr. Sleeper was late in reporting, though, as we recall the facts, it was without fault on his part.

Meanwhile, our men were sickening rapidly and dying almost daily. Had it not been that occasionally a negro or poor white would come to the garrison with a rowboat load of fresh vegetables, together with a few berries, and eggs, and a small quantity of poultry, which were exchanged for coffee and tea, we must have famished in our sick and nauseated condition, on such rations as the government supplied.

Soon after we took possession of Butte á la Rose, "bank of the rose," an exceedingly attractive and poetic but as misfitting a name as well can be imagined, the waters in the bayous and pools surrounding us commenced to fall, thus uncovering to a tropical sun the decayed and decaying vegetable matter that for weeks had been submerged. The atmosphere a little after sunfall and on through the night was almost insufferable, and our sick men when breathing it were conscious that every breath was so much more poison added to their blood.

There must have been on our rolls at one time or another while we were at Butte á la Rose, not fewer than six or seven hundred men. But under date of May 26 the regiment could muster only one hundred and fifty for duty.

It should be borne in mind, too, that many of our number, in consequence of previous exposures and hardships, were sick and debilitated when they reached this place. As would be expected, a more pitiful sight than our regiment presented during the last two weeks of our stay at Butte á la Rose hardly can be imagined. Wasted away by various forms of disease, men who had weighed two hundred pounds or more were reduced to half that weight. One of our company officers, Captain Sanborn, Company E, whose ordinary weight was considerably above two hundred pounds, could not tip the scales at ninety.

Some of our men were covered with burning and painful eruptions, others were yellow as saffron, others were shaking with ague, others were bloated with dropsy, and all were sallow and emaciated.

In person and by letters we had pleaded repeatedly with the military officers who had charge of that western department, to transfer us from our deadly encampment; but this reply came back as often as the request was made: "You know the locality; there is not an available regiment we can send to relieve you. You must stay until our army retires down the Teche or crosses the Mississippi, which we hope will be at an early date."

They ought truthfully to have added,—"We will relieve you when

we are through shipping cotton, sugar, and molasses to New Orleans." No one can deny that the lives of New Hampshire men were imperilled for a few bales of cotton and hogsheads of molasses.

And so we remained there at Butte á la Rose until we came perilously near not being relieved at all, except by death or the Confederate troops.

At this point we introduce an episode that at least has a measure of importance by way of suggestion.

April 26, General Banks and some members of his staff came down the Atchafalaya on the transport *Laurel Hill*, reaching Butte á la Rose early in the day. After a brief consultation with our officers, during which we again pleaded for removal from that fatal garrison, the boat proceeded down the bayou for Brashear City. As various supplies were needed by the regiment, the adjutant, who at that time was expected to have general supervision of sutlers, quartermasters, ordnance officers, and even medical supplies, and who already had made six trips between Butte á la Rose and Brashear City, again was despatched on the *Laurel Hill* with General Banks for New Orleans. Not many miles from Butte á la Rose the adjutant noticed that a bayou new to him had been entered. At first he thought that this course had been taken to secure deeper water, but it soon became apparent that this could not have been the case, and remembering our misdirection during the mud march, and the probable misdirection that had deceived General Grover at Bayou Bœuf, and the trick played on the captain of the *Arizona* on the day we captured Fort Burton, he became uneasy and asked to see General Banks on an important matter. The interview was granted.

"You will excuse me, General," said the adjutant, "but I notice that this boat is not on the course usually taken by boats going down the river."

"Are you sure," asked the general, "that we are not on the right course?"

"I am sure," replied the adjutant, "that we are not on the course usually taken."

The captain of the boat was called, and the general said to him, "Captain, this adjutant, who has passed between Butte á la Rose and Brashear City several times, says you are off your course."

"Not quite that," interrupted the adjutant; "I said 'this is not the course usually taken.'"

The captain replied, "I know nothing of these waters myself, but am trusting to the pilot and a stranger we have taken aboard to aid him."

Already we were in among logs and snags, and the water appeared to be shoaling. A consultation was held in the wheel-house. The stranger, who pretended to be a pilot in those waters, insisted upon going ahead, saying that the water would soon deepen. But every indication pointed otherwise. After further consultation, the boat, whose engine had already been stopped, was backed slowly and cautiously until breadth of water was found sufficient for turning. The boat then put back to Fort Burton and tied up for the night. There is very little room for doubt in the adjutant's mind, at least, that that pilot intended mischief. Had the transport been snagged, and it is

a great wonder that she was not, for that probably was the intention of that Louisiana guerrilla pilot, she easily could have been fired during the night, and in that wilderness of woods and waters, with no clearing anywhere in sight, twenty-five or fifty armed Confederates in their skiffs without much difficulty could have gobbled up the general commanding the Nineteenth Army Corps, together with all the staff accompanying him. If we remember correctly, that tricky assistant pilot was the next day placed in irons and taken to New Orleans.

More than once after the close of the war General Banks and the adjutant rehearsed the scenes of that day and speculated on what might have followed had the *Laurel Hill* run on to a stump or have been mud-stuck in that out-of-the-way place, with Confederate scouts scattered throughout the adjacent forests.

We return again to the perils that confronted our garrison at Butte á la Rose.

Opelousas, which was nearly northwest of us, and about fifty miles distant, was taken and occupied by the main body of the Federal troops April 20.

After remaining there for two weeks, waiting, as was alleged afterwards, to hear from General Grant, though our troops were busy all the time in forwarding cotton, sugar, and molasses to New Orleans, General Banks moved on to Alexandria, which already had been captured by our fleet of gunboats. This was a difficult and wearisome march for the troops, and why it was made was an unanswered question then and is so still.

Admiral Porter, who had captured the city, writing of this campaign says: "General Banks marched a large portion of his army to Alexandria . . . for what purpose nobody knows."

So overrun was that part of Louisiana at that time with scattered Confederates, many of whom were "a nondescript class, neither soldiers nor guerrillas, but a sort of highwaymen, mounted on mustangs, and armed with shot-guns," and so difficult in consequence of those roving bands was it for couriers to carry despatches that it had taken forty days, from March 23 to May 2, for Grant and Banks to exchange communications.

In consequence of these delays and the lateness of Banks in reaching Alexandria, and perhaps for other reasons known better to General Grant than to any one else, all intention on his part of securing a cooperation between the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Army Corps was abandoned, and General Banks was left single handed to lay siege once more to Port Hudson.

Accordingly, on May 14, Grover's division marched from Alexandria to Simmesport, which in direct line is about fifty miles north of Butte á la Rose, and there he crossed the Atchafalaya.

Two days later, Emory's division, then under command of Gen. H. E. Paine, followed, and a little later Weitzel's division did the same. The entire force under these three generals then moved across the country to the Mississippi river, and down its west bank about twenty-five miles to Bayou Sara. Here a crossing was effected, and on May 24 the troops under Generals Grover, Paine, and

Weitzel joined those under General Augur, who during the campaign up the Teche country had remained in the vicinity of Port Hudson.

It will be seen, therefore, that from May 16 until our regiment left Butte á la Rose, we were not only in the valley and shadow of disease and death, but were also in the midst of the enemy's country without any military support whatever.

No sooner had Alexandria been evacuated by the Union troops than the Confederate Major-General "Dick" Taylor took possession of the city and began the reorganization of his forces. Very soon between three and four thousand men were in readiness, and Taylor, together with Generals Moulton and Green, moved down and repossessed the Teche country. These forces were now in our rear and still no move had been made either for our release or protection.

At that time, in our weakened condition, a small detachment from Taylor's troops, say fifty or a hundred men, easily could have captured us. But perhaps he thought we were safely cooped up where we were and that he would leave us there till some other day.

In the meantime, the waters of the Atchafalaya were constantly and rapidly falling, and the river would not be navigable much longer. The enemy's scouts were seen by our pickets almost daily and heard almost nightly. Every available man in our regiment was assigned to picket duty. We made in this way all the show possible, though dress parading, battalion drilling, and even formal guard mounting long since had been dispensed with. Deaths and funerals were distressingly on the increase, and pieces of pine board with lead-pencil marks upon them were the only headstones and inscriptions that could be used.

We had had occasional assurances from transport boats that came up the bayou that we were soon to be taken off. But we waited day after day, and still no definite arrangements for our departure appeared to have been made. We were, at times, almost maddened by these disappointments and delays. Had an opportunity presented itself, the writer has no doubt that the officers of the regiment would have done what they did once before, —they would have taken matters into their own hands, and without orders from any one would have moved the regiment out of that detestable hole, whatever the consequences might have been. But escape by land was impossible. We had no guides, and though the water was receding, the mud many feet in depth remained.

May 27, the small gunboat *Estrella*, the last of the fleet of gunboats to descend the bayou, called at the fort on her way from Alexandria to Brashear City. This seemingly was our last chance, and the adjutant once more was despatched to Brashear City to ascertain if anything possibly could be done to relieve our regiment from its increasingly perilous situation. On the way to Brashear City, the captain of the *Estrella* was made fully aware of the helpless condition of the regiment, but of course could do nothing without orders. His heart, however, had been touched.

The staff quartermaster at Brashear City could have relieved us had he chosen to do so, but he declined to act without specific orders from

headquarters. All this was aggravating almost beyond endurance. In fact, the adjutant was almost wild with anxiety, lest after repeated efforts he should fail in his mission. The recollection of those hours even now while writing these pages makes him start to his feet as if in a nightmare.

The peril of the regiment, owing to the rapid falling of the waters in all the streams and bayous, was increasing with every hour's delay. In making the late passages, each of the larger transports, while crossing the chain of shallow lakes connected by the Atchafalaya, dragged bottom, and had they attempted to sail a few feet either side of the channel they would have grounded or have been snagged. The transport *George A. Sheldon* already had struck a snag, and sank close by Fort Burton.

When all these facts are taken into account, it seems like a most manifest providential interposition that there was a young division staff officer from Massachusetts, who, at the same time the adjutant was pleading with those in authority to save our regiment from capture and death, reached Brashear City by order of General Emory, and began to interest himself in our behalf. This officer was Captain Alpheus Hyatt. He was not long in coming into full sympathy with our situation and almost commanded an expedition to be sent to relieve us. It goes, perhaps, without saying, that one of the gladdest moments of the historian's life was when on board the *Estrella*, in company with Captain Hyatt, he shook himself and found he was not dreaming and that the *Estrella* and two transports were really starting for those imperiled comrades.

At this point we introduce a letter from Captain Hyatt which will make it clear that the historian has not overestimated the perilous position we were in at the time of which we are speaking, or overdrawn the distressing, almost appalling, condition of our regiment when Butte á la Rose was evacuated:

"CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 21, 1893.

"*Adjutant of Sixteenth Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers.*

"DEAR SIR:—

"My memory of the evacuation of Butte á la Rose and the events attending it has been kept clear by repetition, but of course many of the details have faded from my mind, because I have not yet met any one who had been an actor in the same scenes.

"I was at that time a captain in the Forty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteers and acting aide-de-camp upon the staff of General Emory, who was in command of the city and district of New Orleans and of the troops on the west banks of the Mississippi opposite that district.

"His adjutant-general gave me an order to proceed to Brashear City and then to Butte á la Rose with three steamers to be procured at the last named port, and to bring off the garrison at the port of Butte á la Rose, if, as was significantly but verbally added, they are still there. It was understood in New Orleans that this expedition might miscarry, since it was known that the Confederates were then pushing forward from Texas with the intention, if practicable, of reaching the banks of the Mississippi, and annoying, if not capturing, the weak garrison of New Orleans.

"I found at Brashear City that the expedition was looked upon as more risky than it was at headquarters in New Orleans. The Confederate pickets had possession of the opposite bank of the Atchafalaya and would be certain to note the departure of the steamers. The quartermaster at that place, Brashear City, in consequence of this opposed the execution of my orders, denying that Emory had any rights in that locality, which he asserted was directly under General Banks. When this was pushed aside after some hard talk and some words, which I do not remember, he still opposed the sending of steamers, on the ground that it was useless; there were no well-protected boats; it would be delivering the crews and the steamers into the hands of the enemy and so on. I finally interviewed some of the captains of the boats and by proper representations enlisted the sympathy of one of them and got him to go with me to the quartermaster and volunteer his services for the attempt. He represented that the greatest danger was the possible lowness of the water which might prevent the return of the boats when loaded, but as he also admitted it would be easy to judge of this on the way up and possibly provide against it in the loading; this induced the quartermaster to grant the detail of steamers. We left Brashear City, I think, on the third day after my arrival there, and this delay made me very anxious for the safety of the garrison we were to take away.

"Although in full sight of the enemy at starting, we were not disturbed on the way, and arrived without accident at the fort. This fact and the welcome nature of the news we brought are events probably better remembered by the surviving soldiers of the Sixteenth New Hampshire than by myself. Although young, and a rather reckless young man at the time, I can never forget the interior of that fort, the tents set upon the sides of the dyke or road in the interior, to keep them out of the swamp. I had never seen before this, an undisguised swamp in the parade-ground of a fort, and the terrible discomfort and danger of this to the troops were obvious.

"That any large proportion of your regiment lived to see civilization again, after such prolonged seclusion in this black hole of swamp sickness, shows how tough New Hampshire constitutions are. The larger number of your men were sick, and if I remember right there were only one hundred and twenty-five capable of helping the crews of the steamers to remove the sick, the baggage, and the guns. The emaciation and pallor of those men working at night alongside of the sunburnt crews of the steamers was very noticeable. Their weakness was noticed by me in the fact that, although doing their best, they moved about with extreme difficulty; the entire one hundred and twenty-five, though doing their best, were not able to do one fourth the work done by the crews of the steamers, who numbered fewer than one half as many as your men. I ought to say here that I cannot recall whether I brought up three boats or two, but I feel quite sure about the number of men. I do not remember whether we got away before morning, but I have a picture in my mind of a long procession of men carrying the

sick on stretchers and spreading them out over the decks of the boats, and I distinctly recall going up to the pilot-house and looking down upon decks with solid piles of motionless, blanketed men stretched out straight on their backs, quiet as the dead that they so closely resembled. It was the most pitiful and impressive picture of suffering that can be imagined.

"The uneventful return to Brashear City is, of course, familiar to you.

"Hoping that these fragmentary reminiscences may be of some interest to you, I remain,

"Yours respectfully,

"ALPHEUS HYATT."

Yes, we, too, remember that night scene; few recollections of a lifetime are more vivid. And no troops in greater misery and distress ever placed health and life upon their country's altar than did the men of the Sixteenth during the time they garrisoned that dreadful "black hole" of disease and death.

The debt of gratitude we owe to Captain Alpheus Hyatt we never can repay. Had it not been for his persistent and resolute efforts in our behalf, and for the humane offices of the captain of the *Estrella*, we do not believe one of the sick men of our regiment ever would have left Fort Burton, and the fate of the most of those who were still able to do duty after having been cut off from communication with our army and almost from the outside world, would have been more deplorable than any one can dream who is not familiar with that doleful place. There we were, imprisoned, and without supplies. Escape through the swamps was impossible. This was the last of May. The last of July General Taylor returned up the Teche country. At that time we should have been taken prisoners, if any of us had remained alive.

Again and again we offer our thanks to the captain of the *Estrella* for volunteering his services, and to Captain Hyatt for his earnest intercessions in our behalf.

NOTE.—The author desires suggestions or corrections from any comrade of the Sixteenth or any other regiment.

[*To be continued.*]

THE DREAMS OF JUNE.

By L. Arolyn Caverly.

When the skies of June arch high, arch high,
Where the gay cartoons of the meadows lie;
When the oriole trills his sweet rondeau,
And the roses blossom in flame and snow,
Then the fair mirage of our youth looms nigh,
And we dream, we dream of the days gone by.

When the moon of June hangs low, hangs low,
And the beck's faint flutings fall and flow,
Where the pale wood lilies sway and sigh,
As the whippoorwill through the dusk yearns nigh,
Then the heart keeps tryst with its youth, we know,
And we dream, we dream of the long ago.

POLLY TUCKER.

By Annie J. Conwell.

CHAPTER XIII.

NOVEMBER 29, 1809.

To-morrow will be Thanksgiving, but Mother is so ill that we shall not take any notice of what has always been *the* occasion of the year to us all. Last year we were all so happy together that this year is sadder by contrast. Mother has grown too weak to sit up at all, and Dr. P. tells us that if she does not improve soon, there is no chance of her getting better. I am so thankful now that I did not leave home last June! What would Mother have done without her daughter during this long, wearisome illness, and how could I bear to remember in after years that Mother lacked care that I could have given her, had I been less fond of seeking my own pleasure?

I do not hear very often from Alfred now, for I cannot write cheerful letters and worry as I do about Mother; so I merely tell him that she is so feeble as to need all my time and attention, and in every letter that I receive from him he bids me keep up good courage, for she is sure to be better soon, and between the infrequent letters, he sends me books and papers which I have no time to read. He goes into society a good deal, and can have no idea of the life that I lead. It may be well that it is so, but oh, if I only had a sister or some one who would really help me to bear this grief, how thankful I should be!

Joseph Mason rode by the house to-day with his father. I saw him pass, but did not recognize him at first, he is so much improved in looks. He looks older and more manly than when he left home. He called here in the evening, and was so kind and sympathetic that he rested me and did me good. Mother talked with him quite a little, and was very glad to see him. When he went away, he took with him the hearty good-will of us all, and my sincere gratitude for his kind friendliness. After all, he is the same kind-hearted Joe, who made sunshine for us all, oh, so long ago!

Mon., Jan. 1, 1810.

Another New Year's Day has dawned, bright and clear without, but sad and lonely to me, for my dear mother is gone from me. Three weeks ago she left us, and it seems as if we entered a thick cloud then, which closely enfolds us. Father is completely overcome, and depends upon me for everything. I try to be brave when he is about, but when I am alone, as I am most of the time, I feel utterly bereft. All of our friends have been more than kind through this trouble, but of course no one could take charge of the household affairs but me, and I was

thankful to have it to do. Charlie was the greatest help and comfort to me. He came home from Riverside several days before Mother died, and I do not know what I should have done without the support of his sympathy and presence. He has been in a bank at Riverside almost a year—did I tell you? Alfred came down soon after Mother died, and was as helpful and kind as could be. He tried to console me, and to take my mind off of my grief, but all the time that he was here I felt a sort of care for his personal comfort, so he was really one care more. He was anxious to be of use, but the trouble was very near, and was something that he did not know how to meet.

I was grateful to him for his sympathy, but was conscious of a feeling of relief when at last he returned to Riverside. He came to the funeral with Major and Madam Sherburne, and remained through the evening after. He claimed that he did not know that we considered Mother's case hopeless, until the end came; and was surprised that I had not written him of the true state of affairs at home. I explained that until the very last I did not realize that there was no hope of her life being prolonged, though I knew that she could never be well again, and I did not want to distress him with details of a protracted illness. The care of Mother and of the house has worn upon me a good deal, and I felt that he was shocked at my changed looks as well as at all the other circumstances. When he went back to New York I don't think I felt any more desolate than I did when he was here. I try hard to be cheerful when Father is by, but the effort seems to exhaust me and I am really no company for any one. Am I to spend my life under this shadow?

Feb. 4.

Now that I am settled in my position as Father's housekeeper, I see my duty plainly. It is a painful one, but my duty, none the less,—I must offer to release Alfred from his engagement.

It was entered upon under wholly different circumstances, and I sometimes think with a wholly different person than my present self.

I cannot leave my father alone, and I have no right to ask Alfred to wait an indefinite time for one who would be at best but a sorry possession, worn and faded by care and sorrow. Before I sleep I will write him to that effect, and if he accepts his freedom it will be all right; if he does not, I shall have one prop left, after all.

Wed., Feb. 28.

Just one year ago to-night I attended the party at Madam Sherburne's, and the next day Alfred yielded reluctantly to my parents' wish that our engagement should be kept secret for a year. I wonder if he imagined for a moment that his reply to my letter of the fourth inst. would reach me on this anniversary? I opened it with trembling hands, scarcely knowing what to expect. It was a wail over the circumstances that separated us! He deplored the facts, but must submit since it was useless to struggle. Although his fondness for me was unchanged and my decision a bitter grief to him, he still acknowledged the justice of my view of the matter and bowed to the inevitable. Through the years to come he should still remember me fondly, and he implored me

not to withhold my warm friendship from him, even though he might be unworthy of deeper regard. The letter was signed, "Your sincere friend and well-wisher, Alfred Ladd."

My idol was clay! But even while I wept for my beautiful idol I recognized the fact that he was weaker of purpose than I.

I ought to be thankful that the affair has ended as it has and left me in my father's house, instead of losing Alfred's love after I had married him, and with the withdrawal of that, losing my faith in the loving care of my Heavenly Father. Now I try to thank Him, though my foolish heart aches for my vanished dream. But although my eyes are blinded by tears and life seems hard and dreary, I will still cling to my mother's faith that "God knows best." I do not feel so now,—I can only strive to,—so until I can truly say that I am glad that my life is settled into the groove in which it is henceforth to run, I shall write no more in these pages. Sometime, I know, I shall have outlived the dreadful misery of the present, and what now rends my heart will be better understood and devoid of pain to me; then what I should write now would only shame me. Till then, good-by, my friend.

Jan., 1811.

I am glad to come to you once more, my diary, and tell you all that is in my heart. My penance is ended. I am sure now that the girlish, romantic devotion that I gave Alfred was better subdued than cherished. There is no bitterness to me in the thought of what might have been, and I do not blame Alfred, for he simply acted out his nature. His buoyancy and lightness of heart were irresistible when things went well; but to that sunny temperament sadness was irksome and well-nigh unbearable.

Had my mother lived and my face and manner kept their brightness, he would probably have married me and been a loving husband,—until he was tired of me; but dark days come to all and beauty is fleeting,—so what happiness could one be sure of whose hold upon her husband's affection depended upon gaiety of manner and freshness of countenance? When trouble is no more and beauty is perennial,—such men should marry; but till then Alfred Ladd could never make a *happy* wife of Polly Tucker. For more than a year I have been mistress of my father's house, and I trust his home has not been a wholly desolate place to him. Through deep sorrow for our common loss and many bitter tears for my own private grief, I have struggled into an atmosphere of peace, into which the memory of the past enters not to molest or disturb. I told Father that I had dismissed Alfred, as I knew he would be likely to notice if no letters passed between us. He asked no questions, and in his own great trouble I doubt if he thought more of it than that it was a childish fancy as easily forgotten as adopted,—and I was only too glad to have a chance to fight my battle without being observed.

Charlie comes home nearly every Saturday, and is the greatest possible comfort to me. He is only three years older than I am, and before Mother went away I always thought of him as a boy; since then he has grown so mature, so thoughtful of my comfort and attentive in many little

ways, that I quite depend upon him. Major Sherburne tells Father that Charlie is a good business man, too, and he ought to know if any one does, for he introduced Charlie to the directors of the bank and has assisted him in every possible way ever since he left home. The Sherburnes invite him to their house frequently, and that is a great help to him, for he meets there refined and intelligent people, whose good opinion he likes to deserve, which is excellent discipline for our restless, independent boy. I am quite proud of him, and do not wonder that he is a favorite with his young lady friends. That I hear from Madam Sherburne, who invites me to her house, too, but my black gown is excuse enough for declining what would be distasteful to me. To be sure the Sherburnes never knew of Alfred's relation to me, but I should feel conscious if his name were mentioned, and in his own home of course he would be spoken of. Charlie brought home a piece of news last Saturday. It was nothing less than the announcement of the marriage of Alfred and Miss Wentworth. Well, he could not do better, for he always liked her, and she is so handsome and spirited that she will hold his admiration and so keep his affection as a more retiring person could not. They are of the same social position, and it is in every way a very desirable match. I am glad to say that I can really and honestly congratulate—*both*, and wish for them all the happiness which their bright prospects and mutual fondness promise.

Charlie is ill. Not seriously so, but he has a troublesome cough which alarms Father and me, for we recognize in it one of the first symptoms of the dread disease which robbed our home of its light, less than two years ago. But Charlie is young, and Dr. Pierpont advises him to quit the bank, as it is too confining for one accustomed to an active, out-of-door life. So the first of April he is going to give up his position at Riverside and come back to the farm. Of course he is disappointed at being obliged to give up a business life, but I hope he won't feel discontented with us. It shall be my care to keep him from moping.

July, 1811.

I guess Charlie isn't going to do much moping, after all. Don't you think, he surprised us last week by announcing his engagement to one of my friends,—Mary Seavey. I half feared that he would be led captive by some city girl's charms, but it seems his boyish fondness for Mary has kept pace with his growth, and by-and-by they are coming here to live with Father and me. I am rejoiced, for then I shall have a sister and Father another daughter, and, too, we are very fond of Mary and are glad to receive her into the family. Charlie's health improved from the time he came home, and now he is quite well and perfectly radiant in his happiness. Joseph Mason is coming home this week, and it will seem quite like old times for us all to be together again, for of course he will visit Charlie. This is a pretty good world, after all, if one doesn't look at it through blue glasses.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sept. 20.

Joseph Mason is at home now, and has been here several times this week. He is to have a three weeks' vacation, and he and Charlie, Mary and I have planned to spend as much time as possible together. Joseph is a little bit dignified, and does n't have very much to say to me personally, but I do n't take any notice of the change in his manner, and I hope the coolness will wear off before long, for he comes here just as freely as he did before he left home.

I wrote the above last Saturday, and the next day *such* a ridiculous thing happened, and in the meeting-house, too! The whole thing sounds rather irreverent, but as nothing of the sort was intended, I 'll venture to tell you about it. The leader of our choir is a man of very decided opinions and speech, who not infrequently is involved in a wordy combat with any one who ventures to disagree with his expressed views. But he and John Marden were old-time foes. They had been rivals in politics, at county fairs, and even in singing—for each claimed to possess the best voice in town. Well, after a long illness, Mr. Marden died last week, and was buried from the meeting-house last Sunday. Parson Potter preached the funeral sermon, in which he dwelt strongly upon the resurrection, and the hymns agreed in sentiment with the subject of the discourse. You must know that our choir leader always reads aloud one verse of a hymn, which the choir sing, then another is read and sung, and so on through the entire hymn.

Sunday, the closing hymn was announced, and the choir were all ready to sing, when they were disabled by their leader's reading, in his sonorous voice and with his peculiar pronunciation, "Believing we rejoice to see the *cuss* removed"! The effect, though overwhelming, was hardly what the occasion called for, for it nearly wrecked the gravity of the choir and young people of the congregation. Then the leader was so blissfully unconscious of having given any occasion for mirth, that his solemn visage added to the effect of what he had read, while the belligerent relations which everybody knew had existed between him and Mr. M., made his unfortunate pronunciation of "curse," sound like a jubilation. The choir tried to sing and failed; only after a second attempt did they manage to get through that hymn,—*how*, they will never know.

Mary and Charlie, Joseph and I went home together, and as soon as we were far enough away from the meeting-house to dare to do so, we fairly shouted with the laughter which we had had to stifle until then. We did not intend any disrespect to the occasion or the subject of it when we decided that Mr. Marden's funeral was one of the things that we should remember as long as we live. That was the end of Joe's dignity with me; he came home with us that night, and now we are just as good friends as we used to be.

Wed., 25.

"We four" went to the beach yesterday, and I had quite an adventure. Charlie and Mary had strolled off together and left Joseph

and me by ourselves. From the cliff at the sands we went down onto a big boulder to watch the surf break against it. The tide was coming in, and as we sat there talking and looking off to sea, it got behind the rock on which we were, without our noticing it. There is only a narrow passage connecting this rock with the rest of the cliff, even at low tide, and when the tide is in, the whole thing is under water. Every moment increased the depth of water through which we must pass to reach the cliff, and what we should do I knew not! Joe could wade, but what could I do?

"There's only one way, Polly," said Joseph. "I can easily carry you across if you will let me."

He looked as if he half expected that I would refuse, but I was only too glad to get off any way. "Of course you may, if you will be so kind, Joe,—but I warn you I 'm no fairy."

"I 'm glad of it," he replied as he hastily took me in his strong arms, "I 'd much rather carry you than the fairy queen herself."

Well done, Joe! That was quite a pretty speech to make in the middle of a pond, with a hundred and no-matter-what pounds in your arms! After a good deal of splashing on Joe's part, and of clinging on mine, we landed at last upon the cliff and sat down to get breath—or for Joe to.

"What did I tell you?" I cried; "own up, now, that you were thankful to put me down before you dropped me—which you would have had to do if the cliff had been two rods further off!"

"Indeed, I shall own up to nothing of the kind," he answered; "but I *am* thankful that I could be of use to you, Polly."

He was dripping wet, and red in the face from his exertions, but he did look so earnest and honest that I had to laugh at the funny figure we cut, in order to hide my real feelings. Just then Charlie and Mary came along, and Charlie sent Joe home across the fields to get rid of his wet clothes as soon as possible, and I went home with them. I never saw any one so much changed for the better in the same length of time as Joe is! He is very gentlemanly, yet he is as genuine and honest as ever.

Mon., Sept. 30.

Joe came up to our house the day after we went wading together, and we went for a long walk; since then he has been here nearly all of the time. It is wonderful how a little contact with the world improves one, and Joe really seems to me of more consequence, better worth liking, since he has had some of the angles of his manner smoothed off, than he was before he left home. I suppose it is foolish of me to feel so, but I can't help it,—I think I shall always value polish and culture quite enough, in spite of the sharp lesson which my love of them brought me.

But I want to tell you about a certain happening which took place yesterday afternoon, Sunday. Joe and I had just come in from a walk, during which he had been strangely silent. We sat in silence for a few moments, I, meantime, wondering if he were ill or troubled about anything, when he said,—.

"Polly, do you remember the night of the quilting party at Mary's and a certain question which I asked you then? I wish I dared to ask it again,

but if I cannot have your love, I dare not risk losing your friendship a second time. Polly, the hope of some day calling you mine has been my inspiration ever since our school-days, and I don't know how to separate it from my life. I see now what a premature thing my former proposal to you was, and, too, it came to you at a time when you were least ready to listen. What was I, to compare myself with the rich, elegant Mr. Ladd? You naturally were pleased with his evident admiration of you, and the sight of that maddened me, I think, and led me into the folly of our first and only quarrel. Bitterly do I regret it, and always shall. Before I go away again I want to ask you that if you ever feel that you can give me the love which I crave more than any earthly good, will you let me know of it? Until then I shall wait and hope and try to be worthy of so great a blessing."

Tears filled my eyes, and I knew then that the love which he sought was his. As if by inspiration, I recognized the fact that Joe had always had my affection, though my fancy was dazzled by Alfred's refinement and genial manner. Then, too, I think it was necessary for me to be shown the hollowness of those characteristics, unless combined with genuine principle.

All this passed rapidly through my mind while Joe waited,—and when I looked up and gave him my hand he needed no other answer. The foolish fellow could hardly believe that the boon which he craved and expected to wait for, was already his. I told him all my story, hard as it was to do so, and I am glad there is nothing now to hide,—that there is no clinging to the ghost of former fancies. I told him all, and in reply he folded his arms about me and held me closely, as if to tell me by that mute language in which heart speaks to heart, that in future my troubles would be his, and that none should annoy me that he could shield me from. I thank the great Giver for the gift of this true, sincere affection, which takes me as I am, faults, follies, and all. Now that my foolish longing for things out of my reach is over, I realize that His hand has led me, if by ways that I knew not, surely and safely to green pastures and by still waters. And so our future is settled, and Father, Charlie, and Mary are overjoyed. I am so quietly happy, so blissfully content, that I know that the woman's love of my life has been given to my old schoolmate and tried friend. There are no doubts, no uncertainties, only a restful happiness. Very different is it from the glow of gratified ambition and the fervor of worshipful admiration which Alfred called forth, and which in my inexperience I mistook for love. I am glad it is different,—I am more truly happy now.

Then there is the added satisfaction of knowing that I am doing just as my dear mother would have me, and that thought alone is sufficient to make me satisfied and at rest.

Our home will be in Boston, for Joseph is now junior partner in his uncle's business house. It was with the idea of training him for a place which his own son would have succeeded to, had he lived, that his uncle took Joseph with him. Joseph has talked with Father, and told him all about his business prospects, and that he would like to take me to my new home as soon as possible. So as

Charlie and Mary are to be married New Year's and will come here to live, it was finally decided that a double wedding would be specially appropriate, as we four have been such close friends from childhood. Joseph and I have tried our best to induce Father to live with us, but he says, "No, this is my home, and it would be as hard to make grass grow in the middle of the street as for an old farmer to feel at home in the city." Charlie and Mary are only too glad to keep him with them at the old home, so Joseph and I will have to be contented with the long visits which he promises to make us. Now that there is an immediate prospect of my leaving the old home for good, I realize how dear it is to me. I have rebelled against its lack of society and its various limitations, but the little town has many attractions for me in the dear friends who have been kind to me always, and I cannot leave them without regret.

And now, my friend, I have come to you to say good-by. I have filled your pages with a record of my girlish life and experiences bright and sad, and now that my girl-life is ended, I shall write no more here. There is much in your keeping that is sacred to me, and so I am going to hide you away where no one but myself will ever be likely to find you; then when I come back to the old home, from time to time, I shall be glad to review the past as you present it to me.

You have been a great solace to me, and such a dear, discreet friend that it is very hard for me to realize that you are not a *human* friend. Be sure that I shall never cease to think of you with affection, even though I trouble you no more with confidences, and, my dear old diary, if you *can* remember,—pray do not,—*do not* forget your own little Polly Tucker.

I have read on and on until I have finished the story, and it has taken great hold of my interest and sympathy. It is a simple tale of a simple life, lived bravely and with womanly strength and fortitude. In fancy, I see Polly going about the house, engaged in household tasks, while she sighed for the wider culture and associations of a city life; then I see her stifling her own longings that she may give her whole heart to the care of her invalid mother, and her brave renunciation of self to do her duty by her sorrowing father,—and, lastly, the happy Polly who gave her hand, her heart, and her disciplined life into the keeping of one eminently worthy of the trust.

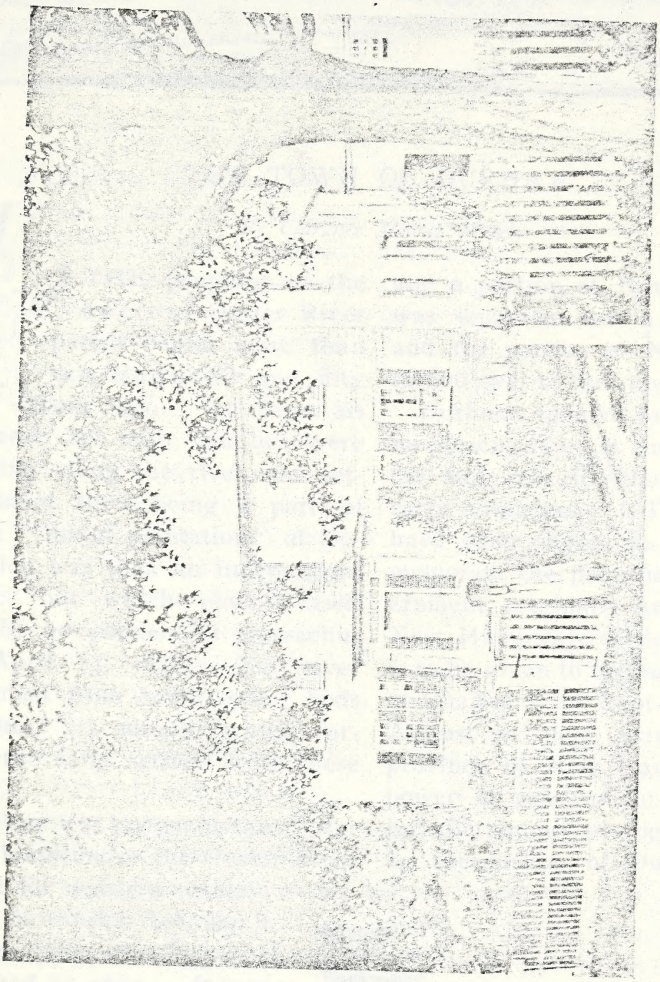
The spinning-wheel must have stood over in that corner; on this very hearth she and Mr. Ladd roasted the "Apples of Fate" before the glowing coals, while across the entry in the parlor stood the spinet, and there Polly and Mr. Ladd sang together.

After all the intervening years this little book has power to repeople these old rooms with those who have long since passed

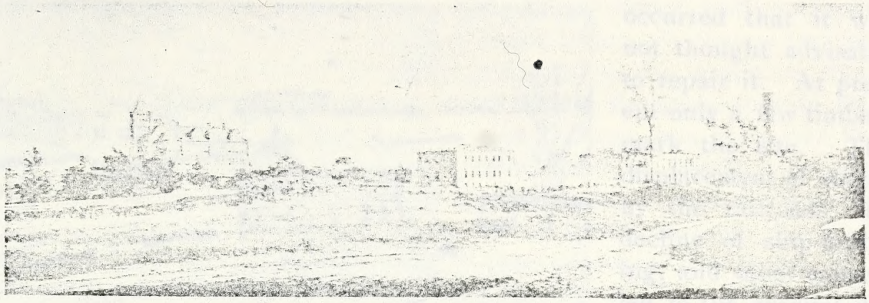
"Beyond the smiling and the weeping."

The fire has burned low, and the embers blink like sleepy eyes,—the corner where Polly spun is in deep shadow, and all things suggest that I follow the example of the fire and say—Good-night.

[*The end.*]

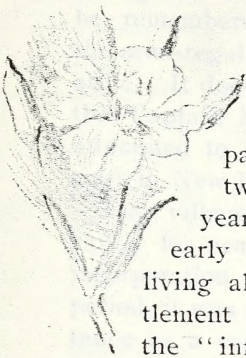


The Sullivan House.



THE TOWN OF DURHAM.

By Clarence Moores Weed.

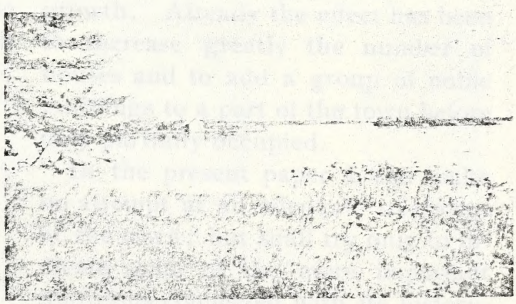


THE peopling of the ancient Oyster River parish began more than two hundred and fifty years ago. At least as early as 1640, families were living along the river, the settlement then being a part of the "infant plantation" of Dover, which was then an independent republic, but which placed itself under the government of Massachusetts, April 14, 1641. The river was named from some oyster beds found near its mouth, which furnished the early settlers with these mussels.

The town was known as the Oyster River Plantation or the Oyster River Precinct for nearly a century, the line of division between it and Dover proper having been established in 1657. It was made a separate parish in 1716, and became an incorporated township with its present name by legislative act in 1732.

Durham, as then incorporated, was considerably larger than at present; it included what is now the town of Lee and a portion of Newmarket. Lee was separated into a town in 1766, and the portion of Newmarket was turned over to that town in 1870.

Durham appears to have received its present name at the suggestion of the Rev. Hugh Adams, one of the early ministers. "The name may have been chosen in order to commemorate the palatine form of government originally accorded to the New Hampshire settlement, if credit is to be given to the so-called charter of Charles I. to Capt. John Mason, August 19, 1635, granting him the province of New Hampshire, 'with power of government and as ample jurisdiction and prerogatives as used by the bishop of Durham.' The



Site of Pascataqua Bridge.



Old Durham—The Sullivan Store.

bishops of Durham, England, it will be remembered, formerly exercised the semi-regal powers of a count palatine. It does not appear, however, that Captain Mason or his heirs ever attempted to exercise such prerogatives in New Hampshire."[1]

The village continued to grow slowly for nearly a century after its incorporation. During part of this period, it was of considerable importance as a centre of trade by land and water. It was on the main road from Boston and Concord to Portsmouth and Dover. In 1794, the Pascataqua bridge, connecting Durham and Portsmouth, through Newington, was built, and had an important bearing on the trade of the town. This bridge, nearly half a mile long, was a remarkable structure for the time. It remained in good condition until 1830, when it gave way; but it was repaired and continued in use until 1855, when so serious a break occurred that it was not thought advisable to repair it. At present only a few timbers mark the site. The displacement of stages by the railroads, the decline of ship-building, and other causes, led to the gradual decrease of business in Durham, so that early in this century it became a quiet farming village. In 1893, the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was moved from Hanover to Durham by the state, in acceptance of the Thompson bequest, and the ancient town entered upon a new stage of its growth. Already the effect has been to increase greatly the number of houses and to add a group of noble buildings to a part of the town before only partially occupied.



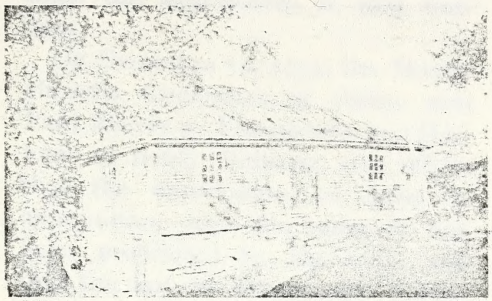
Gen John Sullivan.



Relics of Pascataqua Bridge.

In the present paper I can make no attempt at an adequate treatment of the town; but shall try only to indicate some of the more important traditions connected with its history, and to describe briefly the most sali-

[1] Mary P. Thompson.



The Sullivan Slave House.

ent natural features of the region. Throughout the article I shall draw largely from published writings, in which the town is rich; and desire here to acknowledge my obligations for the use of illustrations to the editors of the *New Hampshire College Monthly*, Miss Mary E. Smith, and Messrs. Hall, Hawes, Howard, Parsons, Russell, Shaw, and Thompson.

"The character of a place," writes Stevenson, "is often most perfectly expressed in its associations. An event strikes root and grows into a legend." So it happens that every old town in Europe or America has about it a series of traditions which express the character of the people who have made its history. In such traditions one is sure to find dominant traits of the race, for that which most appeals to the imagination of the passing generations will be preserved, while other portions of the original story are likely to be lost. The traditions of Durham are rich in historic incident, as well as varied in character. But they speak authoritatively of a brave and manly race.

The most glorious of Durham traditions, yet more than tradition, being well authenticated history, is that of the initial act of the American Revolution. To know that in this quiet village was organized the first corps of armed men who dared openly to attack the forces of his British majesty, that these men proceeded down the river and bay to Fort William and Mary, which they captured, and from which they carried away a large amount of powder, at a time when throughout the colonies the people were chafing under the British yoke, but none before had dared to rise in opposition, is to thrill with pride in being a citizen—native or adopted—of this ancient parish. All honor to the memory of John Sullivan, whose ancestors for generations had known the yoke of oppression, who so clearly saw the necessity of freedom for the American people, and who bravely led the first assault



The Sullivan Monument.

upon the withholders of that freedom.

On December 12, 1774, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety sent Paul Revere to Portsmouth and Durham to notify Sullivan and others that the importation of arms or ammunition into the colonies had been prohibited by the king, and that the fort in Portsmouth harbor was soon to be occupied by two regiments from Boston. Revere reached Sullivan's house December 13. The advantages of immediate action in securing the munitions of war at the fort before it was occupied by the king's soldiers were seen by Sullivan. To men of his calibre, to know what is best to do is to do it. "I was working for Major Sullivan," said Eleazer Bennett, years afterward, "when Micah Davis came up and told me Major Sullivan wanted me to go to Portsmouth, and to get all the men I could to go with him. The men who went, as far as I can remember, were Major John Sullivan, Capt. Winborn Adams, Ebenezer Thompson, John Demeritt, Alpheus and Jonathan Chesley, John Spencer, Micah Davis, Isaac and Benjamin Small, of Durham; Ebenezer Sullivan, Captain Langdon, and Thomas Pickering, of Portsmouth; John Griffin, James Underwood, and Alexander Scammell. We took a gondola belonging to Benjamin Mathes, who was too old to go, and went down the river to Portsmouth. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night. We sailed down to the fort at the mouth of Pascataqua Harbor. The water was so shallow that we could not bring the boat to within a rod of the shore. We waded through the water in perfect silence, mounted the fort, surprised the garrison, and bound the captain. In the fort, we found one hundred casks of powder, and one hundred small arms, which we brought down to the boat. In wading through the water, it froze upon us."[1]

This powder was stored in the Durham meeting-house, and soon after was carried by John Demeritt and others to Boston, where it arrived just in time to be of service at Bunker Hill.

Sullivan and his associates were proclaimed traitors by the Royalists, and according to a tradition, which at least is in accord with his character, Sullivan and his comrades burned their royal commissions in the public square. This story has been doubted, but so far as I can learn, no Thomas has produced the commissions to show that they were not burned.

A great man always impresses his personality upon the community in which he lives. This is especially true of men of heroic mould, whose actions appeal to the natural instincts of the race. So we find the town rich in Sullivan traditions, for General Sullivan was essentially a man of action. One of the most delightful of these relates to his mother. On the boat, when as a buxom Irish girl she was coming to America, one asked her what she was going to do among the people of the colonies. "Raise governors for them, to be sure," was the ready reply—a prophecy more true than such gasconades are wont to be. John Sullivan's father "saw the girl as she landed, and struck with her beauty, made a bar-

[1] Recorded by Ballard Smith, *Harper's Monthly*, July, 1886.

upon the withholders of that trea-

On December 12, 1774, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety sent Paul Revere to Portsmouth and Durham to notify Sullivan and others that the importation of arms or ammunition into the colonies had been prohibited by the king, and that the fort in Portsmouth harbor was soon to be occupied by the regulars from Boston. Revere reached Sullivan's house December 13. The advantages of immediate action in securing the munitions of war at the fort before it was occupied by the king's soldiers were seen by Sullivan. To men of his calibre, to know what is best to do is to do it. "I was working for Major Sullivan," said Eleazer Dennett, years afterward, "when Nicah Davis came up and told me Major Sullivan wanted me to go to Portsmouth, and to get all the men I could to go with him. The men who went, as far as I can remember, were Major John Sullivan, Capt. Winborn Adams, Ebenezer Thompson, John Demeritt, Alpheus and Jonathan Chesley, John Spencer, Nicah Davis, Isaac and Benjamin Small, of Durham; Ebenezer Sullivan, Captain Langdon, and Thomas Pickering, of Portsmouth; John Griffin, James Underwood, and Alexander Scammell. We took a gondola belonging to Benjamin Mathes, who was too old to go and went down the river to Portsmouth. It was a clear, cold, moonlight night. We sailed down to the fort at the mouth of Piscataqua Harbor. The water was so shallow that we could not bring the boat to within a rod of the shore. We waded through the water in perfect silence, mounted

gain with the captain, paying her passage in shingles." They were married, and immediately settled on a farm in Berwick, Maine.

Another tradition relates to Sullivan's arrival in Durham. Lawyers apparently were not welcomed to village communities at that time. When the young lawyer came from Portsmouth to settle in Durham, the yeomanry threatened to prevent him by physical means. But none of them dared to offer him a single-handed fight, and so his brother, apparently of less powerful frame, was substituted. The brother was victorious, and John Sullivan became a citizen of the village.

Sullivan kept a few slaves in the small house still standing in the rear of his home.

"Old Noble, a shiny-faced, bugle-lipped, full-blooded African, who lived to so late a period that the oldest inhabitant still remembered him, was an especial favorite. He used often to row his master down the river to Portsmouth, some thirteen miles away. One day the General was in a hurry, and told Noble he would give him a crown if he would land him in Portsmouth in just two hours.

"'Golly, I 'll do it, Massa!' said the black, his eyes rolling in joyful anticipation of the reward.

"They started down the river, Noble pulling with all his might. It was a cool autumn day, but the negro perspired as though it was in July. Four miles above Portsmouth city he rowed to the shore.

"'What does this mean, Noble?' asked Sullivan.

"'Means that I 'se right down glad we are in Portsmouth,' replied the sable gentleman, holding forth his hand for the crown.

"Noble was a mighty oarsman, but neither he nor any one else could have rowed to Portsmouth wharf" in two hours. Thus he outwitted his master.[1]

The name of Alexander Scammell is still dear to the memory of the people of Durham. Associated with Sullivan in his law office before the Revolution, he became one of the leaders in the memorable conflict. As Mr. Colby has said,—"A blaze of romance surrounds the memory of this young hero. He was the knight, without reproach and without fear, of the Revolution. He was brave, chivalrous, and able. There was no nobler looking man in the army. In stature he was just the height of the commander-in-chief, six feet and two inches, and he was proportioned as symmetrically as an Apollo. Features of the Roman cast gave dignity and martial ardor to his countenance. His steel-blue eyes blazed in all the hardest-fought contests of the Revolution."

He became Washington's adjutant-general, was wounded at Yorktown, and died at the age of thirty-three, October 6, 1781. "The esteem in which he was held by his brother officers is amply illustrated by the fact that when Lafayette was on his last visit to this country, at a large gathering of Revolutionary veterans, the noble Marquis proposed as a toast, 'To the memory of Yorktown Scammell,' which was vociferously drank."

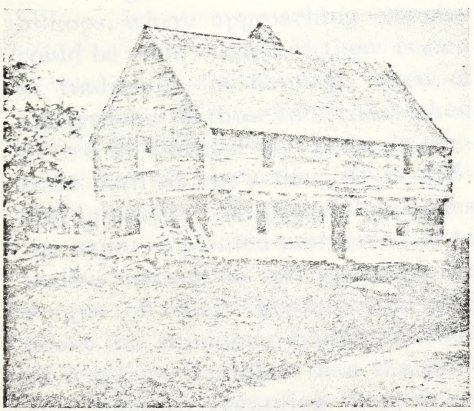
The garrisons of the ancient Oyster river parish receive special mention in early New England history. Be-

[1] F. M. Colby, GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. V, p. 24.



Home of the late Mary P. Thompson

fore 1694 there were at least fourteen of these houses of refuge and defense. Ten of them were along the river, below the village, and the other four were on neighboring hills. The most complete account of these garrisons that I have been able to find is in Miss Thompson's "Landmarks," in which they are described under the following names: (1) The Meader garrison, (2) the Davis garrison, (3) Smith's garrison, (4) Bunker's garrison, (5) the Jones garrison, (6) Beard's garrison, (7) Woodman's garrison, (8) Huckins's garrison, (9) the Burnham garrison, (10) Drew's garrison, (11) the Adams garrison, (12) Bickford's garrison, (13) the Edgerly garrison, (14) Goddard's garrison.

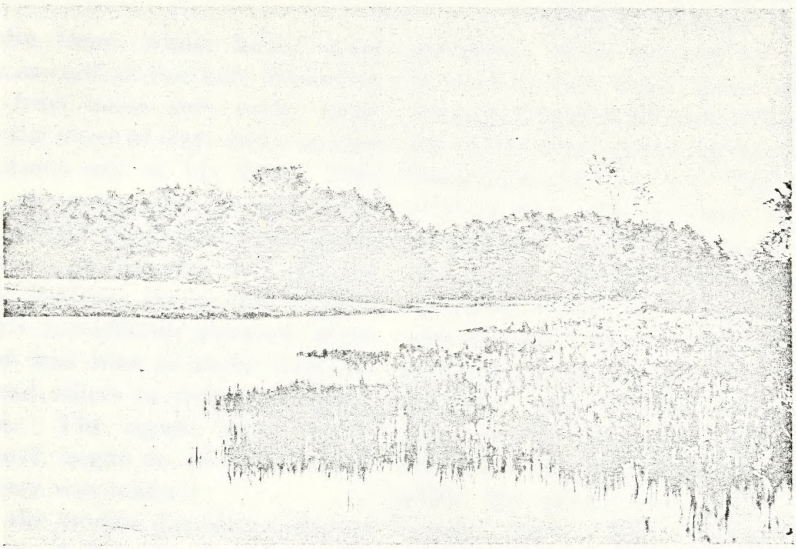


Old Garrison at Lubberland.

Very few of these house forts—so rich in traditions of bravery and suffering—yet remain. One of the most noted, the Woodman garrison, was destroyed by fire only a few months ago. It was, as Miss Thompson said, "beautifully situated on the eastern slope of a hill, at the head of Beard's creek, with brooks and deep ravines at every side of the acclivity except at the west. It has a fine outlook for an approaching enemy, as well as a charming view in every direction, except in the rear where the rise of land intercepts the prospect. Durham village, which did not exist when this garrison was built, lies at the south, in full view, embosomed among the trees; and at the east may be traced the windings of Oyster river on its way to the Pascataqua. At the north, through an opening between the hills, can be seen the spot where the Huckins garrison stood; and nearer at hand, but separated from it by a profound ravine, is the field where occurred the massacre of 1689. This garrison was built by Capt. John Woodman, who came to Oyster river as early as 1657, and in 1660 had a grant of twenty acres between the lands of William Beard and Valentine Hill, with Stony brook on the south, apparently the very land where he built his garrison. He had a captain's commission before 1690, which was renewed by the Massachusetts government that year, and again by Governor Usher, of New Hampshire, in 1692. His garrison underwent more than one attack from the Indians, and seems to have been manned in part by government

soldiers. Woodman's garrison is one of the most interesting monuments of early times in the state. Unfortunately, it is no longer in possession of the family. The last owner of the name was Prof. John I. Woodman, of Dartmouth college. After his death it was sold by his widow, together with the adjacent land, that for more than two hundred years had been owned by the Woodman family."

The most gruesome Durham legends relate to the early days of the Indian massacres of the inhabitants of these garrisons. Traditions of the times have been handed down in nearly every family, for to a remarkable extent the early settlers are still represented here by their descendants. The most frightful of these, and the only one space will permit me here to relate, is that of the mas-

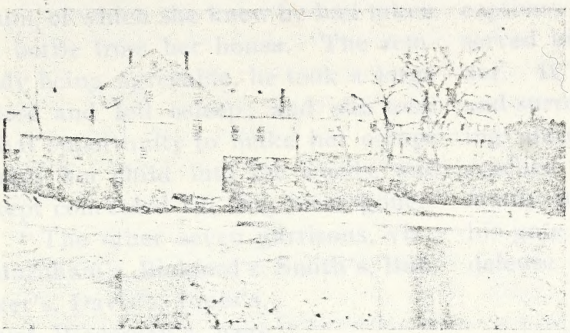


Upper End of College Reservoir.

These garrisons were situated upon hilltops, where approaching enemies could be seen. Each of them is rich in traditions—of heroism, often of martyrdom—of those rude times when to live in Durham was to be in constant peril of one's life. It is difficult to imagine our peaceful hillsides the haunt of painted murderers, or to realize that not so very long ago the tongue of village gossip could wag about the strenuous exploits of men in deadly peril, rather than the modern inanities regarding happenless events.

sacre of 1694. The Oyster River settlement was selected by the Sieur de Villieu and his associates for special attack, the details of which have been recorded by Belknap.

"The enemy approached the place undiscovered, and halted near the falls, on Tuesday evening, July 17, 1694. Here they formed into two divisions, one of which was to go on each side of the river and plant themselves in ambush, in small parties, near every house, so as to be ready for the attack at the rising of the sun, the first gun to be the signal.

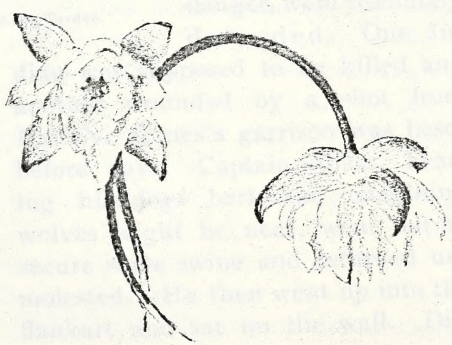


Packer's Falls.

"John Dean, whose house stood by the sawmill at the falls, intending to go from home very early, arose before the dawn of day, and was shot as he came out of his door. This firing, in part, disconcerted their plan; several parties who had some distance to go, had not then arrived at their stations; the people in general were immediately alarmed; some of them had time to make their escape, and others to prepare for their defense. The signal being given, the attack began in all parts where the enemy was ready.

"Of the twelve garrisoned houses five were destroyed, viz., Adams's, Drew's, Edgerley's, Medar's, and Beard's. They entered Adams's without resistance, where they killed fourteen persons; one of them, being a woman with child, they ripped open. The grave is still to be seen in which they were all buried. Drew surrendered his garrison on the promise of security, but was murdered when he fell into their hands; one of his children, a boy nine years old, was made to run through a lane of Indians, as a mark for them to throw their hatchets at, till they had dispatched him. Edgerley's was evacuated; the people took to their boat, and one of them was mortally wounded before they got out of reach of the enemy's shot. Beard's and Medar's were also evacuated, and the people escaped.

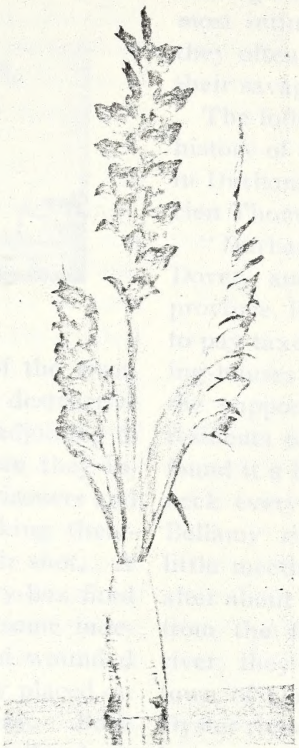
"The defenseless houses were nearly all set on fire, the inhabitants being either killed or taken in them, or else in endeavoring to escape to the garrisons. Some escaped by hiding in bushes and other secret places. Thomas Edgerley, by concealing himself in his cellar, preserved his house, though twice set on fire. The house of John Buss, the minister, was destroyed with a valuable library. He was absent, but his wife and family fled to the woods and escaped. The wife of John Dean, at whom the first gun was fired, was taken with her daughter and carried about two miles up the river, where they were left under the care of an old Indian while the others returned to their bloody work. The Indian complained of a pain in his head, and asked the woman what would be a proper remedy. She answered, 'Occapee,' which is the Indian word for



From Wheelright's Pond.

rum, of which she knew he had taken a bottle from her house. The remedy being agreeable, he took a large dose and fell asleep; and she took that opportunity to make her escape with her child into the woods, and kept concealed till they were gone.

"The other seven garrisons, viz., Burnham's, Bickford's, Smith's, Bunker's, Davis's, Jones's, and Woodman's, were resolutely and successfully defended. At Burnham's the gate was left open. The Indians, ten in number, who were appointed to surprise it were asleep under the bank of the river at the time that the alarm was given. A man within, who had been kept awake by a toothache, hearing the first gun, roused the people and secured the gate, just as the Indians, who were awakened by the same noise, were entering. Finding themselves disappointed, they ran to Pitman's defenseless house, and forced the door at the moment that he had burst away through that end of the house which was next the garrison, to which he with his family, taking advantage of the shade of some trees, it being moonlight, happily escaped. Still defeated, they attacked the house of John Davis, which after some resistance, he surrendered on terms; but the terms were violated and the whole family killed or made captives. Thomas Bickford preserved his house in a singular manner. It was situated near the river and surrounded with a palisade. Being alarmed before the enemy had reached the house, he sent off his family in a boat, and then shutting his gate betook himself alone to the defense of his fortress. Despising alike the promises and threats by which the Indians would have persuaded him to surrender, he kept up a constant fire at them, changing his dress as often as he could, showing himself with a different cap, hat, or coat, and sometimes without either, and giving directions aloud as if he had a number of men with him. Finding their attempt in vain, the enemy withdrew and left him sole master of the house which he had defended with such admirable address. Smith's, Bunker's, and Davis's garrisons, being seasonably apprised of the danger, were resolutely defended. One Indian was supposed to be killed and another wounded by a shot from Davis's. Jones's garrison was beset before day. Captain Jones, hearing his dogs bark and imagining wolves might be near, went out to secure some swine and returned unmolested. He then went up into the flankart and sat on the wall. Discerning the flash of a gun, he dropped



From the Flower Garden.



backward; the ball entered the place from whence he had withdrawn his legs. The enemy from behind a rock kept firing on the house for some time and then quitted it. During these transactions, the French priest took possession of the meeting-house, and employed himself in writing on the pulpit with chalk; but the house received no damage.

"Those parties of the enemy who



A Bouquet of Elms.

were on the south side of the river, having completed their destructive work, collected in a field adjoining to Burnham's garrison, where they insultingly showed their prisoners and derided the people, thinking themselves out of reach of their shot. A young man from the sentry-box fired at one who was making some indecent signs of defiance and wounded him in the heel; him they placed on a horse and carried away. Both divisions then met at the falls where they had parted the evening before, and proceeded together to Captain Woodman's garrison. The ground being uneven, they approached without danger, and from behind a hill kept up a long and severe fire at the hats and caps which the people within held up on sticks above the walls, without any other damage than injuring the roof of the house. At length, apprehending that it was time for the people in the neighboring settlements to be collected in pursuit of them, they finally withdrew, having killed and captured between ninety and a hundred persons, and burned about twenty houses, of which five were garrisons. The main body of them retreated over Winnipiseogee Lake, where they divided their prisoners, separating those in particular who were most intimately connected, in which they often took a pleasure suited to their savage nature."

The following account of the early history of the Congregational church in Durham was prepared by Mr. Lucien Thompson:

"Durham was formerly a part of Dover, and under the laws of the province, its citizens were compelled to pay taxes for the erection of meeting-houses and parsonages and for the support of the ministry. The residents of Oyster River settlement found it a hardship to travel to Dover neck every Lord's day, crossing the Bellamy river and climbing to the little meeting-house on the hill, and after about twenty years had elapsed from the first settlement at Oyster river, they succeeded in having the town of Dover sustain a minister at Oyster river; and in 1655 a meeting-house was built south of the river, and the next year, a parsonage. Rev. Edward Fletcher preached a year and returned to England in 1657. For several years they did not employ a minister, and were then required by Dover to aid in the support of the Dover ministry. This they objected to doing, and, after a long contention, the mill rents and rate for the support of the ministry were mutually arranged in 1660.

"In 1662, we find Rev. Joseph Hull was acting as pastor. He was born in 1594, in England, graduated at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, in 1614, began preaching in 1621, and subsequently came to Oyster river. Later, he removed to the Isles of Shoals, where he died November 19, 1665.

"It was agreed in 1675 that two of the selectmen should be chosen from Oyster river. Under this arrangement, the people for many years had their own minister, who was paid by the town of Dover, but with taxes imposed upon the Oyster River people for that purpose.

"John Buss was both physician and minister. He was born in 1640, and it does not appear that he was ever ordained. He was at Wells, Maine, in 1672, and seems to have remained there until near 1684, when he probably located at Oyster river. He lost his house and valuable library in the great Indian and French massacre of 1694, when nearly a hundred of his parishioners were killed or carried into captivity. An ancient landmark, 'Parson Buss's Pulpit,' on the south side of Oyster river, will ever recall memories of this preacher. He died in 1736.

"A meeting-house was erected about 1715, upon the spot where the



A Tulip Garden.



A Lily Garden.

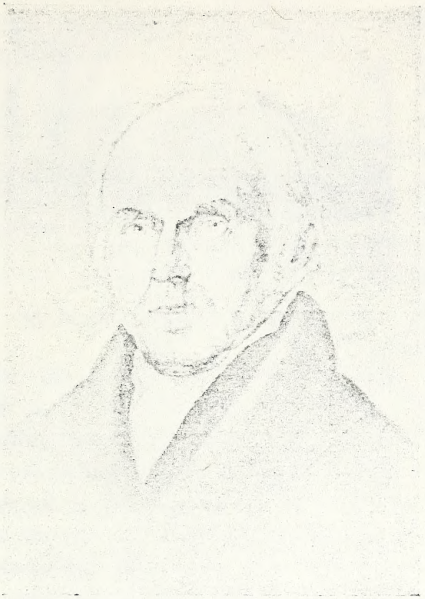
one built in 1792 was afterwards located.

"The act of the legislature, May 4, 1716, made the Oyster River parish distinct from Dover, and, as the natural result, the organization of the church and settlement of a minister soon followed.

"Rev. Hugh Adams came to this parish in 1716, and on August 7 of the next year purchased the residence now known as the 'General Sullivan house.' His ministry continued in this place until dismissed by the council January 23, 1739. He died in 1750, aged seventy-four. From the records, it appears that more than a hundred persons besides the ten who organized the church became members during his ministry.

"Rev. Nicholas Gilman, a native of Exeter, New Hampshire, was ordained at Durham, March 3, 1742. He continued as pastor until his death, April 13, 1748.

"Rev. John Adams was a son of Matthew Adams of Boston, and a nephew of Rev. Hugh Adams. In his boyhood, Franklin was loaned books by Matthew Adams, a favor which he gratefully acknowledges in his memoirs. Rev. John Adams inherited his father's literary style, his scientific habit of thought, and had



Rev. Curtis Coe.

besides great mechanical and musical ability. He was educated at Harvard College, graduating in 1745. His ministry commenced in 1748, but the stipulated salary of five hundred pounds, old tenor, with the use of the parsonage property, was to commence on March 25, 1749. Probably this was the date of his ordination and settlement. When opposition to the encroachments of England on the liberties of the colonists began to manifest itself, he took a decided part in the strife and early predicted that the general unrest of the colonies would end in war, and their severance from the mother country. He was among the foremost to advocate the cause of American liberty.

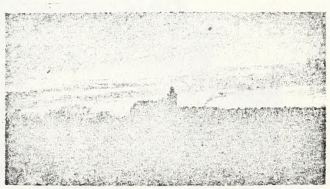
"Rev. Curtis Coe was preaching at Durham as early as August 18, 1779, and ordained and installed November 1, 1780. He resigned his pastorate and finished his labors in Durham, May 1, 1806, and became a home missionary in the remote parts of New Hampshire and Maine. He died in Newmarket, June 7, 1829, leaving many descendants, among them the late Richard C. Coe, who made a bequest to this church, and Joseph W. Coe, at the present time a member of the church and society.

"The meeting-house erected in 1715–'16 was torn down, and a larger one erected upon the same site in 1792, where the Sullivan monument now stands.

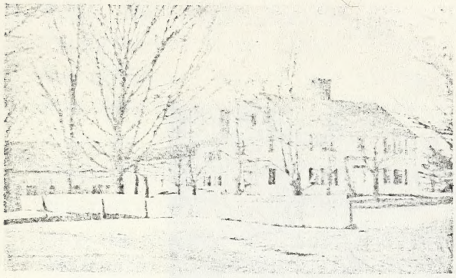
"Up to this time (1806) the pastor of the church had been supported by the town, but this method of support continued no longer. For many years the church drifted along without a pastor, most of the time declining in members and strength.

"Rev. Federal Burt commenced to preach in Durham, June, 1814. He was born in Southampton, Mass., March 4, 1789. (That is why he was called 'Federal.') 'The church then had but two acting male members, and one of these was almost superannuated.' His ministry was one of great prosperity to the church, probably surpassing any before it. Large additions were made as the fruit of a revival in 1826.

"There are now living, persons who remember the old meeting-house on Broth hill. A former resident writes: 'What a spacious affair it was, with its galleries all around, its



In the Gloaming.



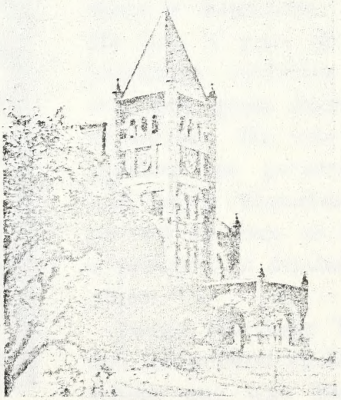
The Ebenezer Thompson Homestead.

square pews, seats on hinges, high pulpit up a long flight of stairs, the sounding-board over the pulpit just back of the preacher, printed in gilt letters on a green ground the fourth verse of the one hundredth psalm.' He describes also how Rev. Federal Burt used to go up these stairs, robed in his black silk surplice."[1]

After Mr. Burt there followed Reverends Robert Page, Alvin Tobey, who preached here from 1831 to 1871, Laurens Talbot, Samuel H. Barnum, Charles H. Chapin, and Oliver D. Sewall. The church has just extended a call to Mr. Beard of Connecticut. The present meeting-house was built in 1848–'49, and has recently been enlarged and in part remodeled.

The rejuvenation of Durham is due to the high-minded purpose fixed throughout a long life of one of her recent citizens. Indeed, it may fairly be said that this latest period of growth is but the natural development of principles and purposes which for two centuries have animated the generations of one of the most distinguished Durham families. At least as early as 1707, Robert Thompson established himself as one of the citizens of the Oyster River settlement. He was a notable man, brave in facing painted savages, earnest in clearing the fields and establishing a home for wife and children, and alive to the needs of the community in which he lived. It is significant that he was one of the signers of the petition for a license to employ the first schoolmaster of Durham, as well as the privilege of establishing a church in the village. About 1722, Robert Thompson married Abigail Emerson, a woman of historic as well as heroic lineage. She was a niece of Hannah Dustin, and was descended from distinguished families on both her father's and her mother's side.

Five children were born to them. The fourth was Ebenezer Thompson —"incontestably the most eminent man ever born in Durham"—who became one of the most prominent political leaders of New England through the trying times between 1770 and 1800. "Holding, as he did, all through the most critical period of the Revolution, the three important offices of councillor of state, member of committee of safety,



Thompson Hall.

[1] Manual of the Durham Congregational Church.



The College Flower Gardens.

and secretary of state, besides minor offices of town and court, and various public commissions, it will be seen that Ebenezer Thompson was by no means an inactive statesman. After the organization of the courts of law under the constitution of the state in 1783, he was appointed clerk of the court of common pleas in the county of Strafford, which office he held till September, 1787, when it was given to his son Benjamin. In 1786 and 1787, he was the representative of Durham in the General Assembly. He was again chosen member of the executive council in 1787 for one year, and state senator in 1787 and 1788."[1] Various other important offices fell to his lot during the remaining years of his life.

The testimony of Governor Plumer regarding the personality of Ebenezer Thompson, is of value in showing the strong development of the family traits. "He was a man of much reading and general information. His manners were simple, plain, and unassuming. He had a strong aversion to extravagance and parade of every kind. Usefulness was the object of all his pursuits, both in relation to himself and the public. Though he never exhibited a passion for wealth, yet by his frugality and economy he supported his family and left them a handsome estate. He was a man of sound judgment, retentive memory, and great decision of character. He was distinguished for perseverance, and never abandoned his pursuit so long as he saw a prospect of attaining his object."

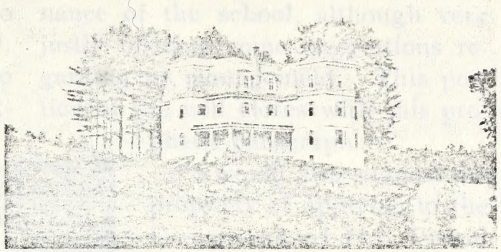
Judge Ebenezer Thompson left several children, of whom one was Benjamin



The Natural History Laboratory.

[1] Memoir by Mary P. Thompson.

Thompson, born in 1765. In 1794, the latter married Mary Pickering of Newington. Of the six children born to the family, the fifth was named Benjamin. This son inherited "among other property his father's residence in Durham, with neighboring lands, and the so-called Warner farm, originally a part of the Valentine Hill grant at Oyster river."

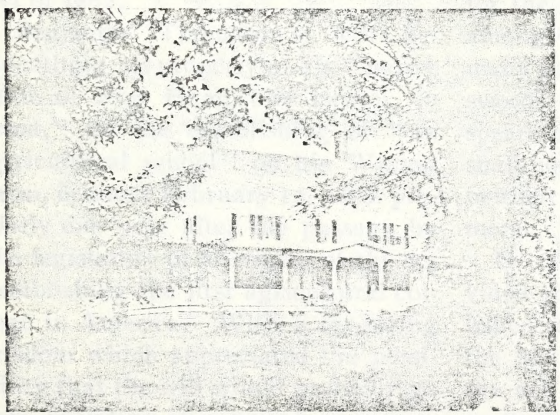


The Q. T. V. Chapter House.

This was the Benjamin Thompson who changed the sleepy New England village—"a good example of the village that was," as an unprejudiced visitor described it some years ago,—into a thriving college town.

The desire to establish a school, where a practical education, especially in agriculture, should be offered the youth of New Hampshire, evidently arose in the mind of Benjamin Thompson comparatively early in his life. The American people must have been going through a very significant phase of their development a half century ago. Here and there throughout the older portions of the country, earnest, thoughtful men, whose occupations brought them in contact with the people, began to see that a greater diversity in systems of education was needed; that a uniform grind of language and mathematics selected the few at the expense of the many; and that education should include the development of all of the faculties.

Not long ago I visited, in a small Illinois town, the home of Mr. Turner, who in the Middle West is called the father of the movement for industrial education. Between 1850 and 1860, Mr. Turner spoke and wrote freely regarding the need for a new education, and to his influence in guiding the spirit of the people into channels of practical usefulness the land-grant colleges are largely indebted. In Michigan, a few earnest leaders, seeing clearly the public need, in the face of virulent opposition, established in 1856 an agricultural college in the woods, three miles from Lansing, the new and dispopulous capital. In Vermont, the idea was evidently taking root in the mind of our revered Senator Morrill; while in New Hampshire



The President's Residence.

Benjamin Thompson, with the clear-headed persistence of the Thompson generations, was devoting his life to the carrying out of the same ideal. Scattered throughout the country no doubt there were many others bending their energies to the realization of the same ideal, which was finally embodied in the national land-grant act of 1862.



The Library Building.

Benjamin Thompson's will bequeathing his property to his "native state of New Hampshire forever, in trust," for the establishing of "an agricultural school" on his Warner farm, is dated February 12, 1856, precisely one year after the passage by the legislature of Michigan of the act establishing the first agricultural college in America. With a far-seeing wisdom which appreciated the possibility that the will would probably go into operation at a period so remote that there might be "great advancement in the knowledge of agriculture," Mr. Thompson laid down no hard and fast rules for the maintenance of the school, although very justly offering some suggestions regarding its management. This portion of the will closes with this prophetic paragraph:

"I would also suggest the propriety of applying to the Congress of the United States for a grant of land in aid of this object; and in other ways to seek contributions to promote the usefulness and extend the advantages of said school; and I believe that when the vast benefit to be derived from such teaching shall be practically demonstrated, similar schools will be multiplied in every state of this great confederacy, their unbounded agricultural resources will be developed, the national wealth and power increased, the happiness of man, the honor of God, and the love of Christ promoted, and the way be in some degree prepared for the time when 'He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'"

In 1874, a codicil to the will provided that in case the state established a College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts in acceptance of the act of 1862, the property might go to that institution, provided it be located in Durham.

In acceptance of this bequest, the



state erected four principal buildings, namely, Thompson Hall, Conant Hall, Nesmith Hall, and the shops, into which the college moved in 1893. It has since then greatly increased in the number of its students, and forms an essential part of the educational system of the state. It offers courses in agriculture, mechanical and electrical engineering, applied chemistry, and a general science course. For the last three years it has conducted a summer school of science for teachers, which this year is to be combined with the summer institute conducted by the state department of public instruction.

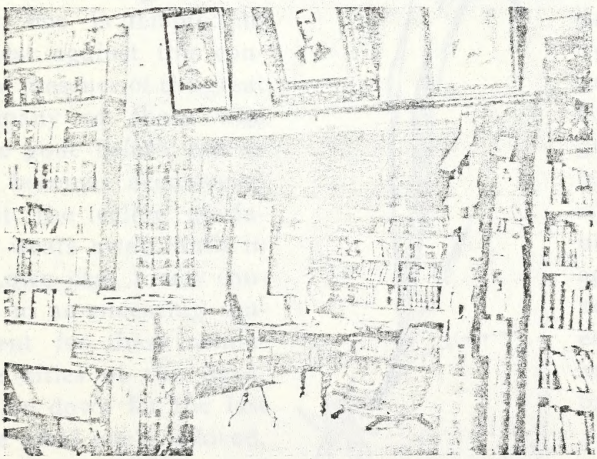
No account of the "higher life" of Durham would be adequate which did not include a mention of the public library—an educational institution of the highest efficiency and usefulness. The library was started some years ago under the auspices of the Durham Library association, and has recently been made a public institution through an agreement between the association and the town.



An Autumn Scene.

There is now a well-selected list of several thousand books, which is judiciously increased each year by purchases. The library is open every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, the librarian, Miss Mary E. Smith, generously giving her services, and aiding the efficiency of the institution in every way. The library building, owned by the association, is pleasantly situated on the main street. A view of it and of the interior of the library is shown herewith.

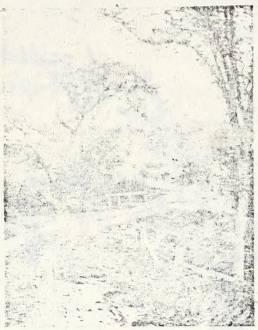
The drives of Durham and vicinity have justly a local celebrity. The country is rolling and diversified, with gentle hills merging in perspective into charming bits of water scenery. The roads wind in and out among woods and vales, and during the driving season are lined with a constant succession of green and blossoming vegetation. In any direction the eye will be rewarded for its looking, but the palm of landscape beauty is easily won by the Bay road through ancient Lubberland to Newmarket. To drive over



View in the Library.



this highway, up hill and down dale, with the ever-changing vistas of the islands, the water, and the opposite shore, is indeed to enjoy "a piece of travel."



A Bit of Road.

To the visitor from the more newly settled portions of America one of the strangest sights of the older parts of New England is that of the tiny cemeteries which dot the landscape in all directions. On every homestead are found the graves of the successive generations of its occupants. At first, one is tempted to protest against this constant presence of the great company of those who have gone before, but as one becomes accustomed to it, the feeling gradually wears away, until in my own case I may confess to an endearing sentiment for these miniature cities of the dead. To lie down for the last time amid one's beloved, unjostled by the bones of strangers; to return the "agglutinated dust" literally to the soil from which it came; to enter upon the long rest amid the familiar scenes of infancy, youth, and age,—is to pay naturally man's debt to his Creator. Wandering in "wise passiveness" beside these violet-covered graves, one fancies silent voices murmuring, "Here were we born, here we lived and died, and our bodies are transfigured in the petals upon which you gaze." And man's neglect but makes these sepultures the more attractive. No travesty is so horrible as the sight of withered flowers upon an earthen grave. It seems to symbolize man's impotence in struggling against Nature. Yet left to herself, she against whom we strive soon covers the bare earth with living green, and calls bluets and violets to adorn the oval mound:



Pines by the Reservoir.



A Mill Scene.



The Blue Flag.

"Not human art, but living gods
alone can fashion beauties
that by changing live."



Barberries.

The location of these churchless churchyards also often appeals to one's sense of the fitness of things. Many of them are upon hilltops, with an open view on every side; others are on the borders of woods, which are gradually encroaching upon the domain of the dead; while some are beside running streams, where the music of the moving water is always to be heard. I often fancy how these tiny cemeteries would have appealed to that beautiful spirit whose body rests on Vaila mountain in the islands of the southern seas, who years ago, in brooding over the crowded sepulchres of ancient Edinburgh, wrote, "An open outlook is to be desired for a churchyard, and a sight of the sky and some of the world's beauty relieves a mind from morbid thoughts."

Durham is a fortunate region for the home of a naturalist. Had Gilbert White or Richard Jeffries lived here, the town would have been



A Group of Lady's-Slippers.

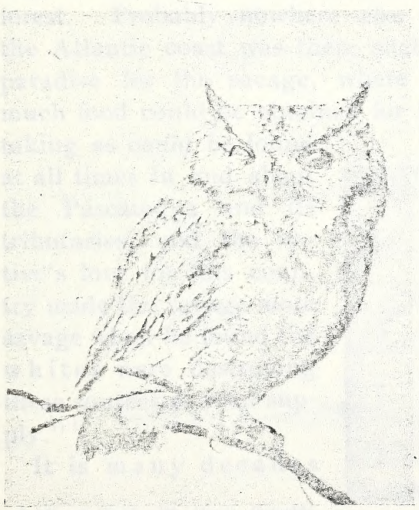


The Cedar-Bird.

famous among lovers of outdoor literature the world over. The diversity of soil surface—shown by the barren, sandy tracts, the rocky hills, the fertile lowlands, the tide-washed wastes, the bay shores—has led to the development of an extraordinary variety of plants and animals. Some years ago one of the most eminent American naturalists wrote: "Probably no state in the Union presents so striking a variety in its animal life as New Hampshire." Perhaps in no town in the state are these advantages more fully found in miniature than in the ancient Oyster River parish. Nearly four centuries ago, the early settlers noticed the extraordinary abundance of animals fit for human food. Probably for a period yet longer in duration this wealth had been appreciated by the aboriginal red man. "The salmon, the shad, the striped bass—which goes into Exeter river every winter now, and



Bittern among Sedges.



The Screech-Owl.

which is one of the most beautiful and palatable of the food-fish, frequently weighing twenty-five to thirty pounds,—the cod, the haddock, and the pollock also came as they do now in great numbers at certain seasons. The bluefish came into these streams to feed upon the schools of herring which annually came in, and it is probable that schools of mackerel also came into the Pascataqua as far as Great Bay. This bay was the favorite lighting

and feeding ground for the migratory water birds, north of the Chesapeake Bay, and twice each year was filled with millions of ducks and geese which were an easy prey to the savage. On the banks of these streams lived the beaver, which was probably cared for and killed as a wise farmer cares for his flock and slaughters only when his needs demand. That this was so, the dams erected by the beaver and now plainly visible at Woodman's and at Cummet's creek, and other places, seem to attest; and the inland swamps and fresh streams offered homes for other fur-bearing animals; the fox, the bear, the wolf, the otter, the lynx, the mink, the muskrat, and skunk lived here in great abundance. What was true of the migrating water birds was true of the land birds, which annually traversed from South to North and returned each year. As late as 1830, the wild pigeon swarmed into Durham twice each year, and could be captured by the thousand by a successful hunter. The deer roamed the forest. Probably nowhere else on the Atlantic coast was there such a paradise for the savage, where so much food could be obtained for the taking as could be found at all times in and about the Pascataqua and its tributaries, and the native's love for this country made the savage more savage when he found the whites were destroying these sources of food supply."[1]



Seed Pods of Willow Herb.

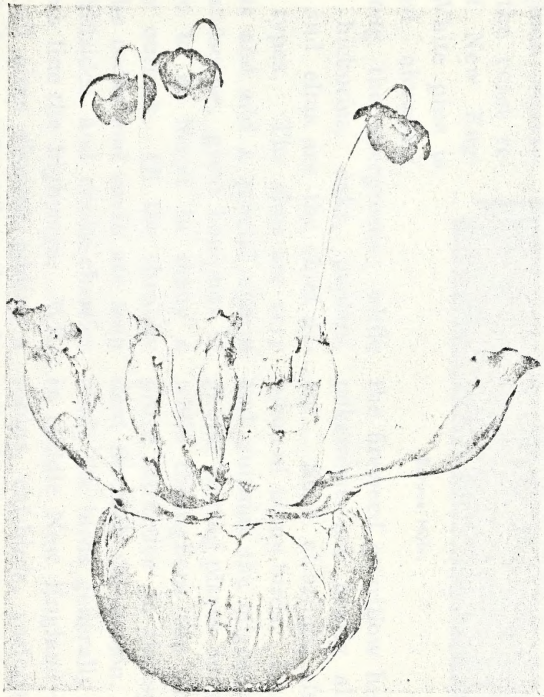
It is many decades since practically all of these larger animals disappeared before the ruthless onslaught of human persecutors. But to the lesser ambitions of the naturalist, the quarry still awaits the hunter; bird, insect, and flower yet pursue their tranquil ways and yield gracefully before the fine frenzy of the Nature lover.

The region along the shores of the Great Bay has a flora and fauna embracing many forms of life not found elsewhere in the town. The salt-water plants, like the seaweeds and rockweeds, are here found in



The Dwarf Cornel.

[1] Albert DeMeritt. *Dover Republican*, Feb. 23, 1897.



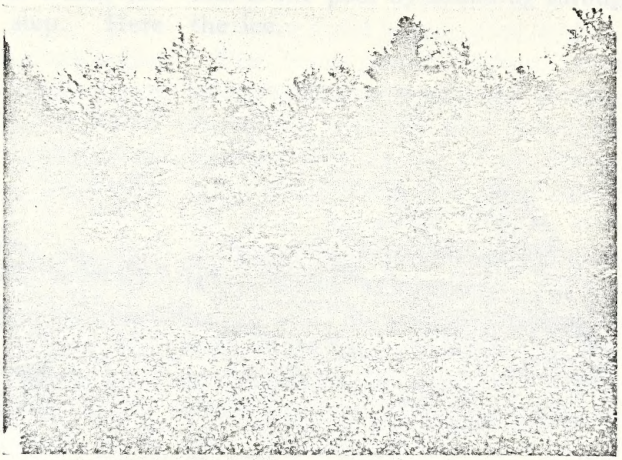
Pitcher-Plant or Sidesaddle-Flower.



Poke Berries.

great abundance; while the tide-washed lowlands are covered with the sedges and grasses of brackish habitat. Among animals the horse-shoe crab is the most unique of the Bay forms. At some seasons the shores will be lined with these interesting types of early geologic life. Clams and other mussels are also abundant, as well as many other marine and brackish water species. The Bay region is still the haunt of many interesting birds: herons, bitterns, and ducks are frequently seen, while the bald eagle and the osprey are not uncommon.

The vegetation of the hill regions of Durham is that generally prevailing in southern New Hampshire, with the special abundance of the barberry which characterizes the coast regions of New England. White pine is the most abundant tree among the evergreens; while maples, hickories, oaks, poplars, birches, and elms are the chief deciduous types. The elms are very numerous and add a special charm to the landscape; great bouquets of them are to be found in many a meadowy outlook. Of the shrubby plants, the cedar and savin are seen on the hillsides, and choke-cherries and alders line the highways. Willows of all sizes abound, adding a grace of form and color that is unique in the spring scenery. The herbaceous plants are legion, but many of the most interesting spring wild flowers are of local habitats. My first botanical excursions yielded chiefly disappointment: there is not that general prevalence of wild flowers that is found in many regions. Some species, like the blue flag and dwarf cornel, the anemones and violets, of course are general, but others, like the Mayflower, the purple trillium, or the pink lady's-slipper, are found only in special situations. In recent clearings which have been burned over, two summer plants—



Spruce Hole.

the fireweed or willow herb and the pokeweed—are nearly always present. Such clearings, also, are the home of many birds. During spring and autumn the migrants find congenial resting-places in such spots, while throughout the summer they prove attractive to the species resident through the season. These include the birds generally distributed in middle New England—bluebirds, robins, cat-birds, various thrushes, cedar birds, woodpeckers, the smaller owls, to mention only a few of the more abundant forms.

One of the most interesting local-

ities in Durham to the naturalist, is "Spruce Hole"—a small bog near the Lee border of the town. "It is a remarkable bowl-like depression in the ground, and covers five or six acres. The direct depth from the level to the bottom of the bowl must be a hundred feet. The sides are very steep, and were once lined and still are, in part, with spruce trees, which impart a peculiar solemnity to the place. The bottom of the bowl is a quaking bog, covered with a bed of thick, soft moss, from which the water oozes at every step. Here grow a variety of orchids, the sundew, the sidesaddle-flower, and other curious plants, and it is the haunt of multitudinous insects, whose hum on a summer's day alone breaks the solemn stillness of this solitary spot. In the centre is a dark pool, said to be unfathomable, concerning which there is a tragical legend." So wrote Miss Thompson some years ago; the description still applies, except that, winter before last, some adventurous youths found the bottom of the pool by sounding through the ice.



SINGER, SING.

By John Vance Cheney.

Lift your voice for glad love's sake,
Sing for lorn love sighing;
Melody, singer, let it wake
For the life that is born and the life that is dying;
All the joy and all the woe
Into a little song will go.

All the hopes and all the fears,
All the bliss, the sorrow,
All that has been in all the years,
The toil of to-day, the reward of the morrow,—
All, O singer, to you belong,
All will go in a little song.

Lift your voice for glad love's sake,
Sing for lorn love sighing;
Melody, singer, let it wake
For the life that is born and the life that is dying;
All the joy and all the woe
Into a little song will go.

REPRESENTATIVE AGRICULTURISTS.

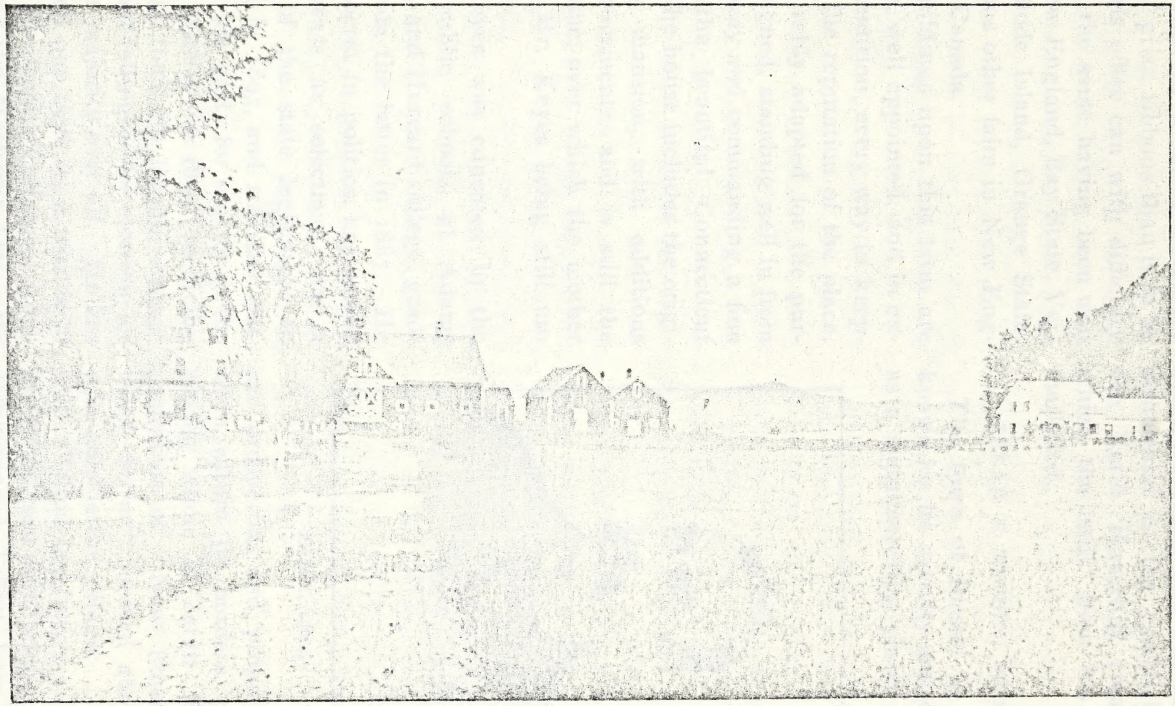
By H. H. Metcalf.

HENRY W. KEYES, NORTH HAVERHILL.

Among the best known stock farms in New Hampshire for many years past, "Pine Grove Farm," at North Haverhill, has held a conspicuous position. This farm, originally owned by Moses Dow, a distinguished citizen and one of the first lawyers in Grafton county, who settled here before the Revolution, and held various important offices, but modestly declined an election to congress, because he felt incompetent for the position, was purchased more than thirty years ago by the late Henry Keyes of Newbury, Vt., president of the Connecticut & Passumpsic Rivers railroad, who carried out extensive improvements, and engaged in stock-raising, breeding fine-blooded Durham cattle and Merino sheep on a large scale.

Mr. Keyes died in 1870, leaving a wife—formerly Miss Emma F. Pierce—and five children, three sons and two daughters. The eldest of the sons—Henry W. Keyes—who was born in Newbury, May 23, 1863, though still pursuing his studies, assumed the management of the farm when eighteen years of age, and it has since been in his hands, and its reputation as a superior stock farm maintained and largely extended.

The farm contains about twelve hundred acres of land in all, of which about two hundred and twenty-five acres are mowing and tillage, including a magnificent tract of Connecticut river intervale, with a large amount of higher meadow and plain land. About two hundred and fifty tons of hay are cut annually, while from fifteen to twenty acres of corn are ensilaged. In the season of 1896, ninety acres of land were under the plow, fifty acres in oats, and forty in corn, the latter being half ensilage and half field corn. All the crops produced are fed on the farm, to the splendid stock of Holstein and Jersey cattle, fine-blooded trotting and French coach horses, Shropshire sheep, and Yorkshire swine, all of which have been selected, or bred, with great care from the best imported animals. The stock the past season embraced about one hundred head of cattle, twenty fine horses, one hundred and twenty-five sheep, and fifty swine. Of late, Mr. Keyes has been crossing the Holstein and Jersey with great success, for dairy purposes. His Shropshire sheep have become noted all over the country,



Pine Grove Farm, North Haverhill, H W Keyes, Proprietor.



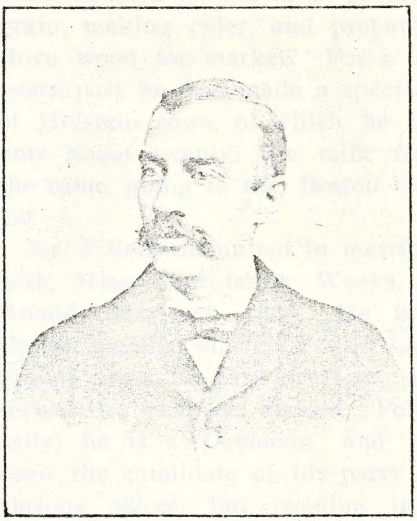
and have included the best premium animals in New England; and the same may be said of his cattle and swine. Indeed, a more extensive display of prize ribbons than is to be seen in his office can with difficulty be found, the same having been won at the New England, Bay State, Vermont, Rhode Island, Grange State, and various other fairs in New England and Canada.

The buildings upon this farm are extensive, well appointed, and in excellent condition, every way in keeping with the reputation of the place, and admirably adapted for the purposes designed, standing well in from the highway and commanding a fine view of the beautiful Connecticut valley. The house includes the original Dow mansion, with additions and improvements, and is still the family home, over which the mother presides, Mr. Keyes being still unmarried.

Mr. Keyes was educated in the Boston public schools, at Adams academy, and Harvard college, graduating from the latter in 1887. He is a Democrat in politics, has served several years as selectman, was a member of the state legislature in 1891 and in 1893, and was the candidate of his party for senator in the Grafton district in 1894, receiving more votes than his Republican opponent, but failing of an election for want of a majority over all. He has also served one term as a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. He is a director of the Connecticut & Passumpsic Rivers railroad, a member of Grafton lodge, F. & A. M., and of Pink Granite grange, North Haverhill. He is also vice-president of the Nashua River Paper company, of Pepperell, Mass., of which one of his brothers is president and the other treasurer, and was actively instrumental in the establishment of the North Haverhill creamery, at which the milk from his dairy is marketed.

ZERAH E. TILTON, BRISTOL.

The town of Bristol is generally known for its activity and enterprise as a manufacturing place, yet there



Zerah E. Tilton.

are prosperous and progressive farmers within its borders, prominent among whom is Zerah E. Tilton, proprietor of "New Found Valley Stock Farm," located about half a mile outside the village.

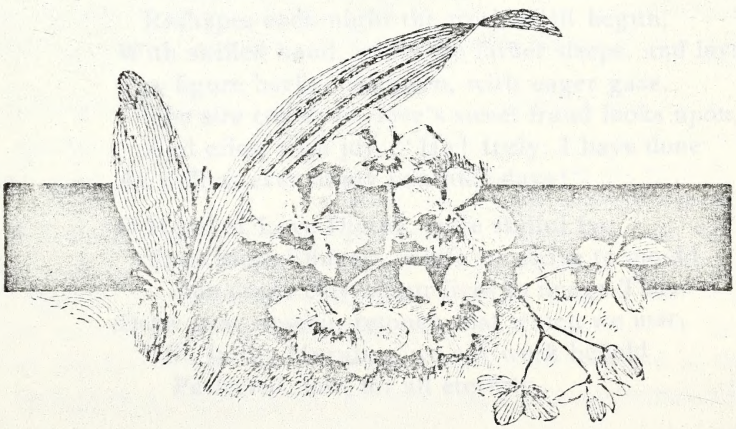
Mr. Tilton is a native of the town of Groton, son of Elbridge and Alice (Cummings) Tilton, born May 23, 1858. His parents removed to Laconia when he was seven years of age, where they resided until he was fourteen, then removing to Bristol and locating upon the farm which

he now occupies, where he has ever since had his home. His education was obtained in the Laconia graded schools and the Bristol high school, and at the age of twenty-one he engaged with his father in the retail milk business, the partnership continuing until the death of the latter, after which he ran the business himself until 1895, making seventeen years altogether in this line, during which time he kept about thirty cows on an average.

This farm contained originally about one hundred and fifty acres, but Mr. Tilton has added thereto by purchase from time to time, until it now embraces four hundred and thirty acres, upon which there are two sets of buildings, while he has also a back pasture containing about two hundred acres. The trotting park and fair grounds of the Bristol Fair association are included within his farm limits. He has about one hundred acres in mowing and tillage, twenty-five acres being under the plow, of which fifteen are generally in corn and ten in oats and barley, the corn being ensilaged and used in supplementing the one hundred tons of hay annually cut, along with the oats and barley, in feeding the forty head of cattle kept on the farm, together with five horses kept for farm work in the summer, and which are employed in extensive lumbering operations in winter along with several yokes of oxen.

On his home farm, Mr. Tilton has a spacious and convenient barn 110 feet long and 40 feet wide, with cellar under the whole; also two silos of 125 tons' capacity each. He has also a steam mill for doing various kinds of work on the farm, grinding grain, making cider, and preparing stove wood for market. For a few years past he has made a specialty of Holstein cows, of which he has now about twenty, the milk from the same going to the Boston market.

Mr. Tilton was united in marriage with Miss Georgianna Weeks, of Bristol, May 22, 1887. He is a charter member of New Found Lake grange, was its first overseer, and served two years as master. Politically, he is a Democrat, and has been the candidate of his party for various offices, but residing in a strong Republican town, has never been elected.



A GARDEN SONG.

By F. H. Swift.

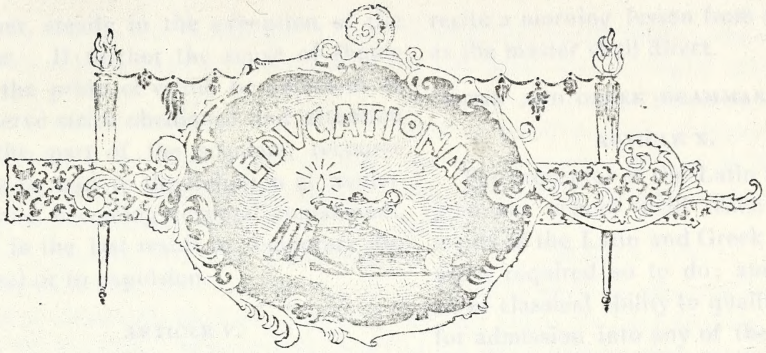
Two blossoms in a garden blew,
Fresh and pure as new-born dew,
They grew there side by side.
The one was as the angels white,
The other flushed with rosy light,
Caught from morning's smile.
How chanced they side by side to grow?
Some summer wind had placed them so,
All beautiful were they.
At evening, there a zephyr strayed,
Between these simple blossoms played,
And taught them each to love.
At daybreak there the gardener found
The lily, dead upon the ground,
Pierced with many a thorn.
The rose had lost its beauteous shape,
Nor saw as yet its sad mistake,
But wildly sought in every spot
The lily fair: he found her not,
And wept, "Love is not all."

PERFECTED.

By Augusta C. Seavey.

The aged artist's failing hand essays
To model, as of old, in clay. His son
Reshapes each night the work so ill begun,
With skilled hand, while the father sleeps, and lays
The figure back. At morn, with eager gaze,
The sire comes in, love's sweet fraud looks upon,
And cries, with joy, "Ha! truly, I have done
As well as ever in my youthful days!"

O Hand of Love Divine, more skilful far
Than mortal fingers, while we strive to mould
The crude clay of our lives to image Thee,—
Draw near unseen, retouch that which we mar,
Till, in the Morning, we our work behold
Perfected, fair, for all eternity.



Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.

In View of Modern Notions in School Affairs, the Following Report of the City of Portsmouth, of the Year 1807, may be Interesting:

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The school committee of the town of Portsmouth, consisting of the Rev'd George Richards, president, Samuel Hutchings, Elijah Hall, Seth Walker, Luke M. Laighton, Walter Akerman, Charles Peirce, Richard Evans, Lyman Spalding, Thomas Elwyn, recording secretary,—selectmen, and, by vote of the town, *ex officio* of the school committee,—have, after much previous investigation and discussion, agreed on the following rules and regulations as the best calculated, in their opinion, to form a proper system of public education for the town:

Rules and Regulations for the Public Schools.

ARTICLE I.

The hours of attendance in all the schools shall be viz., from the first of April to the first of October, from 8 oclock a. m. to 12, and from 2 p. m. to 6 p. m. From the first of October to the first of April, from 9 o'clock a. m. to 12, and from 2 o'clock p. m. to sunset.

ARTICLE II.

No boy shall be admitted into school one quarter of an hour after the bell has rung, without a written apology from his parent or guardian.

ARTICLE III.

The holidays shall be, viz., the Fast day, the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving day, Christmas day, Thursday afternoons, Saturday afternoons, and one week in each year; provided that no two schools be vacant at one and the same time.

ARTICLE IV.

Strict discipline and good order must be maintained in all the schools. To effect which, the masters should first endeavor to operate on the scholars' minds by the sense of shame for improper conduct, and by the pride of good behaviour. They are to be sparing of promises and cautious of threats, but punctual in the performance of the

former, steady in the execution of the latter. If neither the sense of shame nor the pride of virtue be sufficient to preserve strict obedience and attention on the part of the scholars, recourse must be had to the infliction of moderate and becoming corporal punishment, and in the last resort to temporary dismissal or to expulsion.

ARTICLE V.

The masters are enjoined to inculcate on their scholars the propriety of good behaviour whilst absent from school, and to take cognizance of their conduct in the streets; particularly noticing and correcting quarrels, profane and indecent language, rudeness, insolence, and everything that militates against good manners and sound morals.

ARTICLE VI.

The masters shall cause the by-laws of the town and the regulations for the government of the schools to be read to the scholars on the morning of the first Monday in every month; and a strict observance of them is positively enjoined.

ARTICLE VII.

School exercises shall be introduced in the morning by prayer, and by reading a portion of the holy Scriptures, and in the evening shall be concluded in the same manner.

ARTICLE VIII.

Every scholar shall furnish himself with such books as are required by these regulations for the class to which he shall be attached, within one week after his admission, or be dismissed from the school till he has procured them.

ARTICLE IX.

Every scholar shall be required to recite a morning lesson from such book as the master shall direct.

LATIN AND GREEK GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

ARTICLE X.

The preceptor of the Latin and Greek grammar school shall teach the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages when required so to do; and he is to be of classical ability to qualify scholars for admission into any of the neighboring universities. He shall also teach the English language grammatically, rhetoric, composition, elocution, geography, the use of the globes, writing in its varieties, and arithmetic.

ARTICLE XI.

No child shall be admitted into the above mentioned school under ten years of age, excepting he be designed for the study of the learned languages, in which case he may be admitted at the age of eight; provided, nevertheless, that no child shall be at any age admitted into this school excepting he be able to read any English author with readiness, and to class in spelling with the lowest class in the school.

ARTICLE XII.

The books for the Latin students shall be, viz., Adams's Latin grammar, Latin primer, Cornelius Nepos, Tully's offices, Cæsar's commentaries, Cicero's orations, Virgil, Sallust, and Horace. Of the higher classics, the *edit. in us. Delph.* are recommended. Clarke's introduction to the making of Latin is to be used for exercises written at home and brought into school for revision and correction every morning.

ARTICLE XIII.

The books for the Greek students shall be, viz., the Gloucester Greek

grammar, the Greek testament, Xenophon's Cyropædia and *Collectanea Græca Minora.*

ARTICLE XIV.

This school for the study of the English language and for geography, writing, and arithmetic, shall be divided into four classes, and the books for each class shall be, viz.:

Class 1. Murray's English grammar; Murray's exercises; Murray's English reader; Blair's rhetoric abridged; Walker's dictionary abridged; Morse's geography abridged; Walsh's mercantile arithmetic. Writing, elocution, and composition are to be taught and strict attention is to be paid to orthography.

Class 2. Murray's grammar abridged; Murray's introduction to the English reader; Walker's dictionary abridged; Ticknor's exercises; Merrill's arithmetic.

Class 3 and 4. Murray's grammar abridged; Walker's dictionary abridged; arts and sciences abridged; Pike's orthographer; Merrill's arithmetic; the Bible is to be read in all the classes, and all the scholars are to be instructed in writing.

ARTICLE XV.

The number of Latin, Greek, and English scholars admissible at one and the same time shall not exceed seventy; and as in its original establishment this school was intended for classical education, if Latin and English scholars should be offered at one and the same time, and there should not be room for both agreeable to the limitation of seventy, then and in that case the Latin scholars are to have the decided preference of admission.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOLS.

ARTICLE XVI.

The respective masters of the north, central, and south English schools, and of all other schools which may be established for similar purposes, shall be able to teach reading, orthography, the use of the pauses, writing in its varieties, arithmetic, English grammar, and geography.

ARTICLE XVII.

No child shall be admitted into these schools unless he have attained the age of six years and be able to read words of two syllables without spelling, and to class in the spelling book.

ARTICLE XVIII.

The north, central, and south English schools shall be divided into as many classes as may be found convenient for the best instruction of the children. The books for the several classes shall be, viz.:

For the first class. Murray's grammar; Murray's exercises; Murray's introduction to the English reader; Walker's dictionary abridged; Dwight's geography; Merrill's arithmetic.

Second Class. Murray's grammar abridged; Walker's dictionary do.; arts and sciences do.; Ticknor's exercises; Merrill's arithmetic; the Bible is to be read in both these classes, and writing is to be taught.

Third class. American Preceptor; Pike's Orthographer; New Testament.

The lower classes. The New Testament; Pike's Orthographer; writing and arithmetic are also to be taught.

REWARDS OF MERIT.

ARTICLE XIX.

The rewards will be adjudged at the discretion of the committee, on the quarterly visitation days, to the scholars of the respective schools, according to the course of studies established by these regulations, viz.:

1st. To that scholar who shall present to the committee the best original composition on any given subject.

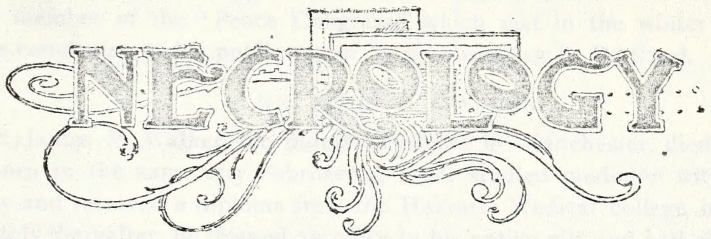
2d. To that scholar who shall have committed to memory and repeated the greatest number of lines since the last quarter day.

3d. To that scholar who shall have made the greatest proficiency in writing since the last quarter day.

4th. To the head scholar in each class when the quarterly examination is finished.

None of the above rewards will be given, unless the scholar to whose lot they may fall, shall have made more than usual proficiency in his studies during the quarter.

A true copy, Th: ELWYN,
Recording Secretary.



PROF. H. A. DEARBORN.

Heman Allen Dearborn, the head of the Latin department in Tufts college, died May 14. He was born in Weare May 18, 1831, and was graduated from Tufts in 1857, the valedictorian of the first class to receive degrees from the institution. After graduation, he was principal of the Clinton Liberal Institute until 1864, when he was tendered the professorship of Latin at Tufts, which he held thereafter until his death.

COL. WILLIAM BADGER.

Col. William Badger, U. S. A. (retired), who died in Jamaica Plain, Mass., May 12, was born in Gilmanton, August, 1826, and was educated at Gilmanton academy and at Dartmouth college, from which he was graduated in 1848. He engaged in manufacturing as the superintendent of mills at Belmont and Tilton until the war broke out, when he enlisted and served until the close of the struggle, attaining the rank of colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, and being brevetted for gallant and meritorious conduct. He was commissioned lieutenant of the Sixth United States Infantry after the war, and was retired as captain in 1889, having served as governor of the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and in other responsible posts.

REV. OTIS WING.

Rev. Otis Wing, who celebrated his ninety-ninth birthday April 10, died at Newton Junction May 2. He began to preach when he was 20 years old, and had baptized more than one thousand persons. He had preached in Massachusetts, Michigan, New York, and Maine.

JOHN C. PAIGE.

John C. Paige was born in Hanover in 1839, and died in Boston May 8. In early life he was engaged in general trading, but in 1869 he entered the fire insurance business at Providence, R. I. In 1872, he removed to Boston, to adjust losses in connection with the great fire, and he remained there until his death, becoming its most noted insurance manager as well as the conductor of the largest individual insurance establishment in the world. The demands of his business were such that he occupied an entire six-story building and employed 100 clerks.

GEN. JOHN J. PERRY.

Gen. John J. Perry, the oldest ex-congressman in Maine, died in Portland May 2. He was born in Portsmouth August 11, 1811, and was educated at Kent's Hill seminary. He was admitted to the bar in 1844, served in the state legislature and senate, and in 1855 was elected to congress and served two terms. He was a member of the "Peace Congress" which met in the winter of 1860-'61. At the conclusion of his public career he practised law in Portland.

DR. JAMES P. WALKER.

Dr. James P. Walker, the oldest physician in Manchester, died May 6. He was born in the same city February 7, 1828, studied medicine with Dr. Josiah Crosby and received a diploma from the Harvard Medical college in 1856. Immediately thereafter, he opened an office in his native city and had since practised there. He had served many years on the board of education, and twice as a member of the legislature.

GEORGE SWAINE.

George Swaine, for twenty years grand secretary of the Scottish Rite bodies of the valley of Nashua, died at his home at Nashua May 3. He was born in Boston in 1825, and had held many offices, state and local. He was postmaster of Nashua under the administrations of Lincoln and Grant. He was a prominent Congregationalist, having been clerk of the county conference for twenty-five years.

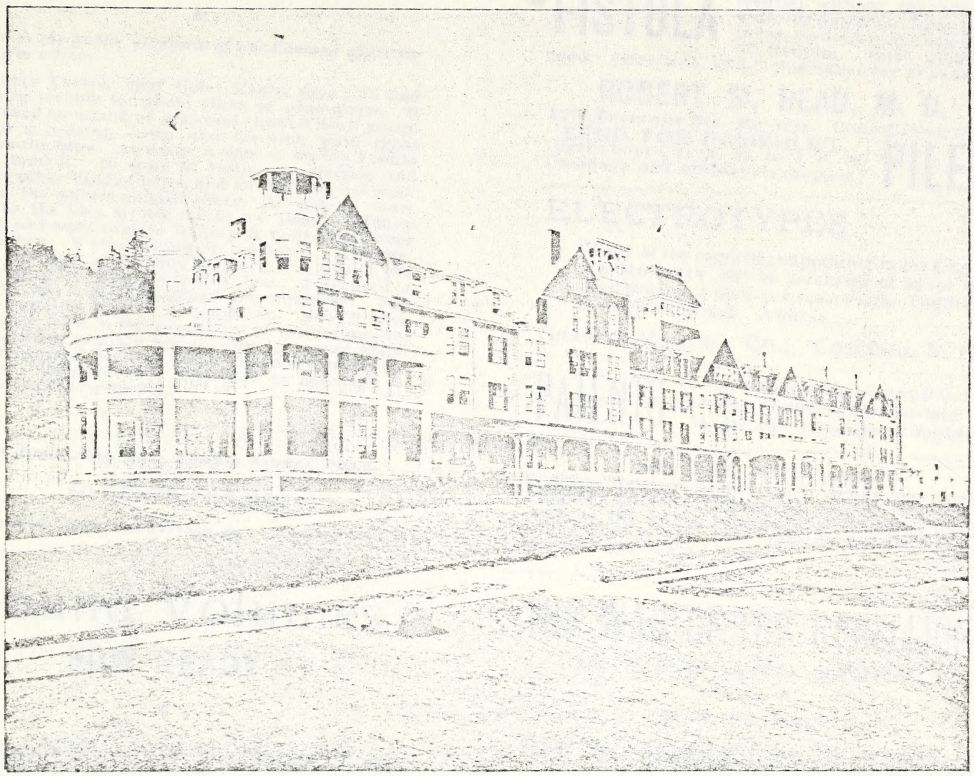
GEORGE E. DEARBORN.

George Elvin Dearborn was born in Kensington April 16, 1825, and died at Philadelphia May 7. In early life he was station agent at East Kingston, and later a general trader. In 1859, he engaged in the varnish business in Boston, and 1864 connected himself with the firm of William Tilden in New York. Becoming the Philadelphia representative of his house in 1867, he had since resided in that city. In 1876, he opened piano warerooms, which he conducted until his death, with great success.

.. .. WHITE MOUNTAINS .. ..

OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

The New Mt. Pleasant House



OPENS JULY 3.

The ease with which it is reached, its pure water, pure air, and great elevation, giving immediate relief in cases of hay fever, make it peculiarly desirable as a resort.

The table and music of the house, and its luxurious appointments, are notable features, and commend it to the attention of those who wish the best.

CONCERTS BY THE ORCHESTRA

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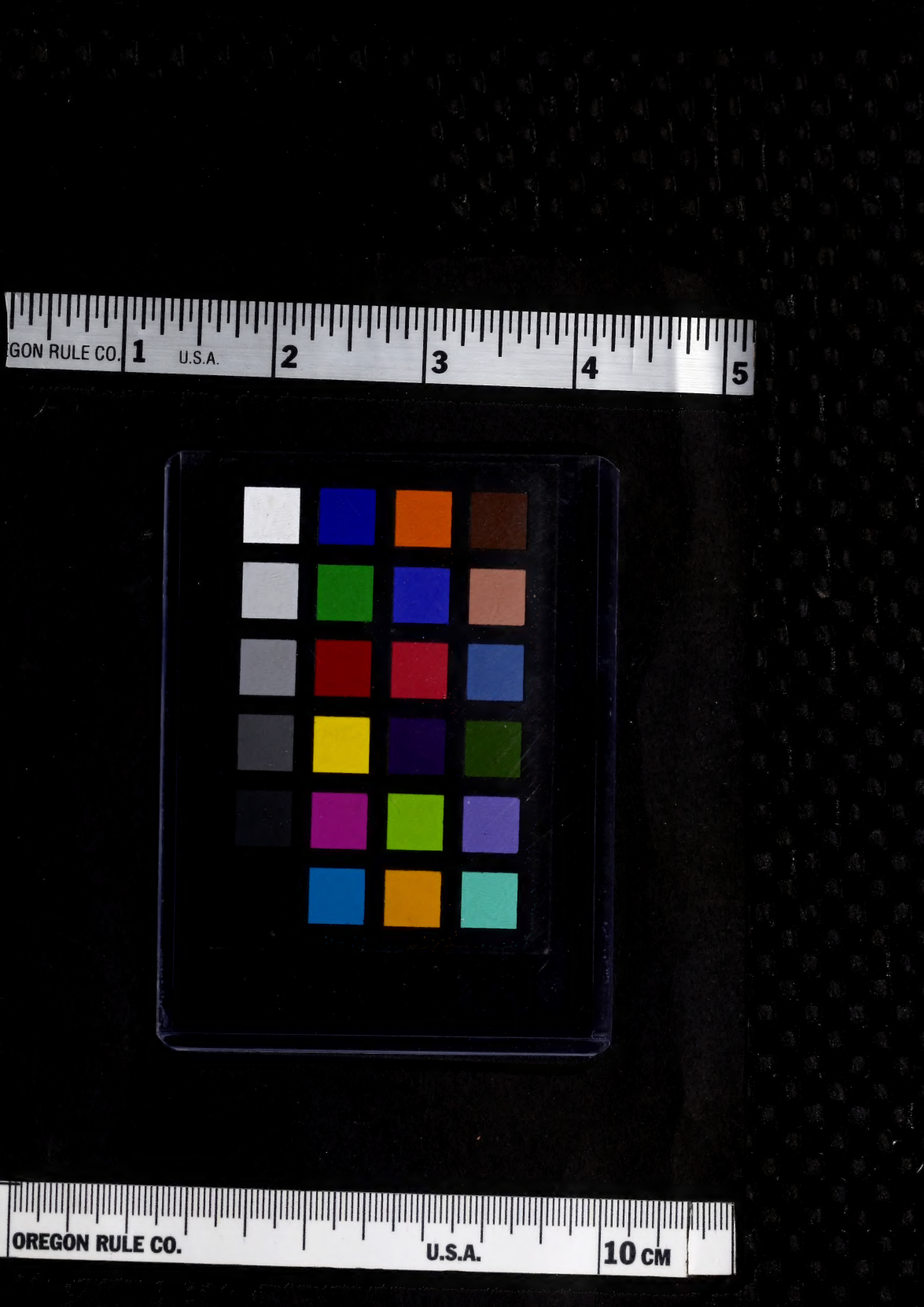
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